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**THE**  
**SPECTATOR;**

**A NEW EDITION**  
**CORRECTED FROM THE ORIGINALS,**

**WITH**  
**A PREFACE,**  
**HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,**

**By ALEX. CHALMERS, F. R. S.**

  
**VOL. I.**

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**NEW-YORK:**  
**PUBLISHED BY E. HARGREANT, AND M. & W. WARD;**  
**AND MUNRO, FRANCIS & PARKER, AND**  
**EDWARD COTTON, BOSTON.**

  
**1810.**



PRINTED BY D. & G. BRUCE,  
BLOAT-LANE.

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## HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

### PREFACE

TO

### THE SPECTATOR.

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**I**F we are allowed to consider the popular Essay as a new species of composition, we may without hesitation affirm, that it arrived nearly at perfection in the hands of the first inventors. In real value as well as in estimation with the public, no work has ever exceeded that of which we are now to trace the history. The irregularities, whether of plan or execution, which may be discovered in the *TATLER*, are excluded from its immediate successor, which, although not altogether faultless, is more uniform in all the valuable purposes of instruction, and all the excellencies of style and invention. *STEELE* and *ADAMS* appear to have used the *TATLER* as a kind of exercise, a trial of skill, to determine what they could produce, and what the public expected, "*quid ferrent humeri, quid recuarent*," and having made suitable preparations, they entered conjointly on that structure which "should bear the name of *THE MONUMENT*," a work on which praise has been exhausted, and which we shall find it difficult to characterize without the repe-

\* Preface to the *TATLER*, Life of *WYNDHAM*.



tion of acknowledged truths. Succeeding En-  
sayists have presented to the world labours of a  
similar kind both in purpose and accomplishment,  
which have justly entitled them to distinguished  
fame, but none of them have provoked or wished  
to provoke, any comparison with the general me-  
rit of the *Secretion*. It has subsisted in the  
plenitude of its original popularity for nearly a  
century, and no composition merely human, has  
been so frequently printed and read. It has been  
so universally the delight of every youth of taste  
or curiosity, that perhaps our fondness for this  
work might be ranked among the prejudices of  
education, had it not stood the test of maturer  
years and fastidious criticism.

When *Steele* had once secured the services  
of *ADDISON*, when he saw not only what they had  
produced, but what they might produce, he could  
not but review the imperfections and inequalities  
of the *TATLER* with a wish that his potent auxil-  
iary had been called in sooner, and that instead of  
improving an indigent plan, he had been invited  
to take a share in one concerted with more regu-  
larity. It cannot be rash to conjecture that such  
reflections might pass in *Steele*'s mind, when  
he determined to conclude the *TATLER*, a mea-  
sure which *Swift* ignorantly attributes to scan-  
dalous materials, or want of public encourage-  
ment. It appears from many parts of *Swift*'s  
private correspondence, that he looked with a  
jaundiced eye on the labours of *Steele* and *AD-  
DISON*, and most probably envied a popularity  
gained by writings so remote from the genius of  
his own, and which, instead of promoting or op-  
posing the turbulence of faction, instead of pul-  
ling down one ministry and setting up another,  
were calculated to lead the public mind to the

cultivation of common duties and social manners\*.

It is stated on the same authority, as well as on that of TROZZEL, that ADDISON was ignorant of the conclusion of the *TATLER*, which, if we allow, it appears to have been a circumstance of little importance; nor did the work "suffer much," says JOHNSON, "by his unconsciousness of its commencement, or his absence at its cessation, for he continued his assistance to Dec. 23, and the paper stopped on January 2." If SWIFT or others, therefore, affected to be surprised that STREZZEL should conclude without giving ADDISON notice, it was a surprise that could not last long. It is indeed highly probable that STREZZEL immediately communicated with ADDISON on the subject, unless we were to suppose, contrary to all evidence, and all sense of interest and propriety, that he disregarded ADDISON's services, when chiefly he experienced the benefit arising from them, and discontinued the *TATLER* that he might begin another work without his aid.

We have already seen† that STREZZEL assigns as a reason for giving up the *TATLER*, that he became known as the author: this, however, savours a little of the cant of authorship. He was known long before the *TATLER* had reached half its progress, as appears from the personal attacks made upon him by his contemporaries; but the length of the work affords one reason why it should not be protracted until it became too bulky, and a still better reason was, the design evidently formed of beginning a new paper. The event

\* "I will not meddle with the *SPECTATOR*, let him *fair use it* to the world's end. SWIFT'S Works, crown 8vo. vol. xiii. p. 158.

† Pref. Hist. and Blog. to the *TATLER*

proves that STUART and ARNOLD immediately formed the plan of the *Negro* a ton, probably communicated to each other the first sketch of the club, and determined that the work should be free from political intelligence at least, if not from political discussion; and that each paper should consist of one entire Essay, unless when the subject required to be treated in the form of correspondence by themselves, or when real correspondence should be thought worthy of insertion.

ARNOLD was prepared with ample resources, which STUART must have known before he could consent to adventure on a *dilly* paper, a task far beyond the abilities of any one man who had not secured the most copious supplies, or such assistants as might enable him to answer a demand to which temporary leisure and casual opportunity or aid never could have been adequate. Doctor HEATON\* was once informed, but had forgot on what authority, that ARNOLD had collected three manuscript volumes of materials. TRACETT says, perhaps with truth, "that it would have been impossible for Mr. ARNOLD, who made little or no use of letters sent in by the numerous correspondents of the *Negro* a ton, to have executed his large share of this task in so exquisite a manner, if he had not ingrafted into it many pieces that had lain by him in little hints and minutes, which he from time to time collected, and ranged in order, and moulded into the form in which they now appear. Such are the Essays upon Wit, the Pleasures of the Imagination, and the Critique upon Milton."

\* Notes on the life of ARNOLD, prefixed to an edition of his works, by Dr. HEATON, 4 vols. New York, 1840, Edinburgh.

/ TRACETT's life of ARNOLD

The first paper appeared on Thursday, March, 1, 1710-11; in it Addison gives an account of the birth, education, &c. of the Spectator, and sketches the silent character he was to preserve, with great felicity of humour. The second, by Steele, delineates the characters of the Club, or the *dramatis personæ* of the work, the principal of whom is Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY. Dr. JOHNSON'S remarks on this character demand our attention on many accounts.

"It is recorded by BUNSWELL, that of the characters feigned or exhibited in the Spectator, the favourite of Addison was Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, of whom he had formed a very delicate and discriminated idea, which he would not suffer to be violated; and therefore when STEELE had shown him innocently picking up a girl in the Temple, and taking her to a tavern, he drew upon himself so much of his friend's indignation, that he was forced to appease him by a promise of forbearing Sir ROGER for the time to come.

"The reason which induced CERVANTES to bring his hero to the grave, *para mí sola marto Don Quixote, y yo para él*, made Addison declare, with an undue vehemence of expression, that he would kill Sir ROGER, being of opinion that they were born for one another, and that *any other hand* would do him wrong.

"It may be doubted whether Addison ever filled up *his original* delineation. He describes the Knight as having his imagination somewhat warped, but of this perversion he has made very little use. The irregularities in Sir ROGER'S conduct seem not so much the effects of a mind deviating from the beaten track of life, by the perpetual pressure of some overwhelming idea, as

of habitual rusticity, and that negligence which solitary grandeur naturally generates.

"The variable weather of the mind, the flying vapours of impetent madness, which from time to time cloud reason without eclipsing it, it requires so much nicety to exhibit, that Addison seems to have been deterred from prosecuting his own design\*."

To this opinion the following judicious remarks may be opposed.

"With JOHNSON'S masterly delineation of the peculiarity of Addison's humour," says Doctor BEATTIE, "I know not how to reconcile some remarks he has made on the character of Sir ROGER DE COVENTRY; I am inclined to suppose, that the learned biographer had forgotten some things relating to that gentleman.

"He seems to think that Addison had formed an idea of Sir ROGER which he never exhibited complete; that he has given a small degree of discomposure to the Knight's mind, but made very little use of it; that Sir ROGER'S irregularities are the effects of habitual rusticity, and of negligence created by solitary grandeur; and, in short, that Addison was deterred from prosecuting his own design with respect to Sir ROGER.

"Now I beg leave to observe, in the first place, that it never was, or could be, Addison's purpose to represent Sir ROGER as a person of disordered understanding. This would have made his story either not humorous at all, or humorous in that degree of extravagance, which Addison always avoided, and for avoiding which Dr. JOHNSON justly commends him. Sir ROGER has peculiarities, that was necessary to make him a

\* JOHNSON'S Life of ADDISON.

comic character; but they are all amiable, and tend to good; and there is not one of them that would give offence, or raise contempt or concern, in any rational society. At Sir ROSEN we never laugh, though we generally smile; but it is a smile, always of affection, and frequently of esteem.

" Secondly, I cannot admit that there is in this character any thing of *rusticity* (as that word is generally understood) or any of those habits or ways of thinking that solitary grandeur creates. No man on earth affects grandeur less, or thinks less of it, than Sir ROSEN; and no man is less solitary. His affability, good humour, benevolence, and love of society, his affection to his friends, respect to his superiors, and gentleness and attention to his dependents, make him a very different being from a rustic, as well as from an imperious landlord, who lives retired among flatterers and vassals. Solitary grandeur is apt to engender pride, a passion from which our worthy Baronet is entirely free; and rusticity, as far as it is connected with the mind, implies awkwardness and ignorance, which, if one does not despise, one may pity and pardon, but cannot love with that fondness with which every heart is attached to Sir ROSEN.

" How could our author be deterred from prosecuting his design with respect to this personage? What could deter him? It could only be the consciousness of his own inability, and that this was not the case he had given sufficient proof, by exemplifying the character so fully, that every reader finds himself intimately acquainted with it. Considering what is done, one cannot doubt the author's ability to have supported the character through a much greater variety

of conversations and adventures. But the *SPECTATOR*, according to the first plan of it, was now drawing to a conclusion; the seventh volume being finished about six weeks after the Knight's death; and perhaps the tradition may be true, that ADDISON, dissatisfied with STEELE's idle story of Sir ROGER at a tavern (*Spect.* No. 410) swore (which he is said never to have done but on this one occasion) that he would himself kill Sir ROGER, lest somebody else should murder him\*."

No addition is necessary to this vindication of the character of Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY in the general; but it has not been attended to by either of these critics, that Sir ROGER was not the creature of ADDISON's, but of STEELE's fancy; and it is not easy to discover why all writers on this subject should appear ignorant of a fact so necessary to be known, and so easily ascertained.† In TICKELL's edition of ADDISON's works, and in every subsequent edition, (Dr. BEATTIE's not excepted) No. 2 is reprinted, but ascribed to STEELE, with an apology for joining it with ADDISON's papers, on account of its connection with what follows. STEELE, in truth, sketched the character of every member of the club, except that of the *SPECTATOR*. The merit, therefore, of what Dr. JOHNSON calls "the delicate and discriminated idea," or "the original delineation" of Sir ROGER, beyond all controversy belongs to

\* BEATTIE's Notes, *vide supra*. BURGESS relates this last story in one of the numbers of the *BEE*, at a time when the public was very little disposed to give him credit.

† "Natural humour was the primary talent of ADDISON. His character of Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, though far inferior, is only inferior to SHAKESPEARE's Falstaff." Royal and noble Authors. LORD OXFORD's Works, vol. i. p. 580. art Nugent, *ibide*.

him, and the character of the Baronet, it must be observed, is in that paper very different from what Dr. JOHNSON represents. His "singularity" proceeds from his good sense," not, I allow, a very common source of singularities, in the usual acceptation of that word; and before he was "crossed in love by the perverse widow, he was a gay man of the town." And with respect to the care ADDISON took of the Knight's chastity, and his resentment of the story told in No. 410, which is certainly a deviation from the character as he completed it, we may observe, that the original limner represents him as "humble in his desires after he had forgot his cruel beauty, inso-much that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with beggars and gipsies," though he qualifies this by adding, that "this is looked upon, by his friends, rather as matter of raillery than truth." He is represented as now in his fifty-sixth year, and the story therefore of his endeavouring to persuade a strumpet to retire with him into the country, as related in No. 410, some think by TICKELL, was certainly not very probable.

The truth appears to have been, that ADDISON was charmed with his colleague's outline of Sir ROGER, thought it capable of extension and improvement, and might probably determine to make it in some measure his own, by guarding, with a father's fondness, against any violation that might be offered. How well he has accomplished this needs not to be told. Yet he neither immediately laid hold on what he considered as STEELE's property, nor did he wish to monopolize the worthy Knight. Sir ROGER's notion, "that none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged," and his illustration of this curious position in No. 6, were



written by STEELE. The first paper, relating to the visit to Sir ROGER's country seat, is ADDISON's, the second STEELE's, the third ADDISON's, and the fourth STEELE's; and this last has so much of the Addisonian humour, that nothing but positive evidence could have deprived him of the honour of being supposed the author of it: the same praise may be given to No. 113, also by STEELE. The sum of the account, however, is this: Sir ROGER's adventures, opinions, and conversations, occur in twenty-six papers: of these ADDISON wrote fifteen, STEELE seven, BUNDELL three, and TICKELL one; if, as is supposed, he was the author of the obnoxious No. 410. It must be observed too, that the widow-part of Sir ROGER's history was of STEELE's providing, in No. 113, and 118. ADDISON, no doubt, attended to the *keep* of Sir ROGER's character, and STEELE, with his usual candour, might follow a plan which he reckoned superior to his own; but it cannot be just to attribute the totality of the character either to the one or the other.

The "killing of Sir ROGER" has been sufficiently accounted for, without supposing that ADDISON despatched him in a fit of anger, for the work was about to close, and it appeared necessary to disperse the club; but whatever difference of opinion there may be concerning this circumstance, it is universally agreed that it produced a paper of transcendent excellence in all the graces of simplicity and pathos. There is not in our language any assumption of character more faithful than that of the honest butler, nor a more irresistible stroke of nature than the circumstance of the book received by Sir ANDREW FREEPORT.

"To Sir ROGER," continues Dr. JOHNSON,

"who, as a country gentleman, appears to be a Tory, or, as it is gently expressed, an adherent to the landed interest, is opposed Sir ANDREW FAIRFORTH, a new man, a wealthy merchant, zealous for the monied interest, and a Whig. Of this contrariety of opinions it is probable more consequences were at first intended than could be produced when the resolution was taken to exclude party from the paper. Sir ANDREW does but little, and that little seems not to have pleased ADDISON, who, when he dismissed him from his club, changed his opinions.—STEELE had made him, in the true spirit of unfeeling commerce, declare that he would not *build an hospital for idle people*; but at last he buys land, settles in the country, and builds, not a manufactory, but an hospital for twelve old husbandmen, for men with whom a merchant has little acquaintance, and whom he commonly considers with little kindness."<sup>a</sup>

Sir ANDREW's opinion of idle people and beggars occurs in No. 232, (a paper attributed not to STEELE, but to HUGGELL, or perhaps MARTIN) and does not seem to merit the censure of our learned biographer. There can surely be no difference of sentiment on the question, whether idleness is to be supported at the public expense; and if the reader will refer to Sir ANDREW's letter, in No. 349, in which he announces his plan of retirement, he will find in it nothing

<sup>a</sup> This opinion is given in a different manner in BOSWELL's *Life of JOHNSON*. "ADDISON has made his Sir ANDREW FAIRFORTH a true Whig, arguing against giving charity to beggars, and throwing out other such ungracious sentiments; but that he had thought better, and made amends, by making him found an hospital for decayed farmers." Vol. II. p. 70. edit. 2d.

of the unfeeling spirit of commerce, a spirit which, if not extinct in our days, must be very industriously concealed. Every charitable institution in the metropolis bears testimony to the liberal and generous spirit of men in commercial life, and there is nothing upon record which can induce an impartial inquirer to think that the case was otherwise, when commercial men were a more distinct class.

It is, however, true, that little use is made of Sir Andrew's character, and the same remark may be applied to Capt. MONTAGU and the CLANDESTINE. WILL HONEYCOMBE occurs more frequently, and affords more amusement, although not altogether of the unmix'd kind. This character, as well as the others, was sketched by STANLEY, but is not preserved with much care, or attention to moral effect. WILL is at best a sorry rake, and at the age of sixty marries a country girl, complains of his infirmities, yet talks of leaving his children "strong bodies and healthy constitutions." All this is consistent, if we consider his letter in No. 530, as a satire on old rakes, who neglect to enlist in social life until they are past service, and can only perform the ludicrous character of "the marriage-bater matched."

Conjecture has been busily employed to discover the persons meant by these characters. Sir ROBERT DE COWLEY was supposed, by the late Mr. TREVELL, to be a Sir JOHN PARKINGTON, of Worcestershire, "a Tory, not without good sense, but abounding in absurdities." Captain MONTAGU is said to have been C. KEMPESTER, father of Admiral KEMPESTER, who deplorably lost his life when the Royal George, of 100 guns, sunk at Spithead, Aug. 29, 1782, and WILL HONEYCOMBE

has been traced to a Colonel Cressant. There appears, however, very little ground for any of these conjectures. The account of the Mesora-ra and his Cressant seems to be altogether fictitious, and the character of the Mesora-ra and of Sir Rowland Crumple are certainly among the happiest fictions that could have been contrived for the purpose they were to answer. In the other characters, although there is neither so much novelty or vigour of imagination displayed, they are occasionally admirably grouped, as in No. 14, and the whole produces a dramatic effect, adding to the other charms of that variety which has rendered the Mesora-ra one of the most popular books in any language.

Of Addison's humour so much has been said, that it would not be easy to vary the praises that have been lavished for near a century. "As a describer of life and manners he must be allowed to stand perhaps the first of the first rank. His humour, which, as Stowe observes, is peculiar to himself, is so happily diffused as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never *outruns the modesty of nature*, nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither distort by distortion, nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity that he can hardly be said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination."\*

Dr. Johnson here characterises the humour of Addison with singular acuteness of thought and felicity of expression. Many writers seem to think that humour consists in violent and preternatural exaggeration; as there are, no doubt,

\* Johnson's Life of Addison.

many frequenters of the theatre, who find no want of comic power in the actor who has a sufficient variety of wry faces and antic gestures; and many admirers of farce and fun, with whom bombast and big words would pass for exquisite ridicule. But wry faces are made with little effort, caricatures may be sketched by a very unskilful hand, and he who has no command of natural expression, may easily put together gigantic figures and rumbling syllables. It is only a GARRICK who can do justice to Benedict and Ranger; but any candle-snuffer might personate Pistol and Bombardian. ADDISON'S humour resembles his style. Every phrase in the one, and circumstance in the other, appears so artless and so obvious that a person who had never made the trial would be apt to think nothing more easy than to feign a story of Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, or compose a vision like that of MIRZA. But the art and the difficulty of both are such as Horace had in his mind when he said—

————— " Ut ubi quisque  
Speret idem : sudet multum, frustra que laboret  
Ausus idem. Tantum series juncturaque pollet,  
Tantum de medio sumptis necedit honoris\*."

But although ADDISON'S humour was original it was not absolutely incommunicable. It has been already hinted, that STEELE imbibed a considerable portion of it. Of this there are some few instances in the *TATLER*, but many in the *SPECTATOR*. Indeed no two men, even allowing the superiority of ADDISON, were ever better qualified, by correspondence or disposition of mind, to act as auxiliaries in a work of this nature. In most

\* HEATTIE ubi supra.

† Pref. Hist. and Blog. to the *TATLER*.

cases, what the one sketched the other could fill up; what the one began the other with little difficulty could continue. We have an early example in STREETE's outline of Sir HENRY DE COVERLEY, and the use AMMONSON made of it: in AMMONSON's account of his taciturnity, and STREETE's happy illustration of it in No. 4. No. 64, by STREETE, must, I think, be allowed the most exact imitation of AMMONSON's style and humour ever attempted, yet it carries every proof, that such a case can admit, of having been written with ease. Another instance of their mutual exchange of subjects appears in the proposal for an infirmary to cure ill-humour, by STREETE, in No. 434, and 439, which was adopted by AMMONSON in No. 440. Other examples may be traced in these volumes\*; and a few other contributors, as well as many of the unknown correspondents, aimed at a kind of uniformity, in which they were not unsuccessful, presenting occasionally some of those delicate strokes of humour, which in AMMONSON were habitual and distinctive. He every where discovers the *ingenium par materiam*, every where preserves the equability of his mind, the kindness of his disposition, and the pleasure he took *perinde ac aduna diceret ore*. No. 69 is an instructive example of the benevolent views he delighted to take of mankind and of Providence. There is a perpetual smile on his countenance; he rarely exhibits the sneer of the satirist, and perhaps never the frown of the rigid moralist.

\* No. 14 is pointed out by the annotators on the STREETE Abridgement, as "meriting the attention of such as pretend to distinguish with wonderful facility between AMMONSON's and STREETE's papers."

[See No. 400, 608, 612, 618, and 619, the authors of which are unknown.]

A higher praise than what belongs to human wit yet remains, and cannot be bestowed in language more appropriate than that of JOHNSON. "It is justly observed by TRENKLE, that ADDISON employed wit on the side of virtue and religion. He not only made the proper use of wit himself, but taught it to others; and from his time it has been generally subservient to the cause of reason and of truth. He has dissipated the prejudice that had long connected gaiety with vice, and easiness of manners with laxity of principles. He has restored virtue to its dignity, and taught innocence not to be ashamed. 'This is an elevation of literary character *above all Greek, above all Roman fame*. No greater felicity can genius attain, than that of having purified intellectual pleasure, separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiousness; of having taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gaiety to the aid of goodness; and, if I may use expressions yet more awful, of having *turned many to righteousness*.'"—"As a teacher of wisdom, he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiasm or superstition; he appears neither weakly credulous nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax nor impractically rigid. All the enchantment of fancy and all the cogency of argument are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the Author of his being."

Many of the subjects discussed in these volumes may now appear trite, because frequent repetition and successive illustration have rendered them familiar; but in estimating the value and utility of such instructions, we must take into the account the wants and necessities of the public at the time they were given. Literature

did not then pass through so many channels as in our days, nor were the facilities of communication so many; the number of readers was not great, and the books calculated by allurement to increase that number were very few. The demand for instruction, however, increased with the opportunities of supply, and they whom the *Encyclopædia* taught to know a little, were soon incited by curiosity to know more. The duties of life had never been discussed in a popular manner, nor in portions adapted to the idle or the casual reader. Above all, the metrics of literature were not generally understood, and it is not the smallest merit of Anson, that "he super-added criticism," prescribed the rules of taste, and introduced a relish for genius that had been depressed or overlooked. His criticisms on *PARNASSUS* first directed the public admiration to a work which is now justly the boast of the nation; and although his successors in critical labours have been able not only to improve them, but to point out their defects, it ought to be remembered that he wrote without those helps from combined taste and skill which they now enjoy. "It is not the custom for those who have grown wise by the labour of others, to add a little of their own, and overlook their masters. Anson is now despised by some who, perhaps, would never have seen his defects, but by the lights which he afforded them\*."

Of Anson's style, the commendation of all judges has been uniform, and since the publication of Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," it

\* JOHNSON. Anson's merit as a critic is ably and impartially considered in the notes to his *Life of the Hug. Bollandus*, 2d edit.



has become almost proverbial to repeat, that "whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." That few, however, are willing to bestow this labour, or anxious to obtain the reward, is sufficiently attested by the present state of literary composition. Yet perhaps it would be wrong to blame writers who, as candidates for public favour, aim at excellencies more in demand than familiarity or simple elegance, and who seem to be goaded sometimes by criticism, and sometimes by popular opinion, to produce "ambitious ornaments," and to try "hazardous innovations." Since writers of commanding reputation have been multiplied, and the structure of the language better understood, style has been regulated by a fashion to which we know not how to place limits. Of late the demand has been considerable for lofty periods and splendid imagery, verging sometimes on the excellence of poetry, and sometimes on the ostentation of bombast. The writers of Queen Anne's reign are oftener, therefore, approved than imitated; we are unwilling to avail ourselves of the services they have rendered to our language; we force luminous periods and splendid passages by the heat of imagination, and are consequently more ambitious to be admired than understood, to be quoted for manner rather than to be useful for matter.

It would be unjust, however, to aver that such a taste is universal, although it be gaining more ground than it ought to occupy; we are not without authors who rest their fame on the elegance of simplicity, "on a style always agreeable, always easy;" and perhaps we should acknow-

ledge the number of those who have formed themselves on the model of Addison to be greater, if unfortunately, when we look for his style, we did not at the same time look for his wit; and where is that to be found? If his style be separated from his wit, he is not perhaps without equals among his contemporaries, and among his successors; but his humour, in all its qualities, is the distinctive characteristic of his genius. A few *farctis* may occasionally be found among his successors, but such a perpetual flow, such a command of temper in ridicule, have never been given to any man in this country, and to any other it would be in vain to look; for in no foreign language can we find a word to express the talent of which we are now speaking.

As the *Spectator*, very soon after its being collected into volumes, became one of the "first books by which both sexes are initiated in the elegancies of knowledge," its increasing influence on the taste as well as the manners of the age rendered it a proper object for the calm examination of criticism, and there are accordingly few critics of eminence, placed in the schools of public instruction, who have not judged it requisite to point out its beauties and detect its blemishes.

\* *MOTTEUX* has been frequently named in the same rank with Addison. Lord Chesterfield thinks "no man ever had so much humour as MOTTEUX, of which his *Miser*, his *Jealous Man*, and his *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* are convincing proofs: and French Comedy," he adds, "furnishes a multiplicity of instances besides these." Letter 98. *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. II. 4to. p. 284. But there appears an essential difference between the humour of a dramatic writer and that of an essayist. The former enjoys advantages from the construction of dramatic composition, and the latter it permits, of which the essayist cannot avail himself.

Of these critics Dr. Blain appears to have been most anxious, that while Addison is presented as a model to young writers, they should be guarded against an implicit deference to his authority. He has therefore investigated the merits of his style with great minuteness, and a most scrupulous regard to purity and precision, in four very long lectures on Nos. 411, 412, 413, and 414, of the *Spectator*. For this he offers a modest apology, which his high opinion of Addison, as well as the duties of his office, rendered quite unnecessary: the fair and impartial labours of criticism are direct testimonies in favour of the object. And how well Addison has stood the test of this fastidious scrutiny, may appear on this simple calculation, that out of eighty-seven remarks, of which these lectures consist, thirty-seven are in strong recommendation of his style, and of the remainder, some are an evidently of a trifling nature, that we may adopt as a conclusion what this eminent critic has given as a prefatory apology: "The beauties of Addison are so many, and the general character of his style is so elegant and estimable, that the minute imperfections *pointed out*, are but like those spots in the sun, which may be discovered by the assistance of art, but which have no effect in obscuring its lustre.\*

However useful verbal and grammatical criticism may be, there seems to be this fatality at-

\* From inattention to the marks which distinguish the different productions of the *Essays*, some critics have censured Addison for that of which he was not guilty. Dr. Blain, for example, enters into the defence of *Parnell's* *Myth*, against Addison, in the *Granger*, No. 48:—there are two mistakes in all the editions I have seen of Dr. Blain's lectures: The passage in question occurs in No. 41: and No. 48 was not written by Addison.

touching all composition, that its errors are more easily discoverable by the critic than by the author. After all the light thrown upon the beauties and defects of style by the most eminent critics of the last century, by Lowth and Parnassus, by Keates and Casanova, by Baxter and Beau, few, if any writers have attained an unexceptionable style, or have even been able to follow their own canons. Of this Dr. Hays himself affords a remarkable instance. Notwithstanding the long labour he had bestowed on his "Lectures on Rhetoric," the perpetual revision to which they were subjected, and all the changes and improvements which could be derived from the author's sagacity, or the assistance of contemporary writers, they were, on publication to the world at large, convicted of numerous errors, ranged on his own plan, and proved by his own rules. These consisted principally of terms and phrases bordering on vulgar or colloquial language; awkward phrases; redundancies; superlatives for comparatives; double comparatives; adjectives for adverbs; *any* for *either*; *either* for *each*; *be* for the relative not agreeing with its antecedent; verbs in the plural number instead of the singular; the subjunctive mood instead of the indicative; verbs which ought to be in the active or passive voice employed as neuter; *had* instead of *would*; *will* for *shall*; the past time for the present; *of* instead of *from*; *on* for *in*; *among* for *by*; *error* for *error*; *that* for *us*; inverted sentences; and mixed metaphors.\*

Yet with all these blemishes the general me-

\* See the whole list with proofs, in the Critical Review for October, 1786. The article was the production of the late Rev. Joshua Henson, of Haverhill, formerly Minister.

rit of Dr. BLAIR's Lectures is incontestible, and it will probably be long before they can be laid aside for a work of more indispensable necessity to the student, or more unquestionable authority in matters of taste.

Style, notwithstanding the many discussions with which it has been honoured by some of the first writers of our nation, is a subject still involved in obscurity. BLAIR acknowledges that "the peculiar manner in which a man expresses his conceptions, by means of language," is the best definition he can give. JOHNSON says it is "the manner of writing with regard to language." SWIFT, long before had laid down that "proper words in proper places made the true definition of a style," which is not however a definition, but the character of a good style.

The divisions of style are numerous, and have been multiplied by the critics as fast as they could multiply epithets to distinguish them; but in every nation, and at every period of its literary history, it has been the custom to bestow the honours of style on a few authors, in whom collectively all its excellences are supposed to be found. These in our country, in the prose style, are HOOKER, CLARENDON, TILLOTSON, CLARKE, BAYLY, ATTENBURY, SHARTEMBURY, TEMPLE, SWIFT, ADDISON, BOLINGBROKE, FIELDING, and JOHNSON; to whom of late have been added HUMPHREYS, ROBERTSON, GIBSON, BLAIR, and BURKE.\* But

\* "Such authors," says Lord ORFORD, speaking of ADDISON, SWIFT, BOLINGBROKE, and Dr. MISNER, "fix a standard by their writings. Grammarians regulate schools, and try careless beauties in works, where carelessness is often a beauty, by the same rigorous laws that they have enacted against graver offenders. Such jurymen, no doubt, write their own letters with as much circumspection as their wills, and are ignorant that it is easier to observe some law.

when we inquire how many of these are to be held up as models, the list becomes smaller as we approach nearer to the severe criticism of our own times. **HOOKER** is now recommended principally for the importance of his matter; **CLARENDON** is considered as an historian of unquestionable authority; but his lengthened periods and general prolixity are prohibited to the young writer. **TILLOTSON**, whom **BACON** characterized as the reformer of pulpit eloquence, is now said to be chiefly valuable for the religious instruction and biblical criticisms to be found in his works. **CLAUKE**, with more perspicuity, is cold and inanimate. The readers of **BACON** are cautioned against his redundancy, and most of them with great safety, for it is the redundancy of an original and fertile genius. To **ARISTOTEL**'s style few objections have been offered on the score of purity and elegance; and his want of depth, or original thinking, will not be readily discovered by those who are forming a style only. **SHARPSBURY** is generally and very justly pointed out as a dangerous precedent. **FLETCHER** is allowed to excel **TILLOTSON** in all the estimable qualities of style, and, although he partakes of the common incorrectness attributed to writers of simplicity, familiarity, and ease, he is still recommended as an useful model. **HORTONSBROKE**, is a declaimer, with many of those beauties of declamation which are too frequently contrived to conceal poverty of argument. **HORTONSBROKE** was an enemy to religion, probably because it did not flatter his practice. He is now, however, little read, and it is to the honour of

than to violate them with grace." Royal and Noble Authors, act **HORTONSBROKE**

our nation that few English writers have enjoyed a long popularity. FLETCHER'S style is original, and his humour (different from that of ARBUTHNOT, yet excellent in its kind) is so copious as to extend over his voluminous writings with undiminished force. He has had no successful imitators. Of the other names mentioned, it is not necessary to add more, than that they are the founders of different schools of style, which have as yet produced few scholars of great eminence.

From the whole list, therefore, we can only collect two or three who are universally acknowledged to deserve the attention of those who are ambitious to form a correct style. Yet when the beauty and defects of all are fully displayed before us, as they have been by modern critics of acknowledged taste, are we not induced to suspect that much of the improvement to be derived from such critical labour is impracticable; that between the style and the mind of every author the connection is indissoluble; and that he who would write like another must always have his genius, and sometimes even his subject\*.

The Life of ARBUTHNOT was first written by FLETCHER, but his account is meagre and unsatisfactory. It was considerably enlarged in the first

\* Far be it from the writer of this, perhaps, impertinent digression, to decrie the industry of criticism, to ascribe its jealousy, or to undervalue the sagacity by which we are taught the right and wrong of language. All he would venture, and venture with enthusiasm, against the common opinion, is, that critical rules, however useful in affairs of grammar, will not form a style; that style is as much an attribute of genius as invention; and that the varieties of manner to be found in English literature arise from the varieties of mind and of matter. Excellence in writing, as in painting, can be attained only by labour: rules and examples may improve, but nature only can initiate.

edition of the *Biographia*, and still more in the second; but the life prefixed to his poems, in Dr. Johnson's edition, is, with few exceptions, the most faithful and the most candid. This biographer had long revered Addison's character, and in one of the *Hanovers*, in which he is about to offer some criticisms on Milton, he modestly admits that "he may fall below the illustrious writer that has so long dictated to the common wealth of learning." Nor was this the compliment of a junior, willing to recommend himself by deference to those who were already in possession of the public opinion. Thirty years afterwards, when his praise had its weight and value, he vindicated the originality and utility of Addison's criticisms with equal spirit and justice.

The limits of this preface will not admit us to dwell so long as would be agreeable on a character which every man loves to contemplate. "Of Addison's virtue it is a sufficient testimony, that the resentment of party has transmitted no charge of any crime." From the charge brought against him by the friends of Pore, he has been amply vindicated in the second edition of the *Biographia*, by Mr. Justice BLACKSTONE; but for the publication of Pore's abusive character of him after his death, no apology has yet been offered. That Addison had the jealousy of an author is an accusation which he shares in common, with, perhaps, every author of celebrity\*, and that he was con-

\* "How noble does the character of Addison appear, who though equally (with Pore) attacked by Dacier as a critic, yet never mentioned his name with asperity, and refused to give the least countenance to a pamphlet which Pore had written upon the occasion of Dacier's strictures on *Cato*?" Hovell's edition of Pore, vol. iv. p. 20. Addison's conduct to Pore is amply vindicated in p. 20—21, and vol. vii. p. 293.



acknowledgment of his superiority is only saying that he was conscious of what his opponents have never denied. In that species of composition, which gained him popularity, he had then no rival, and has had no rival since, whose pretensions it would not be absurd to admit. Amidst many revolutions of taste, the judgment of all readers, learned and illiterate, has selected his papers as excelling in the milder graces of composition, and the fascinations of wit.

It may not, however, be improper to advert to one circumstance in his private history, which has of late been brought before the public, it is hoped with some exaggeration.

"Narratur et pueri Catonis,  
"Neque moro culinae virtus."

Dr. JOHNSON has mentioned this failing with moderation and delicacy. "He (ADDISON) often sat late, and drank too much wine. In the bottle discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence. It is not unlikely that ADDISON was first seduced to excess by the munificence which he obtained from the servile flattery of his sober hours. He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior, will desire to set loose the powers of conversation: and who, that ever asked succour from Bacchus, was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary?"

The same fact has been related by others in coarser language, and with an apparent design to depreciate a character not easily assailable in other points. That ADDISON did, however, indulge too much in the pleasures of the tavern is reported with great confidence, and an excuse has been attempted, by attributing the vexations he thus en-

devising to alleviate to the capricious conduct of his wife. An excuse for what is in itself wrong is generally, what it ought to be, very unsatisfactory. It were to be wished, therefore, that some cause could be discovered more adequate to the effect, than what has been commonly alleged.— JOHNSON seems to consider Addison's propensity as an original habit, and this appears to me most consistent with probability. It was the vice of the day among the wits, and wits have seldom discovered that it is a vice.

As to Addison's domestic vexations, the case stands thus. After a tedious courtship he obtained the hand of the Dowager Countess of Warwick, with whom he is said to have lived unhappily,\* but of the nature of this unhappiness we have no information in any of the memoirs of his life, except hints that she presumed on the superiority of her rank. But to suppose that she displaced or vexed Addison on that account will not supply the place of fact, and will obscure the few facts we possess. We cannot easily imagine that any woman would think herself superior to Addison by a rank which in her was merely adventitious, for she was not of a noble family, and of which she had lost all but the bare title; and if we do form this theory, how can we reconcile the long admiration and incessant pursuit of such a woman with his knowledge of the world, and acute discernment of character? "H," says an author to whom I have often referred, "she was a woman of such a despicable understanding; that

\* Mr. Tyers, in his unpublished Essay on Addison's Life and Writings, says, "Holland House is a large mansion; but could not contain Mr. Addison, the Countess of Warwick, and one guest, Peace." Addison became possessed of this house by his marriage, and died in it.

such a woman should have engaged, for yet the attention of so consummate a Judge of human nature as Addison, is not to be imagined. Considering his character and accomplishments, that at the time of his marriage he was a member of parliament, and soon after Secretary of State, the inequality of condition was not very great.

It is generally agreed, however, that in one way or other, she made his life uncomfortable; and he had frequent recourse to the society of friends at a tavern; and that here he indulged excessively, and we may conjecture that in the character of such a man, this falling would soon be observed, and that they who reported it were probably not be anxious to lessen the extent or frequency of an indulgence which brought Addison for a time on a level with his inferiors. It is far more probable that he had always been fond of society, a fondness which cannot often be indulged with impunity, than that he had first recourse to the bottle as a cure for domestic vexations. The latter supposition seems inconsistent with his general character. It is indeed a frequent remedy, but principally with men of weak minds and of low manners.

But whatever deviations of this kind might have been observed in Addison's conduct, there is no reason to think they have been exaggerated, because they certainly were not accompanied with their usual effects, debasement of manners and morals. His religious principles remained unshaken: those principles had influenced his whole life: they appear predominant in all his writings, and they gladdened his latter days with serene joy. Of this happy effect his biographers have re-

ded an instance so affecting and so salutary, that no plea of brevity can excuse the omission of it wherever his character is the object of contemplation. It was first related by Dr. Youso, in "Conjectures, on Original Composition," from which it is here copied.

"After a long and manly, but vain struggle with his distemper, Annison dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life. But with his hopes of life he dismissed not his concern for the living, but sent for a youth nearly related," (the EARL of WARWICK, who did not live long after this affecting interview,) "and finely accomplished, yet not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend. He came; but life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent. After a decent and proper pause, the youth said, 'Dear Sir, you sent for me: I believe, and I hope, that you have some commands: I shall hold them most sacred.'—May distant ages not only hear but feel the reply! Forcefully grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, SEE IN WHAT PEACE A CHRISTIAN CAN DIE. He spoke with difficulty and soon expired."

Annison died on June 17. 1719, in the 48th year of his age, leaving a daughter by the Countess of WARWICK, of whom we are told that she was bred up with little veneration for his memory; that she had a marked dislike to his writings, and an unconquerable aversion to the perusal of them; that she discovered very early in life as great an unlikeness and inferiority to Annison in respect of filial sentiment, as in point of understanding; but that afterwards she conceived a great reverence for her father's memory, and

a suitable regard for his writings.\* This lady died single, at an advanced age, a few years ago, and after her death, her father's library, which had been in her possession, was sold in London†.

ADDISON'S contributions to the *SPECTATOR* are ascertained on the best authority. The principal writers of this work were distinguished by signature letters: and much has been said of those adopted by ADDISON, because they form the name of the muse CLEO:

"When panting Virtue her last efforts made,  
"You brought your CLEO to the virgin's aid."

But it is not very likely that ADDISON intended this compliment to his papers, and it has therefore been conjectured that his signatures refer to the places in which he happened to write, C. Chelsea, L. London, I. Islington, and O. his office.

We have better authority for asserting, that no man could be more scrupulous in correcting both the errors of the press and such as had escaped him in the hurry of writing. Dr. WATSON relates, that the press was often stopped, that ADDISON might make a trifling correction. In the folio edition are many proofs of his being rather fastidious in little things, but when he had once corrected the press, he considered his business as completed; the alterations made afterwards, when the work was published in volumes, are very few and not very important. It ought also to be mentioned, that ADDISON was, in general, singularly happy in the choice of his Mottos.

\* Annotations on the *TATLER*, No. 335, edit. Oct. 1806.

† See an account of this lady in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lxxvii. p. 336 and 337.

Dr. Warton has given him this praise, but has, among other instances, quoted No. 2, which was written by STEELE.

The papers claimed for Addison are in number two hundred and seventy-four. About two hundred and thirty-six are given to STEELE on the authority of his signature 'T.'; but with the restrictions mentioned before.\* The unknown correspondents were certainly numerous, and STEELE made a free use of such letters as contained hints, or were thought worthy of insertion in their original state. From negligence, or want of matter, or want of leisure, for he was a man of many projects, he was frequently unprepared, and on this account it is on record, that the press has been sometimes stopped; but when he determined to exert himself, he could do it to advantage. The series of papers from No. 151 to 157 inclusive, which are his composition, rank among the best of the grave kind.†

Of the value of his and of Addison's papers we become the more sensible as we descend to examine the contributions of contemporary wits, who from interest or inclination were induced to lend their aid to the general purpose of the work.

The first of these, if we respect the quantity merely of his assistance, was EUSTACE BUNDELL, a writer of some note in the days of the SECRETION. He was born about the year 1685. His father, GILBERT BUNDELL, D. D. of St. Thomas, near Exeter, appears to have been a man of pro-

\* Pref. Hist. and Biog. to the TATLER.

† STEELE's signature was H. and T.; the former, it has been supposed, when he wrote the whole of the paper, the latter when he composed or compiled from the letter box; but this does not appear to be the universal rule, and the annotators imagine that T. sometimes means THORNTON.

perty, as he sent his son as a gentleman-commoner to Christ-church, Oxford, and thence to the Inner Temple, to study law, with a provision suitable to his rank and necessities. In the study of the law, however, EUSTACE made little progress, being diverted from it by a taste for polite literature, and the company of such men as that taste easily procures. In 1710, ADDISON, to whom he was nearly related, took him to Ireland as one of his clerks, when himself secretary to LORD WHARTON. In this employment, such was BUDGELL's attention to business, that in 1714 he was promoted to the office of chief secretary to the lords justices of Ireland, and deputy clerk of the council, and his talents were already so distinguished as to procure him a seat in the Irish parliament, where he was considered as an able speaker.

During the rebellion, in 1715, he discharged the service hitherto intrusted to a field-officer, of transporting the troops from Ireland to Scotland, with great ability and integrity. In 1717, he was promoted by ADDISON, then secretary of state, to the place of accountant and comptroller general; and as he had some time before succeeded to the family estate, valued at 950*l. per annum*, though somewhat encumbered by his father's prodigality, he was exempted from the cares of wealth, if not wholly from those of ambition. He had now commenced a prosperous career as a statesman, and was ill prepared for the fatal reverse which was at hand, and which, although there were other precipitating circumstances, may be dated from the time the DUKE of BOLTON was appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, in the year last mentioned. The Duke insisted on quartering upon him a friend of one WEXSTER, whom he had made his secretary and a privy counsellor. This was either

an insult or an injury, and with lofty spirits the distinction is rarely admitted, which HUBBELL resented with asperity, and was therefore deprived of his place of accountant. He then came to England, contrary to the advice of Anthon, and probably of every other friend, and farther irritated his powerful enemies by publishing his case. This irritation was the more keen, as they were unprepared to defend their treatment of a man who had been a very faithful and useful servant to the public. In 1719 he made another enemy in the EARL of SUNDERLAND, by publishing a very popular pamphlet against the famous peerage bill; but his declension was chiefly hastened by the loss of twenty thousand pounds, which he had embarked in the South-sea scheme, and by his subsequent disappointment in not being able to accompany the DUKE of PORTLAND, who was appointed governor of Jamaica, as his grace's secretary. He had made arrangements for this new office, and was about to sail, when a secretary of state was sent to the duke, to acquaint him, "that he might take any man in England for his secretary, excepting Mr. HUBBELL, but that he must not take *him*.\*"

After this event, his life appears to have been wasted in a fruitless struggle to regain consequence, and recruit his finances. Among other expedients, the DUCHESS of MANSFORD endeavoured to procure him a seat in parliament, where she hoped his disappointments would render him an useful opposition member, but this did not succeed. About the year 1732, on the death of DR. MATTHEW TINDALL, a bequest to HUBBELL appeared in his will, accompanied by cir-

\* *Biog. Brit.* new edit. vol. II. 1780.



circumstances so suspicious, that in consequence of a legal inquiry the will was set aside. His supposed share in this transaction is alluded to by Pope.

"Let BUDGELL charge low Church-street on my quill,  
"And write whate'er he please, *except my will.*"

Yet BUDGELL's situation at this time must have been low, for the sum to which he thus sacrificed his peace and his character, did not much exceed two thousand pounds.

From this unhappy period his mind appears to have been absorbed in gloomy reflections on the loss of reputation, friends, and fortune, until it at last contracted that inexplicable delirium which presents to a disordered imagination the advantages of suicide. On May 4, 1737, he drowned himself in the Thames, by jumping out of a boat at London Bridge, and had evidently made deliberate preparations for this catastrophe: besides intimating to his servant, when he went out, that he should return no more, his pocket was filled with stones, and in his escrutoire was a short scrap of a will, written a day or two before, importing that he left all his personal estate to his natural daughter, ANNE BUDGELL, then about eleven years of age. This last circumstance is not very consistent with the report that he had previously endeavoured to persuade his daughter to accompany him.\* He left also on his bureau a slip of paper, on which was written,

"What CATO did, and ARDISON approv'd,  
"Cannot be wrong—"

\* This daughter afterwards became an actress: in 1748 we find her on the stage with GARRICK and Mrs. CRAWLEY, in the character of Tancred and Sigismunda. DAVIES, the biographer of GARRICK, adds, that she was an actress of considerable powers, and died at Bath about the year 1753.

A conclusion which it would be unfair to draw from the circumstances of Cato's scenic death. Why this unhappy man, who, according to his biographers, had shown many symptoms of mental derangement, should not have been more carefully watched is needless to inquire, since, in many similar cases, it is a question to which even the courts of justice cannot extort an answer.

Bonnett's character appears to have been a compound of great vanity and ungovernable passions; failings which in prosperity are not always hurtful, because they may be gratified by applause and submission, but which, on a reverse of fortune, generally undermine all moral principle, and bring the strongest minds to a level with the weakest. In his civil employments, he was not only indefatigable, but conscientious in a very high degree\*, and a sense of the services he had rendered to the public, may have no doubt aggravated the insult which he received from the ministry, and which certainly cannot be palliated.

His first appearance as an author is said by CRANES, (or rather SMITHS) to have been in the *TACTICA*, but no inquiry has been able to trace his pen in that work. In the *SELECTIONS*, he wrote twenty-eight papers, with the signature letter Xf,

\* His conduct in the embarkation of the troops, &c. to be sent from Ireland to Scotland, during the rebellion in 1715, was "singularly disinterested; for he took no extraordinary service-money, and would not receive any gratuity or fees for the commissions which passed through his office for the colonels and officers of militia then raising in Ireland. The lords justices were desirous that a handsome present should be made him for his distinguished zeal and labour in this affair but he generously and firmly refused to draw up a warrant for that purpose. *Biog. Brit. new edit.*

† No. 232 was marked X in the folio edit. but Z in the first 8vo.; the annotators think it was the composition of Mr. H. SMITHS, but more probably the alteration of the signa-

which he used, it is said, instead of the initials of his name to mark upon his linen. Of these papers, few rise above mediocrity; he had talents that enabled him to assist in a work of this kind, but there is no reason to believe that he could have acted as a principal. His best papers are Nos. 307, 313, 337, and 353, on education: they contain many useful remarks, illustrated by apposite examples and authorities. The only papers distinguishable for wit, are Nos. 365 and 395, on the effects of the month of May on the female constitution; in these the style of ADDISON is imitated with great felicity; but I know not what praise we can assign to them, if what Dr. JOHNSON reports, from traditional authority, be true, that "ADDISON wrote BUDGELL's papers, or at least mended them so much that he made them almost his own\*."

Besides these twenty-eight papers attributed to him in consequence of the signature, he is, in the opinion of the annotators on the *SPECTATOR*, the presumptive author of a short letter, signed *Rustace*, in No. 539, and of Nos. 591, 602, 605, and 628, the last of which contains a Latin translation of Cato's soliloquy, formerly said to be the production of ATTERBURY, but which Mr. NICHOLS has discovered to have been written by Dr. HENRY BLAND, head master of Eton school. These last-mentioned papers occur in the eighth volume of the common editions of the *SPECTATOR*, which is said to have been conducted by ADDISON and BUDGELL.

ture was a typographical error. The signature is omitted in the first 12mo. a very correct edition, and in all the subsequent ones.

\* BOSWELL's Life of JOHNSON.

The annotators on the *GUARDIAN* have assigned to him Nos. 25 and 31; but if their authority was the notice in the Preface, that "those which are marked with a star were composed by Mr. HUDGELL," they seem to have committed an error. The 24th is marked with a star in the folio and first octavo editions, but not the 25th.

No. 31, his last contribution, cannot be read without regret that the author should have departed from his own principles in all the critical periods of his life. A similar reflection will occur in reading his *Spectator*, No. 389, on Infidelity, to which he certainly verged in the latter part of his life, and which, there is every reason to think, was occasioned by his connection with *TINDALL*.\*

The next contributor, of perhaps more value, was Mr. JOHN HUGHES. He was the son of a citizen of London, and was born at Marlborough, July 29, 1677. He received his education at a dissenting academy, under the care of Mr. THOMAS ROWE, where, at the same time, the afterwards celebrated Dr. ISAAC WATTS was a student, whose piety and friendship for Mr. HUGHES induced him to regret that he employed any part of his talents in writing for the stage.

\* HUDGELL published a translation of the characters of Theophrastus, a history of the family of the Boyles, and some political pamphlets. He also compiled a periodical work, called the *WAX*, chiefly from the newspapers, in the form of a magazine, but in consequence of quarrelling with the booksellers, and filling the pamphlet with his own disputes and concerns, he was obliged to drop the undertaking. Four volumes of this work are now before me. It exhibits little more than the ruins of a mind. He was attacked on all sides by contemporary writers respecting the affair of *Tindall's* will, and he endeavours by long, wild, and incoherent rhapsodies, to regain the good opinion of the public, while, however, he had for ever forfeited by that transaction.

It does not appear for what profession he was originally intended. He was early distinguished for his poetical and musical abilities, when they could be exerted only in his leisure hours, as he held a place in the office of ordnance, and was secretary to several commissions for purchasing lands necessary to secure the royal docks at Chatham and Portsmouth.

His poetical pieces were written, partly on temporary subjects, and partly for musical entertainments. Some of the latter were set by Purcell, and some by Handel. The general character of his poetry is not high. Swift and Pope ranked him among the *middle class*, and this opinion, which they gave when his works were published in 1733, and long after he was beyond the reach of praise or blame, has been adopted by Dr. Johnson. The performance for which he is now chiefly remembered, is his tragedy of the *Scourge of Chassevres*, which still holds its rank on the stage, though "it is neither acted nor printed according to the author's original draught, or his settled intention. He had made Phocas apostatize from his religion, after which, the abhorrence of Eudokia would have been reasonable, his misery would have been just, and the horrors of his repentance exemplary. The players, however, required that the guilt of Phocas should terminate in desertion to the enemy; and Heaven, unwilling that his relations should lose the benefit of his work, complied with the alteration\*."

He died Feb. 17, 1749-50, the same day on which this play was first represented. See also, who has drawn a very favourable character of him

\*Johnson's Life of Hume. His life is also written by De Courcelles, by Cullen, and by Dr. Cameron, in the Biog. Brit.

in *THE THEATRICAL*, No. 15, says, "I cannot, in the first place, but felicitate a death, on the same evening in which he received, and merited, the applause of his country, for a great and good action; his work is full of such sentiments as only can give comfort in the last hour; and I am told, he showed a pleasure in hearing that the labours, which he so honestly and virtuously intended, had met with a suitable success."

In this, however, STREET was deceived; and it is singular that he did not perceive he was placing his friend in the novel and ridiculous situation of an author preparing for eternity by the recollection of a well-written play, and the applause of a crowded theatre. The truth is HUGHES had laid aside all thoughts of his play, and composed himself to meet death with the resolution and dignity becoming a Christian\*. He was of a very feeble constitution, tending to consumption, which, after many lingering attacks, and flattering abatements, put an end to his blameless life, at an age when life is usually reckoned in its prime.

He appears to have been universally regretted as an honest and amiable man, and held an enviable rank among the wits of his time. Such was his acknowledged judgment, that AMERSON requested he would complete his *Cato* for the stage; and although this task was afterwards performed by AMERSON himself, yet it was by the persuasion of HUGHES that this celebrated play was finished and acted.

As a prose writer he is known by his edition of SPENSER's works, which he enriched with a life, a glossary, and a discourse on allegorical

\* DUNCOMBE's Life, prefixed to HUGHES's Works.

poetry. He also wrote the preface to the "Complete History of England," usually called Dr. KENNEDY'S; and translated FONTENELLE'S "Dialogues of the Dead," to which he added two composed by himself; and (Dr JOHNSON has remarked) "though not only an honest, but a pious man, dedicated his work to the EARL of WHARFON." His first prose essay, which has much merit, is, "On the pleasure of being deceived," and is dated 1701, when he was in his twenty-fourth year.

His contributions to the *Tatler* are, a letter signed *Joshua Cophet*, in No. 64; another signed *Will Truety*, in No. 73, to which TICKET alludes in some verses in No. 132 of the *Spectator*; and the Inventory of a Beau, in No. 113. The annotators suspect that he wrote No. 194, with an eye to his edition of *SWENSEN*.

In the *Spectator* he was the author of two letters, No. 34 and 35, on the art of improving beauty; in No. 66, of two letters concerning the breeding; in No. 91, the history of *Homerus*; in No. 104, a letter on the ladies' riding habits; in No. 141, remarks on the *Lancashire witches*; No. 210, on the immortality of the soul; No. 220, on expedients for wit, a letter; No. 230, all, except the last letter; No. 231, a letter on the awe of appearing before public assemblies; No. 237, on Divine Providence, which was printed by TICKET, in his edition of ADDISON'S works, but was afterwards claimed for HUGHES by Mr. DEACON; the letter in No. 241, is also published in ADDISON'S works, but evidently from its connection with the rest of the paper. HUGHES wrote also, in No. 252, a letter on the eloquence of tears and fainting fits; No. 311, a letter from the father of a great fortune; No. 375, a picture

of virtue in distress, which a writer in DUNCOMME'S Letters says "mixed tears with a great deal of the tea, which was that morning drunk in London and Westminster;" No. 323, on conjugal love; No. 337, on the dignity of human nature; No. 341, rules for pronunciation and action; and No. 354, on the improvement of genius; No. 302, the character of *Emilia*, claimed by Mr. DUNCOMME, was written by Dr. BROME; on the other hand, however, the annotators on the *SECRETARION* assign to him Nos. 224 and 467.\*

In the *GUARDIAN*, only one paper, No. 37, has been discovered to be his, and in his correspondence, published in 1772, are three short letters, intended for the *GUARDIAN*, which are added to the present edition. The general character of all his essays is favourable; he appears to have possessed a mild and agreeable humour, some of the strokes of which are truly ADAMSONIAN; and his serious papers are excellent both for matter and manner. Such was his regard for decency, that he withdrew his contributions to a volume of *Miscellaneous Poems*, published by STEELE, because PORE's imitation of CHAUCER's *Wife of Bath* was to be inserted in it.

The name of PORE has been currently repeated among those of the authors of the *SECRETARION*,

\* In "DUNCOMME'S Letters by several eminent Persons deceased, including the Correspondence of JOHN HUGHES, Esq." is printed a letter by Mr. HUGHES, intended for the *SECRETARION*, on English Operas, vol. 1, p. 61 edit. 1772. The letter signed *Parthenissa*, in No. 300, is claimed for HUGHES, by Mr. DUNCOMME, who adds, that the real person alluded to was a Miss RICHMOND, sister to the second lady of the sixth Lord ERFINGHAM, and afterwards married to the Rev. Mr. WYATT, master of Felsland School, in Essex. Gent. Mag. 1780.



## HISTORICAL. AND

et one article only, and that a very trifling one, in No. 527, a short letter with a few verses, is all that can with certainty be ascribed to him. His "Messiah" was published in No. 378, and the annotators deduce that he wrote No. 408, from its train of thought, which is the same that occurs frequently in his works, and especially in his "Essay on Man." His contributions to the GUARDIAN are more important, and will be noticed in the Preface to that paper.

Two excellent papers on dreaming, Nos. 586 and 593, and which have been the foundation of many succeeding essays on the same subject, considered in the same point of view, were written by Mr. JOHN BYRON, whose facetious talents were well suited to this species of composition, and whose delicate and simple humour appears so favourably in the well-known verses in No. 603, beginning "My time, O ye muses, &c." His PUMPE, was the youngest of the celebrated Dr. BENTLEY's daughters, and the mother of RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq. the present well-known dramatic and miscellaneous writer. The annotators ascribe to Mr. BYRON also No. 587, a paper to which he was certainly equal, but in this assignment they have overlooked a passage in No. 593, in which his being the author is positively denied. They are perhaps more correct in giving him credit for No. 597, although even that appears doubtful.

This ingenious writer, a younger son of WARD BYRON, of Kersal, in Lancashire, was born at Manchester, 1691. He was educated at his native town, and afterwards at Merchant-Taylor's School, in London, whence he was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Cambridge, the celebrated Mr. BAKER, July 6, 1708.

first productions were the papers in the *SPECTATOR* we have enumerated. In the same year in which they appeared, 1714, he was elected fellow of his college, but not choosing to enter into orders, he was obliged to vacate his fellowship in 1716, and went to Montpellier, where, applying himself closely to the study of physic, he acquired the appellation of Dr. BYROM.\* On his return to London, he married his cousin, Miss ELIZABETH BYROM, against the consent of her father, who consequently gave her no fortune, and our author's little property having been exhausted in his travels, he engaged in teaching short-hand writing, and for some years obtained a competent subsistence by that ingenious and useful art, and taught, amongst many others, the celebrated EARL of CHESTERFIELD. His talents, however, must have been otherwise conspicuous, as, in 1724, he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society. Some time after, the family estate at Kersal devolved to him by the death of his elder brother, and relieved him from the business of teaching short hand.

He now retired to enjoy, what it appears he was eminently qualified for, the pleasures of domestic life, and indulged his pen in a variety of poetical attempts, chiefly on religious subjects; but his lighter verses, which in mature years he despised, have generally been allowed the preference. His religion, which was strongly tinged with Behemenism, led him to discuss subjects in verse, which perhaps no man but himself would have clothed in that dress. His humour was, however, generally predominant, and inclines us to wish that he had been less attached to rhyme,

\* *Nichols's Select Collection of Poems*, vol. vii.

a propensity which betrayed him into more than poetical freedoms with subjects beyond his province. In one of his critical dissertations in verse he denied the existence of St. George, the patron of England, and challenged the antiquaries to consider the question. The contest between a poet and an antiquary seems very unequal, yet the late venerable Dr. PUGH accepted the challenge, and confuted the poet's hypothesis in a paper in the *Archæologia*.

Mr. BYRON died on the 28th of September 1763, leaving behind him the character of a man of piety, wit, and learning. The general tenor of his life was innocent and inoffensive, and it appears that the great truths of Christianity had, from his earliest years, made a deep impression on his mind.\* It is some deduction from his character however, that he not only spent much of his time in reading the mystic writers, but even professed to understand the works of JACOB BEHMEN. Four papers in the eighth volume of the *SPECTATOR*, were the production of Mr. HENRY GROVE of Taunton, a very learned and pious divine of the dissenting persuasion, who died in 1737, and of whom a very copious account is given in the *Biographia*. His papers are of the serious kind Nos. 588 and 601, on self-love and benevolence; No. 626, on the force of novelty; and No. 635, on the enlargement of the powers of the mind in a future state. Of these essays the praise has been uniform. Dr. JOHNSON declared No. 588 to be "one of the finest pieces in the English language†;" and No. 635, was republished by the direction of Dr. GIBSON, Bishop of Lon-

\* *Biog. Brit.* new edit.

† *HOSWELL'S Life of JOHNSON*. See also the *Addition to his Life*, p. 12, 2d edit. 1793.

don, along with *Anderson's Evidence*s, in a 12mo edition, dated 1731.\*

Mr. Grove's publications in his life time were very numerous, and after his death, four volumes of posthumous pieces were added to his works. His "*Moral Philosophy*" is a very useful book, not only on account of the manner in which he has treated the various subjects connected with morals, but as forming an index of reference to every publication that had then appeared, in which each topic had been directly or collaterally treated.

In the list of the writers of the *SENATOR*, given by STANLEY in No. 552, the name of Mr. HENRY MARTYN occurs, but no part of his share can be ascertained, except the letter to the king of France, in No. 180. No. 200, on the same subject, is conjectured by the annotators to be his, and they have the same suspicion of No. 312. Some account of this gentleman is given in WARD's *Lives of the Gresham Professors*.† He was an excellent scholar and an able lawyer, but his infirm state of health would not permit him to attend the courts. He had a principal concern in a paper called "*The British Merchant, or Commerce Preserved*," in answer to "*The Merchant, or Commerce Retrieved*," written by DEER, in 179 numbers, from May 26, 1713, to July 20, 1714, with a view to get the treaty of commerce made with France at the peace of Utrecht ratified by parliament. The rejection of that treaty was in a great measure promoted by Mr. MARTYN's paper, and government rewarded him

\* Bing Hen

† P. 552, after the life of his brother, EDWARD MARTYN, professor of Rhetoric, and the immediate predecessor of WARD, the biographer.

for it by making him Inspector-General of the imports and exports of the customs. He died at Blackheath, March 23, 1721.

In the same list, in No. 555, are given the names of Mr. CAREY, of New College, Oxford; Mr. TICKELL, and Mr. ESKDALE\*, but no inquiry into their respective shares has been yet satisfactory. The signature T. has been frequently suspected to mean TICKELL; yet nothing of his can be ascertained, except what will not rank him among ESSAYISTS, a poem entitled "The Royal Progress," in No. 620†.

An ingenious letter on the eye, in No. 930, is ascribed to Mr. GOLDSING, of whom I have not been able to procure any information.

A very short letter, written with a tradesman like simplicity, in No. 268, and signed JAMES EASBY, was the production of Mr. JAMES HAYWOOD many years a wholesale linen-draper on Fish Street-Hill, who died at his house in Austin-Friars, in the 90th year of his age, July 23, 1776.

The excellent character of *Emilia*, in No. 309 was claimed by Mr. DEKOMB for Mr. HERRICK but it has since been ascertained that it was written by Dr. BROOM; but whether Dr. BROOM the poet, and partner with FORD in translating the *Odyssey*, is not so clearly determined. BROOM, mentioned in this paper, will not agree with his character, who, when Rector of Sturston, in Suffolk, "married a wealthy widow."‡ The lady named here *Emilia*, was the "mother of Mrs

\* A short letter in No. 83, on birds, is ascribed by the annotator to Mr. ESKDALE, afterwards the post-laureat, but this cannot denote the acknowledgment in No. 555.

† The annotator gives him the first part of No. 410, as he has been already mentioned.

‡ Some say it is Elizabeth Poole, not UNWOMAN, or HANCOCK.

Ascham, of Connington, in Cambridgeshire, and grandmother of the present Lady Hutton."

The letter on foreign travel, in No. 364, signed *Philip Homebred*, was written by Mr. PHILIP YORKE, afterwards the celebrated lord CHANCELLOR HARDWICKE. Mr. Boswell informs us, probably in too decisive language, that Dr. Johnson would not allow merit to this letter, and said that "it was quite vulgar and had nothing luminous." It is certainly not the paper we might expect from a LORD CHANCELLOR, but it was written by a young man, just admitted to the bar, and who had sense enough to censure a prevailing folly with some degree of humour, and great justice. The same subject has been since illustrated in the *WORLD* by another nobleman, PHILIP EARL of CHESTERFIELD.\*

The EARL of HARDWICKE, who is supposed to have been the author of another paper, which cannot now be ascertained, was one of those illustrious characters who have ennobled their families by merit in a profession, in which, with very few exceptions, merit only has been found to succeed. In very early life he appears to have been noted for learning and industry, and for qualities which were fitted to shine in public life. When only twenty-eight years of age, he had a seat in parliament, and the following year was promoted to the office of solicitor-general on the recommendation of the LORD CHANCELLOR PARMER. In Feb. 1733-4, he was appointed attorney-general, and in October, 1733, lord chief justice of the king's bench. On the decease of LORD TALBOT, in 1736-7, he was called to the high

\* See an article on the same subject by ADDISON, in *TATLER*, No. 93.

office of lord chancellor, when only in his seventh year. Yet this rapid succession of honours was followed by a correspondent share of popularity. In each office he discharged his duties in a manner both honourable and dignified, and his station derived lustre from his piety, his learning, and his justice, and he at once enjoyed and deserved the esteem of the public. Of his abilities the following character is said to be strictly true: "The style of his eloquence was more adapted to the house of lords than to the house of commons. The tone of his voice was pleasing and melodious; his manner was placid and dignified. His precision of arrangement, closeness of argument, fluency of expression, elegance of diction, &c. were his particular characteristics. He seldom rose into great animation: his chief aim was more to convince than amuse; to appeal to the judgment rather than to the feelings of his hearers. He possessed a perfect command over himself, and his even temper was never ruffled by petulant opposition, or malignant invective." He died March 6, 1764, and it is by general consent that the epithets GREAT and GOOD have been since connected with his name.

Two visions, in Nos. 460 and 501, were written by Dr. THOMAS PARNELL. This alleged mode of conveying instruction was much encouraged and practised by ADDISON and his contemporaries; and, we are informed by STEELE, it was always a particular demand for such papers. Dr. PARNELL's *Visions* have considerable merit, but from a member of the *Scriblerus Club*, a man of acknowledged wit, we might have expected

\* Coxe's *Memoirs of Sir R. WALPOLE*, vol. i. p. 43.

acted contributions of a more humorous cast. GOLDSMITH'S *Life of PARNELL*, prefixed to *works*, was the first attempt to collect memoirs of him; although enrolled among the Eng-poets in Dr. JOHNSON'S edition, his name had appeared in the *General Dictionary* or in the *Graphia Britannica*. GOLDSMITH'S materials very scanty, and JOHNSON, while he compliments GOLDSMITH on what he had done, seems to be to the subject.

HOMAS PARNELL, D. D. descended from an ant family, of Congleton, in Cheshire, was in Dublin, in the year 1679, and was admitted a member of Dublin College at the early age of thirteen. He took his degree of M. A. 9, 1700, and in the same year was ordained deacon, by Dr. WILLIAM KING, then bishop of Ely, having a dispensation from the primate being under twenty-three years of age. He was admitted into priest's orders about three years after, by Dr. KING, then archbishop of Dublin, and was collated by Dr. ANNE, bishop of Ely, to the archdeaconry of Clogher, Feb. 1705. About that time he married Miss ANNE CHIN, a young lady of great beauty and merit, from whom he had two sons, who died young, and a daughter, living in 1770. The death of his wife is supposed to have made an indelible impression on his spirits, and drove him to that folly which of all others is the least efficacious, is itself a calamity of the most deplorable kind.\* He was warmly recommended by SWIFT to archbishop KING, who gave him a prebend in Ely, and in 1716 the vicarage of Finglas, worth

\* GOLDSMITH, p. 21, edit. 1773.



400*l. per annum*.\* He died at Chester, July, 1718, on his way to Ireland.

His prose works are two papers in the *Spectator*, two in the *Guardian*, the life of Zolaus, (a satire on Denham,) an essay on the origin of sciences in the character of *Martinus Scriblerus*, and the life of Homer prefixed to Pope's translation. His poetical fame rests chiefly on his *Hannibal*, but even his inferior poems are more correct and pleasing than his prose.

The letter signed *Peter de Quir*, in No. 396, and that signed *Tom Twyer*, in No. 518, were the productions of that very eccentric character, ORATOR HENLEY, a name and a title which have seldom been pronounced without contempt, yet it was late in life before he earned this contempt. His early days were laudably and industriously employed, as appears by the very curious and authentic memoirs Mr. Nicolson has given of him in his "History of Leicestershire," under the article of Melton Mowbray, HENLEY's native place.

From his letter, in No. 518, as well as from some of his avowed publications, he seems to have possessed a kind of humour, which a man of sense or delicacy might have employed with success. But HENLEY preferred the character of a buffoon, and the life of an outcast, and was for many years the ornament and delight of Clare Market, where he established an oratory to which the very lowest ranks resorted. Here, when vulgarly itself was satiated with his nonsense, he hit upon various expedients to bring a crowded audience. At one

\* NICHOLS's Select Collection of Poems, vol. III. p. 209.

† The late Rev. Mr. COLLE of Milton says, he remembers HENLEY coming to Cambridge, and soliciting for a booth in Sturbridge Fair, for his Lectures, which was refused. COLLE's MEM. in Mr. NICH.

time he called the Jews together, by offering a reward to any one who should interpret a Hebrew inscription painted on his pulpit, and which consisted of the letters of the Hebrew alphabet jumbled together in the form of words without meaning. On another occasion, he procured a full audience of shoemakers, who were to be told how to make a pair of shoes in two minutes, which was by cutting off the tops of ready-made boots.\* As there was no admittance to his oratory, without paying a sum at the door, generally a shilling, such expedients served occasionally to recruit his finances. He was also the author of a weekly paper of unintelligible declamation, called *The Hyr-Docton*, for which "secret-service"† he had 100*l.* a year. The origin of the *Hyr-Docton*, as it has been related to the writer of this article, will show the peculiar turn of HENLEY's humour. He went to Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, represented himself as a man who could do great service to the state, and hinted that it would be wise to employ him. Sir ROBERT declined the offer in very polite terms, and HENLEY left the room with a threat, that "he could wield a pen!" On recollection, the minister thought it might be proper to stop this writer's opposition by a small salary, and called after him from the top of the stair-case, "*Hyr! Docton!*" promised him his support, and immediately the *Hyr-Docton*, No. 1, made its appearance. Its purpose was to ridicule the arguments of the CHARTSMAN.

\* His introductory position on this subject was *omne majus continet in se minus*.

† *Blog. Diet.* In COOK's *Preacher's Assistant* is a list of fifteen sermons preached on public occasions, and printed, by our orator. One is entitled, "*The Butcher's Lecture*." Sir COOK calls him "*Rector of Chelmondston, Suffolk*."

In No. 288, is a letter from a tradesman, recommending his wares, signed **PETER MOTTEUX**, the real name of a man of some talents, but, if the manner of his death has not been misrepresented, of immoral character. He was a native of France, and came to England on the revocation of the edict of Nantz. Such was the skill he acquired in the English language, that he translated with success *Rabelais* and *Don Quixote*, and wrote some very popular plays. He had a large East-India warehouse in Leadenhall-street, and held a place in the foreign Post-office. Although advanced in life, and married to a very beautiful woman, he indulged in the licentiousness of brothels, in one of which he was found dead, Feb. 19, 1717-18\*.

The affectionate letter on the death of a wife, in No 520, is attributed to a Mr. **FRANCHAM**, of Norwich, of whom nothing else is now remembered: and an excellent dream, in No. 524, is said to have been the joint production of Mr. **DUNLAP**, then Greek professor of Glasgow University, and of Mr. **MONTGOMERY**, a merchant. Of the latter gentleman, we are told, that he traded to Sweden, and his business carrying him there, he was obliged to leave that kingdom abruptly, in consequence of "something between" him and Queen Christina. This event is supposed to have affected his intellects, much in the manner as Sir **ROGER DE COVERLEY** is represented to have been injured by his passion for the widow†. Mr. **DUNLAP** is chiefly known as the author of a Greek grammar, used in most of the schools and universities of Scotland. Upon what authority the

\* *Biog. Diet. and Dram.*

† *Spect. 8vo. vol. vii. p. 284, note.*

*joint* concern of these gentlemen in this paper is asserted, does not appear. It was formerly ascribed to PROFESSOR SIMPSON, of Glasgow, but whether the mathematician or the divine, for there were two of the name contemporaries, we are not informed.

A letter in No. 140, signed *Leonard*, and another in No. 163, with the same signature, are said to have been written by a Miss SHERNEARD, and a letter in No. 93, by her sister. Of these ladies it is only related that they were collateral descendants of Sir FLEETWOOD SHERNEARD, "of facitious memory." A very short letter in No. 480, signed M. D. was written by Mr. ROBERT HARRIS, of Lincoln's-Inn, an eminent conveyancer. STEELE omitted some parts of it, and made some alterations in it.

The last contributor to the *SPECTATOR*, of whom we have any knowledge, and who was the longest survivor, is Dr ZACHARY PEACE, a late Bishop of ROCHESTER. He was the son of an opulent distiller in Holborn, and was born in 1690. He had his education at Westminster school, where he was distinguished by his merit, and elected one of the king's scholars. In 1710, he was elected to Trinity-College, Cambridge. In 1716, he published the first edition of his "*Cicero de Oratore*," and at the desire of a friend, dedicated it to Lord Chief Justice PARKER, afterwards Earl of MACCLESFIELD, to whom he was an entire stranger. This incident laid the foundation of his future fortune, for Lord PARKER soon after recommended him to Dr. BENTLEY, master of Trinity, to be made one of the fellows. In 1717, being then M. A. he was ordained, and in 1718 was invited to live with the Lord Chancellor PARKER, as his lordship's domestic chap-

lain. In 1719, he was instituted to the rectory Stapleford Abbots, in Essex, and in 1720, to that of St. Bartholomew, Exchange, London. In 1722 his noble patron presented him to St. Martin's the Fields, and in 1726, he preached a sermon the consecration of that church, when rebuilt in present splendid form. In 1724, the degree of D. D. was conferred on him by Archbishop WARR. In 1739, he was appointed to the deanery of Winchester, and in 1748 to the bishoprick Bangor; in 1756, he was removed to the see Rochester, and the deanery of Westminster. In 1763, when the infirmities of age began to be felt, he wished to resign both, and retire into quiet station, but his majesty prevailed on him to continue. Dr. PEACOCK'S reasons for an appointment so unusual, do him much honour; he said that as he never made a sinecure of his preferments, he was tired with business, and being in the 74th year of his age, he wished to resign his preferments while his faculties were entire, lest he should outlive them, and the church suffer from his infirmities\*. In 1763, however, he obtained leave to resign the deanery. In 1773, he lost his lady, with whom he had enjoyed an uninterrupted course of domestic comfort for fifty-two years and after some months of lingering decay, he died at Little Ealing, June 29, 1774. Being asked one day how he could live with so little nutriment "I live," said he, "upon the recollection of a innocent and well-spent life, which is my only sustenance†." He supported through this long

\* MS. Letter from Dr. PETTINGALL to Mr. COLE, Brit. Mus.

† NICHOLS'S Anecdotes of BOWYER.

life the character of an able divine, and a sound critic and philologist\*.

During his early years, he amused himself with light compositions, of which it is to be regretted he did not publish more than the *SECRETOR*, No. 572, on quacks, which was a little retouched by Addison, and No. 633, on eloquence†. He wrote also a paper in the *GUARDIAN*, which will be noticed in its proper place, and an exquisite little fancy in a periodical paper entitled *THE FARRITHINKER*.

At the conclusion of No. 555, *STEELE* says, "It had not come to my knowledge, when I left off the *SECRETOR*, that I owe several excellent sentiments and agreeable pieces in that work to Mr. *INCH*, of Gray's Inn." The annotators follow this intimation with some account of Mr. *INCH*, but no discovery has been made of his "sentiments," or "pieces." In a conversation with Dr. JOHNSON, in 1777, Mr. MURPHY said, he remembered when there were several people alive in London, who enjoyed a considerable reputation merely from having written a paper in the *SECRETOR*. He mentioned particularly Mr. *INCH*, who used to frequent Tom's coffee-house. Dr. JOHNSON, who seemed to think this kind of mention depreciating, repeated how highly *STEELE* speaks of Mr. *INCH*. He was secretary to the accounts of the army, and died October 11, 1758.

\* His life was prefixed to his posthumous works by the Rev. Mr. DERRY, his chaplain, 9 vols. 4to. 1777, but his papers in the *SECRETOR* and *GUARDIAN*, were acknowledged by Dr. PEARCE, in a letter to Dr. BROWN, dated June 3, 1764.

† The annotators on the *SECRETOR*, by some mistake, say that No. 636 was printed by *TICKELL*, in his edition of Addison's works. *TICKELL* published no *SECRETOR*'s in that edition, after No. 400.

That many persons wrote single papers or letters in the *SPECTATOR*, whose names are now irrecoverable, may be easily supposed. Mr. COLK, in his MSS. in the British Museum, mentions a Mr. WESTERN, father of THOMAS WESTERN of Rivenhall, in Essex, (which last died in 1766,) as the author of a few numbers; and I learn from a recent letter in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, that the Rev. JOHN LLOYD, M. A. who published a poem entitled "God," about the year 1724, calls himself, in the title-page, "Author of several of the *Spectators*."

The paper in which the above compliment is paid to Mr. LOCK, is the concluding one of the seventh volume of the original *second* edition, to which STERKE signs his name, and in which he introduces the names of the principal writers. The *SPECTATOR* was then laid down about a year and a half, in which interval the *GUARDIAN*, and its sequel the *ENGLISHMAN*, were published. The time when the *SPECTATOR* was revived, Dr. JOHNSON thought "unfavourable to literature," as "the succession of a new family to the throne filled the nation with anxiety, discord, and confusion." The attempt, however, was made, (for which a whimsical reason is assigned in No. 632) and not unsuccessfully with respect to merit, but the sale was not so extensive as that of the preceding papers. They now came out only three times a week, and STERKE, it is thought, had no concern in it. Addison wrote above a fourth part, and conducted the whole with EUSTACE BUDGELL, whose share, if he had any, has not been ascertained. There are none of the papers lettered at the close, as in the preceding volumes, and Addison's contributions are marked in this edition upon the authority of Mr. TUCKER, who collected them in his works.

In Dr. JOHNSON'S opinion, this volume is more valuable than any of those which went before it. There is certainly more variety of style and manner in it, and perhaps of subject; but in general the papers are less lively, and have been less popular. Why the *SPECTATOR* was revived after the *GUARDIAN* had closed, and why it ends abruptly with a paper from a stranger, are questions which cannot now be resolved. There is some reason to think this eighth volume was a bookseller's project, who perhaps employed HUNDELL as editor, and engaged ADDISON as a writer.

Of the great success of the *SPECTATOR*, both in papers and in volumes, we have unequivocal evidence from STEELE'S declaration, in No. 555, that an edition of the reprinted volumes, of above "nine thousand each book," were then sold off, such was the laudable avidity in those days for moral instruction and elegant amusement. The tax on each half-sheet brought into the stamp-office, one week with another, above 20*l.* *per* week, notwithstanding it at first reduced the sale to less than half the number that was usually printed before the tax was imposed. This stamp-duty took place, Aug. 1, 1712, and every single half-sheet paid a half-penny to the queen. "Have you seen," says Swift, "the stamp? Methinks the stamping is worth a half-penny. The *OBSERVER* is fallen; the *MENAGER* are jumbled together with the Flying Post; the *EXAMINER* is deadly sick; the *SPECTATOR* keeps up and doubles its price." This increased the price of each paper to two-pence, the price, as we shall see afterwards, of periodical papers\*, consisting of three half sheets elegantly printed on fine paper,

\* Rambler, Adventurer, &c.



while the *TATTLES*, *MEMORATIONS*, and *QUANTAS*, consisted of a single half sheet, printed on the vilest paper of which any specimens have descended to posterity.

But the exact amount of the daily sale has been, with some, the subject of much controversy. Dr. JOHNSON, estimating by the 30*l.* paid to the revenue weekly, gives 1000 for the daily number.\* One of the annotators thinks that this calculation is not made with the Doctor's usual accuracy, that it is probable we ought to read above "30*l.*" instead of above "30*l.*" in STRAHL's concluding number, or, that admitting the other sum, it ought to be considered that the greatest number of the *SECRETIONS* were actually published before the duty, on which the calculation rests, took place. It is added on the express testimony of Dr. FREERWOOD, in a letter to the then Bishop of SALISBURY, that the daily sale amounted to *fourteen thousand*.

Whatever the precise number, was, it is certain that it far exceeded that of any preceding or contemporary work of the kind, and, it is almost needless to add, of any which has followed. The sale however, was probably not steady, some papers, we are assured, were bought up with more eagerness than others, and to this, and to the frequent reading and careless handling of the original publications, it is no doubt owing that a perfect copy can so rarely be met with, notwithstanding the vast number sold.

It was reprinted in octavo like the *TATTLES*, at the price of one guinea *per* volume, and other editions at inferior prices were soon multiplied.

\* In opposition to this we have ANTONIUS's declaration, that three thousand were sold daily about the commencement of the work. See N<sup>o</sup>. 10

It was also translated into French, but with the omission of some papers, and parts of papers, which it is unnecessary to specify to any one acquainted with the work and the state of France at that period.

As there was a spurious *TATLER*, there was likewise an attempt to impose on the public by a spurious continuation of the *SPECTATOR*, begun Monday, Jan. 3, 1715, and concluded Monday, Aug. 3. It was published on Mondays and Fridays, and consists of fifty-nine numbers, afterwards republished in 12mo. as "*The SPECTATOR, volume ninth and last.*" My copy adds, "*The fifth edition. Printed for W. Mears, at the Lamb, without Temple Bar, 1726.*"\* It is far inferior to the spurious *TATLER*, and indeed to any imitation whatever, of the works of *STEELE* and *ADDISON*.

An humble wish to gratify the public induced some person to publish, in 1712 and 1713, a little volume, entitled, "*The mottoes of the TATLER and SPECTATORS translated into English.*" This extends to the end of the seventh volume of the *SPECTATOR*. The translations are in general very poorly executed.† *ADDISON*'s acquaintance with the Roman classics, for it is not clear that he was eminent as a Greek scholar, enabled him to select very apposite lines for his various subjects. *Dr. WARTON* remarks in his "*Essay on*

\* One of the principal writers of this volume is said to have been *Dr. GEORGE SEWELL*, of whom some account has been given in the preface to the *Tatler*.

† The Rev. *THOMAS BROUGHTON*, one of the original writers of the *Biographia Britannica*, is said to have translated the mottoes of the *SPECTATOR*, *GUARDIAN*, and *FARMER*, as we now find them. Those of the *TATLER* were corrected and altered for the edition, with notes printed in 1780, 8vo. 6 vols.

## HISTORICAL AND

the *Genius of Parnassus*," that in applying to the poetical remains of Sappho the two lines of Phœdrus, contained in the motto of No. 222, Apollon has hit upon one of the most elegant and happy applications that perhaps ever was made from any classic author. It may be necessary to inform some readers, that the authors of these papers, as well as their successors, occasionally changed a word or two in a classical quotation, that it might become more apposite to their subject. The translations in the latter editions are entirely new, and selected from the best poets, but no translations of any kind were printed with the volumes for many years after their first publication.

Since the first edition of this Preface appeared, I have been favoured with some information respecting the original of Sir Thomas Chawcely's perverse widow, which ought not to be withheld, although it might have been placed with perhaps more propriety among the annotations. This information was lately communicated by the Rev. Dean Young of Plympton, to my excellent and learned friend Mr. Augustus Con Nares, to whom I am immediately indebted for a copy.

"My attention," says Mr. Young, "was first drawn to this subject by a very vague tradition in the family of Sir Thomas Chawcely, however, in the family of Sir Thomas Chawcely, that Mrs. Plassey Abbey in Chawcely estate, that Mrs. Thomas Chawcely, widow of William Henry Esquire, and who died January 21, 1726, was original from whence the picture was derived. She was left a widow at the early age of 22, by her portrait (now at Plassey Abbey, and in a more advanced period of her life), appear to have been a woman of a handsome figure

gure, as she is described to have been in the 113th number of the *SPECTATOR*. She was a personage well known and much distinguished in her day, and is described very respectably in the new *Atlantis*, under the name of *Portia*.

"From these facts I was induced to examine whether any internal evidence could be traced in the *SPECTATOR* to justify the tradition. The result of that inquiry is as follows.

"The papers in the *SPECTATOR* which give the description of the widow were certainly written by *STEELE*, and that *Mrs. BOVEY* was well known to *STEELE*, and held by him in high estimation is equally certain. He dedicates the three volumes of the "*Lady's Library*" to three different ladies. *Lady Burlington*, *Mrs. BOVEY*, and *Mrs. Steele*; he describes each of them in terms of the highest commendation, but each of them is distinguished by very discriminating characteristics. However exalted the characters of *Lady Burlington* or *Mrs. Steele*, there is not one word in the dedication to either, which corresponds to the character of the *Widow*, but the characters of *Mrs. BOVEY* and the *Widow* are drawn with marks of striking coincidence. No. 113, of the *SPECTATOR*, as far as it relates to the *Widow*, is almost a parody on the character of *Mrs. BOVEY*, as drawn in the dedication. *Sir RoGER* tells his friend that she is a reading lady, and that her discourse was as learned as the best philosopher could possibly make. She reads upon the nature of plants, and understands every thing. In the dedication *STEELE* says, "instead of *Assemblies and Conversations*, *Books and Solitude* have been your choice; you have charms of your own sex, and knowledge not inferior to the most learned of ours." In No. 118, "her

the *Genius of Parnassus*," that in applying to the poetical remains of Sappho the two lines of Phædrus, contained in the motto of No. 223, Addison has hit upon one of the most elegant and happy applications that perhaps ever was made from any classic author. It may be necessary to inform some readers, that the authors of these papers, as well as their successors, occasionally changed a word or two in a classical quotation, that it might become more apposite to their subject. The translations in the latter editions are entirely new, and selected from the best poets, but no translations of any kind were printed with the volumes for many years after their first publication.

Since the first edition of this Preface appeared, I have been favoured with some information respecting the original of Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY's perverse widow, which ought not to be withheld, although it might have been placed with perhaps more propriety among the annotations. This information was lately communicated, by the Rev. DUKE YONGE of Plympton, to my excellent and learned friend Mr. ARCHDEACON NARES, to whom I am immediately indebted for a copy.

"My attention," says Mr. YONGE, "was first drawn to this subject by a very vague tradition in the family of Sir THOMAS CHAWLEY BOREY, of Flaxley Abbey in Gloucestershire, that Mrs. CATHERINE BOREY, widow of WILLIAM BOREY, Esquire, and who died January 21, 1726, was the original from whence the picture was drawn. She was left a widow at the early age of 22, and by her portrait (now at Flaxley Abbey, and drawn at a more advanced period of her life), appears to have been a woman of a handsome dignified fi-

, as she is described to have been in the number of the *Secretion*. She was a sage well known and much distinguished of day, and is described very respectably in *ew Atlantis*, under the name of *Portia*.

From these facts I was induced to examine her any internal evidence could be traced in *Secretion* to justify the tradition. The result of that inquiry is as follows.

The papers in the *Secretion* which give description of the widow were certainly written by *Steele*, and that Mrs. *Howver* was well known to *Steele*, and held by him in high estimation is equally certain. He dedicates the three volumes of the "*Lady's Library*" to three difficulties. *Lady Burlington*, Mrs. *Howver*, and *Steele*, he describes each of them in terms of highest commendation, but each of them distinguished by very discriminating characteristics. However exalted the characters of *Burlington* or Mrs. *Steele*, there is not one in the dedication to either, which corresponds to the character of the *Widow*, but the characters of Mrs. *Howver* and the *Widow* are in with marks of striking coincidence. No. 1 of the *Secretion*, as far as it relates to the *Widow*, is almost a parody on the character of *Howver*, as drawn in the dedication. She tells his friend that she is a reading lady, but her discourse was as learned as the best sophist could possibly make. She reads the nature of plants, and understands every thing. In the dedication *Steele* says, "instead of assemblies and Conversations, Books and Novels have been your choice; you have charms in your own sex, and knowledge not inferior to most learned of ours." In No. 118, "her

"superior merit is such," says Sir ROGER, "that I cannot approach her without awe, my heart is checked by too much esteem."—Dedication. "Your person and fortune equally raise the admiration and awe of our whole sex."

"She is described as having a Confidant as the Knight calls her, to whom he expresses a peculiar aversion, No. 118 being chiefly on that subject. "Of all persons under the sun," says the good old Knight, "be sure to set a mark upon confidants." I know not whether the lady was deserving of the Knight's reprobation, but Mrs. Hoxey certainly had a female friend of this description, of the name of Pope, who lived with her more than forty years, whom she left executors, and who, it is believed in the family, did not execute her office in the most liberal manner.

"The character of Mrs. Hoxey was denigrating of all the applause which STRANGE bestowed upon her; and though these coinciding marks do not prove that Mrs. Hoxey and the Widow were the same, yet the presumption appears reasonable that he who drew the two portraits so much alike painted from the same original, and one he tells us himself was Mrs. Hoxey.

"Two objections may be started against this presumptive evidence: That the Knight first saw the Widow at the assizes at Worcester, where she appeared, according to his account, to contest a law suit

"That this law suit was in consequence of a dispute with the heir at law of her husband.

"There is no tradition of any such dispute having arisen; and if there had, as Mrs. Hoxey's residence and the property she occupied was in Gloucestershire, Gloucester would have been the place where the issue must have been tried.

"I do not consider the objections as carrying much weight. *Steele* in delineating the character might reasonably be unwilling to describe her too closely; her residence at *Flasley Abbey* was not far from the borders of *Worcestershire*, and the Knight in making his first visit speaks of his going *across* the country for that purpose.

Mrs. *Boxer* was buried in the family vault at *Flasley*, with an inscription on the walls of the chapel to her memory. There is also a monument in *Westminster Abbey*."

On this ingenious paper I have only to remark, that it carries as much probability as deductions from such facts can be expected to carry at this distance of time. It cannot, however, be improper to suggest to the reader, who may wish to examine the evidence more closely, that Mrs. *Boxer* was left a widow at the age of twenty-two, in the year 1691, and consequently at the dates of the *Secretions* in which she is described, had arrived at the age of forty-two. Sir *Rosse* is described as in his fifty-sixth year, a disproportion which seems not unsuitable to the character in which he is drawn, or to the unfortunate issue of his addresses





## ORIGINAL DEDICATIONS.

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VOL. I.

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TO JOHN LORD SOMERS,

BARON OF EYERHAM.

MY LORD,

I SHOULD not act the part of an impartial Spectator, if I dedicated the following papers to one who is not of the most consummate and most acknowledged merit.

None but a person of a finished character can be a proper patron of a work which endeavours to cultivate and polish human life, by promoting virtue and knowledge, and by recommending whatsoever may be either useful or ornamental to society.

I know that the homage I now pay you, is offering a kind of violence to one who is as solicitous to shun applause, as he is assiduous to deserve it. But, my lord, this is perhaps the only particular in which your prudence will be always disappointed.

While justice, candour, equanimity, a zeal for the good of your country, and the most persuasive eloquence in bringing over others to it, are valuable distinctions; you are not to expect that the public will so far comply with your inclinations, as to forbear celebrating such extraordinary qualities. It is in vain that you have endeavoured

to conceal your share of merit in the many national services which you have effected. Do what you will, the present age will be talking of your virtues, though posterity alone will do them justice.

Other men pass through oppositions and contending interests in the ways of ambition; but your great abilities have been invited to power, and importuned to accept of advancement. Nor is it strange that this should happen to your lordship, who could bring into the service of your sovereign the arts and policies of ancient Greece and Rome; as well as the most exact knowledge of our own constitution in particular, and of the interests of Europe in general; to which I must also add, a certain dignity in yourself, that (to say the least of it) has been always equal to those great honours which have been conferred upon you.

It is very well known how much the church owed to you, in the most dangerous day it ever saw, that of the arraignment of its prelates; and how far the civil power, in the late and present reign, has been indebted to your counsels and wisdom.

But to enumerate the great advantages which the public has received from your administration, would be a more proper work for an history, than for an address of this nature.

Your lordship appears as great in your private life, as in the most important offices which you have borne. I would, therefore, rather choose to speak of the pleasure you afford all who are admitted to your conversation, of your elegant taste in all the polite arts of learning, of your great humanity and complacency of manners, and of the surprising influence which is peculiar to you, in

asking every one who converses with your lordship prefer you to himself, without thinking them meanly of his own talents. But if I should take notice of all that might be observed in your lordship, I should have nothing new to say upon any other character of distinction. I am,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most devoted,  
Most obedient humble servant,  
THE SPECTATOR

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## VOL. II.

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TO CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

MY LORD,

MILITRUE of manners and studies is usually mentioned as one of the strongest motives to affection and esteem; but the passionate veneration I have for your lordship, I think flows from admiration of qualities in you, of which, in the whole course of these papers, I have acknowledged myself incapable. While I busy myself as a stranger upon earth, and can pretend to no other than being a looker-on, you are conspicuous in a busy and polite world, both in the world of men, and that of letters. While I am silent and observed in public meetings, you are admired all that approach you, as the life and genius of a conversation. What an happy conjunction of different talents meets in him whose whole discourse is at once animated by the strength and force of reason, and adorned with all the graces and embellishments of wit! When learning irra-

diates common life, it is then in its highest use and perfection ; and it is to such as your lordship, that the sciences owe the esteem which they have with the active part of mankind. Knowledge of books in recluse men, is like that sort of lantern, which hides him who carries it, and serves only to pass through secret and gloomy paths of his own ; but in the possession of a man of business, it is, as a torch in the hand of one who is willing and able to shew those who were bewildered, the way which leads to their prosperity and welfare. A generous concern for your country, and a passion for every thing which is truly great and noble, are what actuate all your life and actions ; and I hope you will forgive me when I have an ambition this book may be placed in the library of so good a judge of what is valuable, in that library where the choice is such, that it will not be a disparagement to be the meanest author in it. Forgive me, my lord, for taking this occasion of telling all the world how ardently I love and honour you ; and that I am, with the utmost gratitude for all your favours,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obliged,  
most obedient and most

humble Servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

## VOL. III.

## THE RIGHT HON. HENRY HOYLE.\*

1712.

My  
 professed design of this work is to enter-  
 readers in general, without giving of-  
 any particular person, it would be diffi-  
 find out so proper a patron for it as your-  
 are being none whose merit is more uni-  
 acknowledged by all parties, and who has  
 himself more friends, and fewer enemies.  
 great abilities and unquestioned integrity,  
 a high employments which you have pas-  
 sough, would not have been able to have  
 you this general approbation, had they not  
 accompanied with that moderation in an-  
 tune, and that affability of manners, which  
 conspicuous through all parts of your life.  
 version to any ostentatious arts of setting  
 those great services which you have done  
 He, has not likewise a little contributed to  
 universal acknowledgment which is paid you  
 country.

consideration of this part of your charac-  
 hat which hinders me from enlarging on  
 extraordinary talents, which have given  
 great a figure in the British senate, as well  
 at elegance and politeness which appear  
 more retired conversation. I should be  
 unable if after what I have said, I should  
 detain you with an address of this nature :

great son of Charles, Lord Clifford, and afterwards  
 colon.

I cannot, however, conclude it, without acknowledging those great obligations which you have laid upon,

SIR,  
Your most obedient  
humble servant,  
THE SPECTATOR.

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VOL. IV.

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TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

MY LORD,

1712.

As it is natural to have a fondness for what has cost us much time and attention to produce, I hope your grace will forgive my endeavour to preserve this work from oblivion, by affixing to it your memorable name.

I shall not here presume to mention the illustrious passages of your life, which are celebrated by the whole age, and have been the subject of the most sublime pens; but if I could convey you to posterity in your private character, and describe the stature, the behaviour, and aspect, of the Duke of Marlborough, I question not but it would fill the reader with more agreeable images, and give him a more delightful entertainment than what can be found in the following, or any other book.

One cannot indeed without offence to yourself observe, that you excel the rest of mankind in the least, as well as the greatest endowments. Nor were it a circumstance to be mentioned, if the graces and attractions of your person were not the only pre-eminence you have above others,

which is left almost unobserved by greater writers.

Yet how pleasing would it be to those who shall read the surprising revolutions in your story, to be made acquainted with your ordinary life and deportment! How pleasing would it be to hear that the same man, who carried fire and sword into the countries of all that had opposed the cause of liberty, and struck a terror into the armies of France, had, in the midst of his high station, a behaviour as gentle as is usual in the first steps towards greatness! And if it were possible to express that easy grandeur, which did at once persuade and command; it would appear as clearly to those to come, as it does to his contemporaries, that all the great events which were brought to pass under the conduct of so well-governed a spirit, were the blessings of heaven upon wisdom and valour; and all which seem adverse fell out by divine permission which we are not to search into.

You have passed that year of life wherein the most able and fortunate captain, before your time, declared he had lived long enough both to nature and to glory; and your grace may make that reflection with much more justice. He spoke it after he had arrived at empire by an usurpation upon those whom he had enslaved; but the Prince of Mindelheim may rejoice in a sovereignty which was the gift of him whose dominions he had preserved.

Glory established upon the uninterrupted success of honourable designs and actions, is not subject to diminution; nor can any attempts prevail against it, but in the proportion which the narrow circuit of rumour bears to the unlimited extent of fame.



We may congratulate your grace not only upon your high achievements, but likewise upon the happy expiration of your command, by which your glory is put out of the power of fortune : and when your person shall be so too, that the Author and Disposer of all things may place you in that higher mansion of bliss and immortality which is prepared for good princes, law-givers, and heroes, when he in his due time removes them from the envy of mankind, is the hearty prayer of,

MY LORD,  
Your Grace's most obedient,  
most devoted,  
humble Servant,  
THE SPECTATOR.

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VOL. V.

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TO THE EARL OF WHARTON.

MY LORD,

1712-13.

THE author of the Spectator, having prefixed before each of his volumes the name of some great persons to whom he has particular obligations, lays his claim to your lordship's patronage upon the same account. I must confess, my lord, had not I already received great instances of your favour, I should have been afraid of submitting a work of this nature to your perusal. You are so thoroughly acquainted with the characters of men, and all the parts of human life, that it is impossible for the least misrepresentation of them to escape your notice. It is your lord-

ship's particular distinction that you are master of the whole compass of business, and have signalized yourself in all the different scenes of it. We admire some for the dignity, others for the popularity of their behaviour; some for their clearness of judgment, others for their happiness of expression; some for the laying of schemes, and others for the putting of them in execution. It is your lordship only who enjoys these several talents united, and that too in as great perfection as others possess them singly. Your enemies acknowledge this great extent in your lordship's character, at the same time that they use their utmost industry and invention to derogate from it. But it is for your honour that those who are now your enemies were always so. You have acted in so much consistency with yourself, and promoted the interests of your country in so uniform a manner, that even those who would misrepresent your generous designs for the public good, cannot but approve the steadiness and intrepidity with which you pursue them. It is a most sensible pleasure to me that I have this opportunity of professing myself one of your great admirers, and, in a very particular manner,

MY LORD,  
Your Lordship's most obliged,  
and most obedient,  
humble Servant,  
THE SPECTATOR

## VOL. VI.

## TO THE EARL OF HENDERLAND.

MY LORD,

1713-13.

VERY many favours and civilities (received from you in a private capacity) which I have no other way to acknowledge, will, I hope, excuse this presumption; but the justice, I, as a Spectator, owe your character, places me above the want of an excuse. Candour and openness of heart, which shine in all your words and actions, exact the highest esteem from all who have the honour to know you; and a winning condescension to all subordinate to you, made business a pleasure to those who executed it under you, at the same time that it heightened her majesty's favour to all those who had the happiness of having it conveyed through your hands. A secretary of state, in the interest of mankind, joined with that of his fellow subjects, accomplished with a great facility and elegance in all the modern as well as ancient languages, was a happy and proper member of a ministry, by whose services your sovereign is in so high and flourishing a condition, as makes all other princes and potentates powerful or inconsiderable in Europe, as they are friends or enemies to Great Britain. The importance of those great events which happened during that administration in which your lordship bore so important a charge, will be acknowledged as long as time shall endure. I shall not therefore attempt to rehearse those illustrious passages, but give this application a more private and particu-

far turn, in desiring your lordship would continue your favour and patronage to me, as you are a gentleman of the most polite literature, and perfectly accomplished in the knowledge of books\* and men, which makes it necessary to beseech your indulgence to the following leaves, and the author of them; who is, with the greatest truth and respect,

MY SON,

Your Lordship's

obedient, obedient,

and humble Servant,

THE SUPPLICATOR

## VOL. VII

—

### TO MR. ALSTEDDEN

SIR,

It is with great pleasure I take an opportunity of publishing the gratitude I owe you for the place you allow me in your friendship and familiarity. I will not acknowledge to you that I have often had you in my thoughts, when I have endeavoured to draw, in some parts of these discourses, the character of a good natured, honest, and ac-

\* His lordship was the founder of the splendid and truly valuable library at Althorp.

[ Afterwards Mr Paul Methuen, knight of the Bath. This very ingenious gentleman, whilst ambassador at the court of Portugal, concluded the famous commercial treaty which bears his name; and in the same capacity, at the court of Venice, executed himself publicly as a military hero.

complished gentleman. But such representations give my reader an idea of a person blameless only, or only laudable for such perfections as extend no farther than to his own private advantage and reputation.

But when I speak of you, I celebrate one who has had the happiness of possessing also those qualities which make a man useful to society, and of having had opportunities of exerting them in the most conspicuous manner.

The great part you had, as British ambassador, in procuring and cultivating the advantageous commerce between the courts of England and Portugal, has purchased you the lasting esteem of all who understand the interest of either nation.

Those personal excellencies which are overrated by the ordinary world, and too much neglected by wise men, you have applied with the justest skill and judgment. The most graceful address in horsemanship, in the use of the sword, and in dancing, has been employed by you as lower arts ; and as they have occasionally served to cover or introduce the talents of a skilful minister.

But your abilities have not appeared only in one nation. When it was your province to act as her majesty's minister at the court of Savoy, at that time encamped, you accompanied that gallant prince through all the vicissitudes of his fortune, and shared by his side the dangers of that glorious day in which he recovered his capital. As far as it regards personal qualities, you attained, in that one hour, the highest military reputation. The behaviour of our minister in the action, and the good offices done the vanquished in the name of the Queen of England, gave both the conquerer and the captive the most lively ex-

amples of the courage and generosity of the nation he represented.

Your friends and companions in your absence frequently talk these things of you; and you cannot hide from us (by the most discreet silence in any thing which regards yourself) that the frank entertainment we have at your table, your easy condescension in little incidents of mirth and diversion, and general complacency of manners, are far from being the greatest obligations we have to you. I do assure you, there is not one of your friends has a greater sense of your merit in general, and of the favours you every day do us, than,

SIR,  
Your most obedient,  
and most humble Servant,  
RICHARD STEELE.

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VOL. VIII.

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TO WILLIAM HONEYCOMB, ESQ.\*

THE seven former volumes of the Spectator having been dedicated to some of the most celebrated persons of the age, I take leave to inscribet this eighth and last to you, as to a gentleman who hath ever been ambitious of appearing in the best company.

You are now wholly retired from the busy

\* Generally supposed to be Col. Cleland.

† This dedication is suspected to have been written by Rastase Budgell, who might have better dedicated it to Will Wimble.

part of mankind, and at leisure to reflect upon your past achievements; for which reason I look upon you as a person very well qualified for a dedication.

I may possibly disappoint my readers, and yourself too, if I do not endeavour on this occasion to make the world acquainted with your virtues. And here, Sir, I shall not compliment you upon your birth, person, or fortune; nor on any other the like perfections which you possess, whether you will or no; but shall only touch upon those which are of your own acquiring, and in which every one must allow you have a real merit.

Your janty air and easy motion, the volubility of your discourse, the suddenness of your laugh, the management of your snuff-box, with the whiteness of your hands and teeth (which have justly gained you the envy of the most polite part of the male world, and the love of the greatest beauties in the female) are entirely to be ascribed to your own personal genius and application.

You are formed for these accomplishments by a happy turn of nature, and have finished yourself in them by the utmost improvements of art. A man that is defective in either of these qualifications (whatever may be the secret ambition of his heart) must never hope to make the figure you have done, among the fashionable part of his species. It is therefore no wonder we see such multitudes of aspiring young men fall short of you in all these beauties of your character, notwithstanding the study and practice of them is the whole business of their lives. But I need not tell you that the free and disengaged behaviour of a fine gentleman makes as many awkward beaux, as the easiness of your favourite hath made insipid poets.

At present you are content to aim all your charms at your own spouse, without farther thought of mischief to any others of the sex. I know you had formerly a very great contempt for that pedantic race of mortals who call themselves philosophers; and yet, to your honour be it spoken, there is not a sage of them all could have better acted up to their precepts in one of the most important points of life; I mean, in that generous disregard of popular opinion which you shewed some years ago, when you chose for your wife an obscure young woman, who doth not indeed pretend to an ancient family, but has certainly as many forefathers as any lady in the land, if she could but reckon up their names.

I must own I conceived very extraordinary hopes of you from the moment that you confessed your age, and from eight-and-forty (where you had stuck so many years) very ingeniously stepped into your grand climacteric. Your deportment has since been very venerable and becoming. If I am rightly informed you make a regular appearance every quarter-sessions among your brothers of the quorum; and if things go on as they do, stand fair for being a colonel of the militia. I am told that your time passes away as agreeably in the amusements of a country life, as it ever did in the gallantries of the town; and that you now take as much pleasure in the planting of young trees, as you did formerly in the cutting down of your old ones. In short, we hear from all hands that you are thoroughly reconciled to your dirty acres, and have not too much wit to look into your own estate.

After having spoken thus much of my patron, I must take the privilege of an author in saying something of myself. I shall therefore beg leave



to add, that I have purposely omitted setting those marks to the end of every paper, which appeared in my former volumes, that you may have an opportunity of shewing Mrs. Honeycomb the shrewdness of your conjectures, by ascribing every speculation to its proper author: though you know how often many profound critics in style and sentiments have very judiciously erred in this particular, before they were let into the secret. I am,

SIR,

Your most faithful,  
humble Servant,  
THE SPECTATOR.

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THE

BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

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In the six hundred and thirty-second Spectator the reader will find an account of the rise of this eighth and last volume.

I have not been able to prevail upon the several gentlemen who were concerned in this work to let me acquaint the world with their names.

Perhaps it will be unnecessary to inform the reader, that no other papers which have appeared under the title of the Spectator, since the closing of this eighth volume, were written by any of those gentlemen who had a hand in this or the former volumes.

THE  
SPECTATOR.

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No. 1. THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1710-11.

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*Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem  
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.*

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 143.

One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke ;  
Another out of smoke brings glorious light,  
And (without raising expectation high)  
Surprises us with dazzling miracles.

ROSCOMMON.

I HAVE observed, that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next, as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will fall to my share, I must do myself

## NARRATOR.

in justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son, whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that when my mother was gone with child of me about three months, she dreamt that she was brought to bed of a judge. Whether this might proceed from a law-suit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very first appearance in the world, and at the time that I suckled, seemed to favour my mother's dream: for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find, that during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favourite of my school-master, who used to say that my parts were solid, and would wear well. I had not been long at the university, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce utter the quantity of an hundred words; and made

into foreign countries, and therefore left  
versity, with the character of an odd un-  
stable fellow, that had a great deal of learn-  
I would but show it. An insatiable thirst  
knowledge carried me into all the countries  
pe, in which there was any thing new or  
to be seen; nay, to such a degree was  
insatiable, that having read the memoirs  
of some great men concerning the anti-  
of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand  
on purpose to take the measure of a pyra-  
and as soon as I had set myself right in that  
lar, returned to my native country with  
satisfaction.

I passed my latter days in this city, where  
frequently seen in most public places,  
there are not above half a dozen of my ac-  
quaintance that know me; of whom my next pa-  
per will give a more particular account. There  
was a great deal of general respect wherein I do not  
make my appearance; sometimes I am seen  
by my head into a room of politicians at  
and listening with great attention to the  
speeches that are made in those little circular  
assemblies. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's.

residence on Mr. Gwynne's, and his book entitled Pyra-  
mids.  
his coffee house was in St. Paul's church yard, and  
but the clergy; Mr. James's stood then where it  
is Jonathan's was in Change alley, and the three  
were on the outside of Temple bar.

and while I seem attentive to nothing but the Postman, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday night at St. James's coffee-house, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner-room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa-tree, and in the theatres both of Drury-lane and the Hay-market. I have been taken for a merchant upon the exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a Spectator of mankind, than as one of the species, by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband, or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them; as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following pa-

ness, as I shall see occasion. In the mean time, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own fortitude; and since I have neither time nor inclination, to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be to the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheet full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the diversion, or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper; and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my name, my age, and my feelings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in any thing that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me, may direct their letters to the Spectator, at Mr. Buckley's, in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader, that though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal. C.

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No. 7. FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1710-11.

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*... but what are  
 the places, and anchorage are -*

Jov. Nat. vii 167.

His more at least join their consenting voices

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Warr-  
 cestershire, of an ancient descent, a baronet, his  
 name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great grand  
 father was inventor of that famous country-dance  
 which is called after him. All who know that  
 shire are very well acquainted with the parts and  
 merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is  
 very singular in his behaviour, but his singularity  
 proceeds from his good sense, and are contra-  
 dictions to the manners of the world, only as he  
 thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this

amour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being confined to modes and forms, makes him but a readier and more capable to please and oblige those who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho-square\*. It is said, he keeps himself a chelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Ethelrige, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson† in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his pulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. It is said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot his cruel beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently fended in point of chastity with beggars and psies: but this is looked upon, by his friends, rather as matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is yet a faithful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed.

\* At that time the genteelst part of the town.

† This fellow was a noted sharper, swaggerer, and debauchee about town, at the time here pointed out; he was well known in Black Friars and its then infamous purlieus.



His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause, by explaining a passage in the game-act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple, a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humoursome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases and tenures, in the neighbourhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool; but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste for books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has

and all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five, he passes through New Inn, crosses through Inner-south court, and takes a turn at Will's till the day begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his writing powdered at the barber's as you go into the House. It is for the good of the audience, when he is at a play, for the actors have an audience to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Reppeart, a merchant of great eminence in the City of London. A person of indelible industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are mild and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some silly way of pastime, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Commonwealth. He is acquainted with commerce in all its arts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for time never to be got by arts and industry. He will even argue, that if this part of our trade were well elevated, we should gain from one nation, and another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions, than valour; and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several useful maxims, amongst which is the greatest favourite, 'A penny saved is a penny got.' A general notion of good sense is pleasant company than any great scholar; and Sir Andrew having a naturally collected eloquence, the perspicuity of his art never gives the same pleasure that wit would

in another man. He has made his fortune himself; and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass, but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry\*, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he is lost the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same time with himself, the favour of a commander. He will however in his way of talk excuse generals, for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it; for, says he, that great man who has

\* It has been said, that the real person alluded to under this name was C. Kempenfelt, father of the Admiral Kempenfelt who deplorably lost his life, when the Royal George of 100 guns sunk at Spithead, Aug. 29, 1782.

a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humourists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have amongst us the gallant Will Honeycomb\*, a gentleman who, according to his years should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces on his brain. His person is well turned, and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every

\* It has been said that a Colonel Ireland was supposed to have been the real person alluded to under this character.

mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches, our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods whose frillity was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to shew her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance, or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the house, he starts up, 'He has good blood in his veins, Tom Mirable begot him; the rogue cheated me in that affair; that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to.' This way of talking of us, very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man, who is usually called a well bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him, whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the

most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

R.

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No. 3. SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1710-11.

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*Et quæ quisque ferè studio devinctus adheret,  
Aut quibus in rebus multùm sumus ante morati,  
Atque in quæ ratione fuit contentus magis mens,  
In somnia eundem plerumque videmur obire.*

LUCR. l. iv. 930.

—What studies please, what most delight,  
And fill men's thoughts, they dream them o'er at night.  
CHORUS.

In one of my rambles, or rather speculations, I looked into the great hall, where the bank is kept, and was not a little pleased to see the directors, secretaries, and clerks, with all the other members of that wealthy corporation, ranged in their

several stations, according to the parts they act, in that just and regular economy. This revived in my memory the many discourses which I had both read and heard, concerning the decay of public credit, with the methods of restoring it, and which in my opinion, have always been defective, because they have always been made with an eye to separate interests and party principles.

The thoughts of the day gave my mind employment for the whole night, so that I fell insensibly into a kind of methodical dream, which disposed all my contemplations into a vision or allegory, or what else the reader shall please to call it.

Methought I returned to the great hall, where I had been the morning before, but to my surprise, instead of the company that I left there, I saw, towards the upper end of the hall, a beautiful virgin, seated on a throne of gold. Her name, (as they told me,) was Public Credit. The walls, instead of being adorned with pictures and maps, were hung with many acts of parliament written in golden letters. At the upper end of the hall was the magna charta, with the act of uniformity on the right hand, and the act of toleration on the left. At the lower end of the hall was the act of settlement, which was placed full in the eye of the virgin that sat upon the throne. Both the sides of the hall were covered with such acts of parliament as had been made for the establishment of public funds. The lady seemed to set an unspeakable value upon these several pieces of furniture, inasmuch that she often refreshed her eye with them, and often smiled with a secret pleasure, as she looked upon them; but, at the same time, shewed a very particular uneasiness, if she saw any thing approaching that might hurt them. She appeared, indeed, infinitely ti-

morous in all her behaviour: and whether it was from the delicacy of her constitution, or that she was troubled with vapours, as I was afterwards told by one, who I found was none of her well wishers, she changed colour, and started at every thing she heard. She was likewise, (as I afterwards found) a greater valetudinarian than any I had ever met with, even in her own sex, and subject to such momentary consumptions, that in the twinkling of an eye, she should fall away from the most florid complexion, and most healthful state of body, and wither into a skeleton. Her recoveries were often as sudden as her decays, inasmuch that she would revive in a moment out of a wasting distemper, into a habit of the highest health and vigour.

I had very soon an opportunity of observing these quick turns and changes in her constitution. There sat at her feet a couple of secretaries, who received every hour letters from all parts of the world, which the one or the other of them was perpetually reading to her: and according to the news she heard, to which she was exceedingly attentive, she changed colour, and discovered many symptoms of health or sickness.

Behind the throne was a prodigious heap of bags of money, which were piled upon one another so high that they touched the ceiling. The floor on her right hand, and on her left was covered with vast sums of gold that rose up in pyramids on either side of her. But this I did not so much wonder at, when I heard, upon inquiry, that she had the same virtue in her touch, which the poets tell us a Lydian king was formerly possessed of: and that she could convert whatever she pleased into that precious metal.

After a little dizziness, and confused hurry of



thought, which a man often meets with in a dream, methought the hall was alarmed, the doors flew open, and there entered half a dozen of the most hideous phantoms that I had ever seen (even in a dream) before that time. They came in two by two, though matched in the most dissociable manner, and mingled together in a kind of dance. It would be tedious to describe their habits and persons, for which reason I shall only inform my reader, that the first couple were Tyranny and Anarchy, the second were Bigotry and Atheism, the third the Genius of a commonwealth, and a young man of about twenty-two years of age,\* whose name I could not learn. He had a sword in his right hand, which in the dance he often brandished at the act of settlement; and a citizen, who stood by me, whispered in my ear, that he saw a sponge in his left hand.† The dance of so many jarring natures, put me in mind of the sun, moon, and earth, in the Rehearsal, that danced together for no other end but to eclipse one another.

The reader will easily suppose, by what has been before said, that the lady on the throne would have been almost frightened to distraction, had she seen but any of these spectres; what then must have been her condition when she saw them all in a body? She fainted and died away at the sight.

*'Et neque jam color est misto candore rubori;  
Nec rigor, et vires, et que mochi visa placebant;  
Nec corpus remanet——'*

OVIN. MET. lii. 491.

*'———Her spirits faint,  
Her blooming cheeks assume a pallid teint,  
And scarce her form remains.'*

\* James Stuart, the pretended Prince of Wales, born June 10, 1688. See Tat. No. 187.

† To wipe out the national debt

There was as great a change in the hill of money-bags, and the heaps of money, the former shrinking and falling into so many empty bags, that I now found not above a tenth part of them had been filled with money.

The rest that took up the same space, and made the same figure as the bags that were really filled with money, had been blown up with air, and called into my memory the bags full of wind, which Homer tells us his hero received as a present from Æolus. The great heaps of gold on either side the throne, now appeared to be only heaps of paper, or little piles of notched sticks, bound up together in bundles, like Bath faggots.

Whilst I was lamenting this sudden desolation that had been made before me, the whole scene vanished. In the room of the frightful specter, there now entered a second dance of apparitions, very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable phantoms. The first pair was Liberty with Monarchy at her right hand. The second was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third a person whom I had never seen,\* with the Genius of Great-Britain. At the first entrance the lady revived, the bags swelled to their former bulk, the pile of faggots and heaps of paper changed into pyramids of guineas: and for my own part I was so transported with joy, that I awaked, though I must confess I would fain have fallen asleep again to have closed my vision, if I could have done it.

C.

\* The Elector of Hanover, afterwards George I.

No. 4. MONDAY, MARCH 5, 1710-11.

————— *Egregii mortalem aliquis silentii?*  
Hou. 2 Sat. vi. 52.

One of uncommon silence and reserve.

AN author when he first appears in the world, is very apt to believe it has nothing to think of but his performances. With a good share of this vanity in my heart, I made it my business these three days to listen after my own fame; and as I have sometimes met with circumstances which did not displease me, I have been encountered by others which gave me much mortification. It is incredible to think how empty I have in this time observed some part of the species to be, what mere blanks they are when they first come abroad in the morning, how utterly they are at a stand, until they are set a-going by some paragraph in a newspaper.

Such persons are very acceptable to a young author, for they desire no more in any thing but to be new, to be agreeable. If I found consolation among such, I was as much disquieted by the incapacity of others. These are mortals who have a certain curiosity without power of reflection, and perused my papers like spectators rather than readers. But there is so little pleasure in inquiries that so nearly concern ourselves, (it being the worst way in the world to fame, to be too anxious about it) that upon the whole I resolved for the future, to go on in my ordinary way; and without too much fear or hope about the business of reputation, to be very careful of the design of

my actions, but very negligent of the consequences of them.

It is an endless and frivolous pursuit to act by any other rule, than the care of satisfying our own minds in what we do. One would think a silent man, who concerned himself with no one breathing, should be very little liable to misrepresentations; and yet I remember I was once taken up for a jest, for no other reason but my profound taciturnity. It is from this misfortune, that to be out of harm's way, I have ever since affected crowds. He who comes into assemblies only to gratify his curiosity and not to make a figure, enjoys the pleasures of retirement in a more exquisite degree, than he possibly could in his closet; the lover, the ambitious, and the miser, are followed thither by a worse crowd than any they can withdraw from. To be exempt from the passions with which others are tormented, is the only pleasing solitude. I can very justly say with the ancient sage, 'I am never less alone than when alone.'

As I am insignificant to the company in public places, and as it is visible I do not come thither as most do, to shew myself, I gratify the vanity of all who pretend to make an appearance, and have often as kind looks from well-dressed gentlemen and ladies, as a poet would bestow upon one of his audience. There are so many gratifications attend this public sort of obscurity, that some little distastes I daily receive have lost their anguish; and I did the other day, without the least displeasure, overhear one say of me, 'that strange fellow;' and another answer, 'I have known the fellow's face thence twelve years, and so must you; but I believe you are the first ever asked who he was.' There are, I must con-

less, many to whom my person is as well as that of their nearest relations, who give themselves no farther trouble about calling me by name or quality, but speak of me very civilly by the appellation of Mr. What-d'ye-call.

To make up for these trivial disadvantages, we have the highest satisfaction of beholding nature with an unprejudiced eye; and having nothing to do with men's passions or intentions, with the greater sagacity, consider talents, manners, failings, and merits.

It is remarkable, that those who want sense, possess the others with greater fervor and vivacity. Thus my want of, or rather freedom of speech gives me all the advantage a dumb man. I have, methinks, a more than ordinary penetration in seeing; and flatter myself that I have looked into the highest and darkest of mankind, and made shrewd guesses, without being admitted to their conversation, at their thoughts and reflections of all whom I meet. It is from hence that good or ill-fortune has no manner of force towards affecting my judgment. I see men flourishing in courts, and languishing in jails, without being prejudiced, from the circumstances, to their favour or disadvantage. From their inward manner of bearing, I can often pity the prosperous, and condemn the unhappy.

Those who converse with the dumb, turn from the turn of their eyes, and the change of their countenance, their sentiments of thankfulness before them. I have indulged myself in such an extravagance, that the few who converse with me, answer my smiles with compliments, and argue to the very point of my head at, without my speaking. Will

omb was very entertaining the other night at a lay, to a gentleman who sat on his right hand, while I was at his left. The gentleman believed Vill was talking to himself, when upon my looking with great approbation at a young thing in a box before us, he said, 'I am quite of another opinion. She has, I will allow, a very pleasing aspect, but, methinks, that simplicity in her countenance is rather childish than innocent.' When observed her a second time, he said, 'I grant her dress is very becoming, but perhaps the merit of that choice is owing to her mother; for ought,' continued he, 'I allow a beauty to be as much to be commended for the elegance of her dress, as a wit for that of his language; yet if she has stolen the colour of her ribands from another, or had advice about her trimmings, I shall not allow her the praise of dress, any more than we would call a plagiarist an author.' When I threw my eye towards the next woman to her, Will spoke what I looked, according to his romantic imagination, in the following manner:

'Behold you who dare, that charming virgin; behold the beauty of her person chastised by the innocence of her thoughts. Chastity, good-nature, and affability, are the graces that play in her countenance; she knows she is handsome, but she knows she is good. Conscious beauty adorned with conscious virtue! What a spirit is there in those eyes! What a bloom in that person! How the whole woman expressed in her appearance! Her air has the beauty of motion, and her look the force of language.'

It was prudence to turn away my eyes from this object, and therefore I turned them to the sightless creatures who make up the lump of old sex, and move a knowing eye no more than

the portraiture of insignificant people by ordinary painters, which are but pictures of pictures.

Thus the working of my own mind is the general entertainment of my life; I never enter into the commerce of discourse with any but my particular friends and not in public even with them. Such an habit has perhaps raised in me uncommon reflections; but this effect I cannot communicate but by my writings. As my pleasures are almost wholly confined to those of the sight, take it for a peculiar happiness that I have always had an easy and familiar admittance to the sexes. If I never praised or flattered, I never belied or contradicted them. As these compose half the world, and are, by the just complaisance and gallantry of our nation, the more powerful part of our people, I shall dedicate a considerable share of these my speculations to their service and shall lead the young through all the becoming duties of virginity, marriage, and widowhood. When it is a woman's day, in my works, I shall endeavour at a style and air suitable to their understanding. When I say this, I must be understood to mean, that I shall not lower but exalt the subjects I treat upon. Discourse for their entertainment, is not to be debased but refined. A man may appear learned without talking sentences, as in his ordinary gesture he discovers he can dance, though he does not cut capers. In a word, I shall take it for the greatest glory of my work, if among reasonable women this paper may furnish tea-table talk. In order to it, I shall treat on matters which relate to females, as they are concerned to approach or fly from the other sex, or as they are tied to them by blood, interest or affliction. Upon this occasion, I think it but reasonable to declare, that whatever skill I may

speculation, I shall never betray what the lovers say to each other in my presence: same time I shall not think myself obliged promise to conceal any false protestations observe made by glances in public assembly: but endeavour to make both sexes appear conduct what they are in their hearts: means, love, during the time of my speech.

shall be carried on with the same secrecy any other affair of less consideration. As the greatest concern, men shall be from with liable to the greatest reproach for mis- our in it. Falshood in love shall here: at a blacker aspect than infidelity in friend: & villany in business. For this great and id, all breaches against that noble passion, rent of society, shall be severely examined as, and all other matters loosely hinted at id in my former papers, shall have their place in my following discourses. The writing is only to admonish the world, ey shall not find me an idle but a busy or  
H.

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8. TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1710-11

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*Interea nihil est refectum tempestas?*

*Hon. Ars Poet. ver. 2*

itted to the sight, would you not laugh?

ra may be allowed to be extravagantly in its decorations, as its only design is to the senses, and keep up an indolent atten-



tion in the audience. Common sense requires, that there should be nothing scenes and machines, which may appear and absurd. How would the wits of Charles's time have laughed, to have seen exposed to a tempest in robes of criminality in an open boat upon a sea of paint? What a field of raillery would they have led into, had they been entertained with dragons spitting wildfire, enchanted drawn by Flanders mares, and real and artificial landscapes? A little skill in painting would inform us, that shadows and realities not to be mixed together in the same picture; that the scenes which are designed as the representations of nature should be filled with blankness, and not with the things themselves; that one would represent a wide champaign filled with herds and flocks, it would be foolish to draw the country only upon the and to crowd several parts of the stage with and oxen. This is joining together incongruities, and making the decoration partly and partly imaginary. I would recommend have here said, to the directors, as well as admirers of our modern opera.

As I was walking in the streets about night ago, I saw an ordinary fellow carrying a cage full of little birds upon his shoulder; as I was wondering with myself what he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an acquaintance, who had the same curiosity on his asking what he had upon his shoulder; he told him that he had been buying sparrows for the opera. 'Sparrows for the opera,' said the friend, licking his lips, 'what, are they roasted?'—'No, no,' says the other, the

enter towards the end of the first act, and to fly about the stage.\*

This strange dialogue awakened my curiosity so far, that I immediately bought the opera, by which means I perceived the sparrows were to act the part of singing birds in a delightful grove; though upon a nearer inquiry I found the sparrows put the same trick upon the audience, that Sir Martin Mar-all\* practised upon his mistress: for though they flew in sight, the music proceeded from a concert of flagelets and bird-calls, which were planted behind the scenes. At the same time I made this discovery, I found by the discourse of the actors, that there were great designs on foot for the improvement of the opera; that it had been proposed to break down a part of the wall, and to surprise the audience with a party of an hundred horse, and that there was actually a project of bringing the New-river into the house, to be employed in jetteaus and water-works. This project, as I have since heard, is postponed till the summer season; when it is thought the coolness that proceeds from fountains and cascades will be more acceptable and refreshing to people of quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable entertainment for the winter-season, the opera of Rinaldo is filled with thunder and lightning, illuminations and fire-works; which the audience may look upon without catching cold, and indeed without much danger of being burnt; for there are several engines filled with water, and ready to play at a minute's warning, in case any such accident should happen. However, as I have a very great

\* A comedy by J. Dryden, borrowed from Quinault's *Auxant Indiscret*, and the *Etourdi* of Moliere

friendship for the owner of this theatre, I hope that he has been wise enough to ensure his house before he would let this opera be acted in it.

It is no wonder, that those scenes should be very surprising, which were contrived by two poets of different nations, and raised by two magicians of different sexes. Armida (as we are told in the argument) was an Amazonian enchantress; and poor Signior Cannani (as we learn from the persons represented) a Christian conjuror (*Mag. Cristiano*). I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an Amazon should be versed in the black art, or how a good Christian, for such is the part of the magician, should deal with the devil.

To consider the poet after the conjurors, I shall give you a taste of the Italian from the first lines of his preface: '*Beccoti, benigno lettore, mi parlo di poche ore, che se ben nato di notte, non è però abortito di tenebre, ma si farà conoscere figlio d' Apollo con qualche raggio di Parnasso.*' 'Behold, gentle reader, the birth of a few evenings which though it be the offspring of the night, is not the abortive of darkness, but will make itself known to be the son of Apollo, with a certain ray of Parnassus.' He afterwards proceeds to call Mynheer Handel the Orpheus of our age, and to acquaint us, in the same sublimity of style, that he composed this opera in a fortnight. Such are the wits to whose tastes we so ambitiously conform ourselves. The truth of it is, the finest writers among the modern Italians express themselves in such a florid form of words, and such tedious circumlocutions, as are used by none but pedants in our own country; and at the same time fill their writings with such poor imaginations and conceits, as our youths are ashamed of

before they have been two years at the university. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of genius which produces this difference in the works of the two nations; but to show that there is nothing in this, if we look into the writings of the old Italians, such as *Cicero*, and *Virgil*, we shall find that the English writers, in their way of thinking and expressing themselves, resemble those authors much more than the modern Italians pretend to do. And as for the poet himself, from whom the dreams of this opera\* are taken, I must agree with *Monsieur Boileau*, that one verse in *Virgil* is worth all the eloquence of the rest of *Tasso*.

But to return to the sparrows: there have been so many flights of them let loose in this opera, that it is feared the house will never get rid of them; and that in other plays they may make their entrance in very wrong and improper scenes, so as to be seen flying in a lady's bed-chamber, or perching upon a king's throne; besides the inconveniences which the heads of the audience may sometimes suffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a design of casting into an opera the story of *Whittington and his Cat*, and that in order to it, there had been got together a great quantity of mice; but *Mr. Rich*, the proprietor of the play-house, very prudently considered that it would be impossible for the cat to kill them all, and that consequently the princess of the stage might be as much infested with mice, as the prince of the island was before the cat's arrival upon it, for which reason he would not permit it to be acted in his house.

\* *Musick*, an opera, Nov. 1711. The plan by *Aaron Hill*, the Italian words by *Big. le Rues*, and the music by *Handel*.

And indeed I cannot blame him; for, as he said very well upon that occasion, I do not hear that any of the performers in our opera pretend to equal the famous pied piper,\* who made all the mice of a great town in Germany follow his music, and by that means cleared the place of those little noxious animals.

Before I dismiss this paper, I must inform my reader, that I hear there is a treaty on foot between London and Wies† (who will be appointed gardeners of the playhouse) to furnish the opera of Rinaldo and Armida with an orange-grove; and that the next time it is acted, the singing birds will be personated by tom tits, the undertakers being resolved to spare neither pains nor money for the gratification of the audience. C.

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No. 6. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1710 11.

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*Credunt hoc grande nefas, et morte piandum,  
Si juvenis vetula non assueverit.*

Juv. Sat. xiv. 74.

"Twas impious then (so much was age rever'd)  
For youth to keep their seats when an old man appear'd

I know no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding; and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes, and all qualities of mankind,

\* June 26, 1283, the rats and mice by which Hamelen was infested, were allured, it is said, by a piper, to a contiguous river, in which they were all drowned.

† London and Wies were the Queen's gardeners at that time.

and there is hardly that person to be found, who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense, than of honesty and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good natured, is the source of most of the ill-habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit, and the awkward imitation of the rest of mankind.

For this reason Sir Roger was saying last night, that he was of opinion none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged. The reflections of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences, which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment, for offending against such quick admonitions as their own souls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner, that they are no more shocked at vice and folly than men of slower capacities. There is no greater monster in being, than a very ill man of great parts. He lives like a man in a palsy, with one side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he has lost the taste of good will, of friendship, of innocence. Scarecrow, the beggar in Lincoln's-inn fields, who disabled himself in his right leg, and asks alms all day to get himself a warm supper and a trull at night, is not half so despicable a wretch, as such a man of sense. The beggar has no relish above sensations; he finds rest more agreeable than motion; and while he has a warm fire and his doxy, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped. Every man who terminates his satisfactions and enjoyments within the supply of his own necessities and passions, is, says Sir Roger, in my eye, as poor a rogue as Scarecrow

‘But,’ continued he, ‘for the loss of public and private virtue, we are beholden to your men of fine parts forsooth; it is with them no matter what is done, so it be done with an air. But to me, who am so whimsical in a corrupt age as to act according to nature and reason, a selfish man, in the most shining circumstance and equipage, appears in the same condition with the fellow above-mentioned, but more contemptible in proportion to what more he robs the public of, and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore for a rule, that the whole man is to move together; that every action of any importance, is to have a prospect of public good: and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions, ought to be agreeable to the dictates of reason, of religion, of good-breeding; without this, a man, as I have before hinted, is hopping instead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper motion.

While the honest knight was thus bewildering himself in good starts, I looked attentively upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his mind a little. ‘What I aim at,’ says he, ‘is to represent, that I am of opinion, to polish our understandings, and neglect our manners, is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern passion, but instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it; and as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise man is not always a good man.’ This degeneracy is not only the guilt of particular persons, but also at sometimes of a whole people; and perhaps it may appear upon examination that the most polite ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit and learning as merit in themselves, without considering the application of them. By this means it becomes a rule, not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false

society will not pass upon men of honest minds, and true taste. Sir Richard Blackmore says, with as much good sense as virtue. 'It is a mighty shame and dishonour to employ excellent witties and abundance of wit, to humour and please men in their vices and follies. The great enemy of mankind, notwithstanding his wit and agile faculties, is the most odious being in the whole creation.' He goes on soon after to say, very generously, that he undertook the writing of his poem 'to rescue the muses out of the hands of revilers, to restore them to their sweet and hallowed mansions, and to engage them in an employment suitable to their dignity.' 'This certainly ought to be the purpose of every man who appears in public, and whoever does not proceed upon that foundation, injures his country as fast as he succeeds in his studies. When modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of one sex, and integrity of the other, society is upon a wrong basis, and we shall be ever after without rules to guide our judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and reason direct one thing, passion and humour another. To follow the dictates of these two latter, is going into a road that is both endless and intricate; when we pursue the other, our passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but England is at present as polite a nation as any in the world; but any man who thinks, can easily see, that the affectation of being gay and in fashion, has very near eaten up our good sense, and our religion. Is there any thing so just as that mode and gallantry should be built upon sorting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the institutions of justice and piety among us? And yet is there any thing more common,



than that we run in perfect contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other pretension, than that it is done with what we call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kind of superiors is founded, I think, upon instinct; and yet what is so ridiculous as age! I make this abrupt transition to the mention of this vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little story, which I think a pretty instance, that the most polite age is in danger of being the most vicious.

• It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close and expose him, as he stood, out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, "The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practise it." R.

## No. 7. THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1710-11.

*Somnia terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,  
Nocturnos lemures, portentumque Thescula rides?*  
HON. & EP. II. 208.

Visions and magic spells, can you despise,  
And laugh at witches, ghosts, and prodigies?

Going yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but after having looked upon me a little while, 'My dear,' says she, turning to her husband, 'you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night.' Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her, that he was to go into join-hand on Thursday. 'Thursday!' says he, 'No child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day; tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough.' I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that any body would establish it as a rule, to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which she imme-

diately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband with a sigh, 'My dear, misfortunes never come single.' My friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yoke-fellow. 'Do not you remember, child,' says she, 'that the pidgeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?' 'Yes,' says he, 'my dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza.' The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could, with my usual taciturnity; when to my utter confusion, the lady seeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my

leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents, as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so considerable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoot up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixt assembly, that was full of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in company. The remark struck a panic terror into several who were present, inasmuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my friend found this expedient to break the omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night.

An old maid that is troubled with the vapour produces infinite disturbances of this kind, among her friends and neighbours. I know a maide aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated Sybils, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions, and hearing death-watches and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog that howled in the stable, at a time when she lay ill of the tooth-ach. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors but in supernumerary duties of life; and arise from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death, (or indeed of any future evil) and the uncertainty of its approach fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiment of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality though it should inform me truly of every thing that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part

of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care; when I awake, I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

(C.)

No. 8. FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1710-11

*Ne Venus hæcurn prædicatoris aura sepellit,  
At multa nebula circum. Den, fudit undecum,  
Cernere ne quis eam.*

Vinto: Act. 1. 41a

'They march obscure, for Venus kindly shrouds  
With mists their persons, and involves in clouds.  
Dædmon.

WHAT I here communicate to the world a couple of letters, which I believe will give the reader as good an entertainment as any that I am able to furnish him with, and therefore shall make no apology for them.

'To the NEMOTATON, &c.

SIR,

'I AM one of the directors of the society for the reformation of manners, and therefore think myself a proper person for your correspondence. I have thoroughly examined the present

state of religion in Great Britain, and am able to acquaint you with the predominant vice of every market-town in the whole island. I can tell you the progress that virtue has made in all our cities, boroughs, and corporations; and know as well the evil practices that are committed in Berwick or Exeter, as what is done in my own family. In a word, sir, I have my correspondents in the remotest parts of the nation, who send me up punctual accounts from time to time of all the little irregularities that fall under their notice in their several districts and divisions.

‘I am no less acquainted with the particular quarters and regions of this great town, than with the different parts and distributions of the whole nation. I can describe every parish by its impieties, and can tell you in which of our streets lewdness prevails; which gaming has taken the possession of, and where drunkenness has got the better of them both. When I am disposed to raise a fine for the poor, I know the lanes and alleys that are inhabited by common swearers. When I would encourage the hospital of Bridewell, and improve the hempen manufacture, am very well acquainted with all the haunts and resorts of female night-walkers.

‘After this short account of myself, I must let you know, that the design of this paper is to give you information of a certain irregular assembly which I think falls very properly under your observation, especially since the persons it is composed of are criminals too considerable for the animadversions of our society. I mean, sir, the Midnight Mask, which has of late been frequently held in one of the most conspicuous parts of the town, and which I hear will be continued with additions and improvements: as all the person

who compose this lawless assembly are masked: we dare not attack any of them in our way, lest we should send a woman of quality to Bridewell, or a peer of Great Britain to the Counter: besides that their numbers are so very great, that I am afraid they would be able to rout our whole fraternity, though we were accompanied with our guard of constables. Both these reasons, which secure them from our authority, make them obnoxious to yours; as both their disguise and their numbers will give no particular person reason to think himself affronted by you.

\* If we are rightly informed, the rules that are observed by this new society, are wonderfully contrived for the advancement of cuckoldom. The women either come by themselves, or are introduced by friends who are obliged to quit them, upon their first entrance, to the conversation of any body that addresses himself to them. There are several rooms where the parties may retire, and, if they please, shew their faces by consent. Whispers, squeezes, nods, and embraces, are the innocent freedoms of the place. In short, the whole design of this libidinous assembly seems to terminate in assignations and triques: and I hope you will take effectual methods by your public advice and admonitions, prevent such a promiscuous multitude of both sexes from meeting together in so chaste and a manner. I am

\* Your humble servant,

\* and fellow labourer,

\* T. N.

At long after the perusal of this letter I read another upon the same subject; which by the date and style of it, I take to be written by young templar:



‘SIR,

*Middle Temple, 1710-11.*

‘When a man has been guilty of any vice or folly, I think the best atonement he can make for it, is to warn others not to fall into the like. In order to this I must acquaint you, that some time in February last I went to the Tuesday’s masquerade. Upon my first going in I was attacked by half a dozen female quakers, who seemed willing to adopt me for a brother; but upon a nearer examination I found they were a sisterhood of coquets, disguised in that precise habit. I was soon after taken out to dance, and, as I fancied, by a woman of the first quality, for she was very tall, and moved gracefully. As soon as the minuet was over, we ogled one another through our masks; and as I am very well read in Waller, I repeated to her the four following verses out of his poem to Vandyke :

“The heedless lover does not know  
Whose eyes they are that wound him so;  
But confounded with thy art,  
Inquires her name that has his heart.”

‘I pronounced these words with such a languishing air that I had some reason to conclude I had made a conquest. She told me that she hoped my face was not akin to my tongue, and looking upon her watch, I accidentally discovered the figure of a coronet on the back part of it. I was so transported with the thought of such an amour, that I plied her from one room to another with all the gallantries I could invent; and at length brought things to so happy an issue, that she gave me a private meeting the next day, without page or footman, coach or equipage. My heart danced in raptures, but I had not lived in this golden dream above three days, before I found good rea-

son to wish that I had continued true to my land-dress. I have since heard by a very great accident, that this fine lady does not live far from Covent-garden, and that I am not the first cully whom she has passed herself upon for a countess.

'Thus, sir, you see how I have mistaken a cloud for a Juno; and if you can make any use of this adventure, for the benefit of those who may possibly be as vain young coxcombs as myself, I do most heartily give you leave.

'I am, sir,

'Your most humble admirer,

'B. L.'

I design to visit the next masquerade myself, in the same habit I wore at Grand Cairo; and till then shall suspend my judgment of this midnight entertainment.

C.

\* \* Letters for the Spectator, to be left with Mr. Buckley, at the Dolphin, in Little Britain.—Spect. in folio.

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No. 9. SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1710-11

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*Tigris agit cubili cum tigride puerum  
Perpetuum, necis inter se convertit uras.*

Juv. Sat. xv. 101

Tiger with tiger, bear with bear, you'll find  
In leagues offensive and defensive join'd.

T A P.

MAN is said to be a sociable animal, and, as an instance of it, we may observe that we take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies, which are commonly known by the name of clubs. When a set

of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week, upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance. I know a considerable market-town, in which there was a club of fat men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance. The room where the club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances, the one by a door of a moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding-doors. If a candidate for this corpulent club could make his entrance through the first, he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he stuck in the passage, and could not force his way through it, the folding-doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it consisted but of fifteen persons, weighed above three ton.

In opposition to this society, there sprung up another composed of scarecrows and skeletons, who, being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the designs of their bulky brethren, whom they represented as men of dangerous principles; till at length they worked them out of the favour of the people, and consequently out of the magistracy. These factions tore the corporation in pieces for several years, till at length they came to this accommodation; that the two battles of the town should be annually chosen out of the two clubs; by which means the principal magistrates are at this day coupled like rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the club, or rather the confederacy, of the Kings. This grand alliance

was formed a little after the return of King Charles the Second, and admitted into it men of all qualities and professions, provided they agreed in the surname of King, which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared the owners of it to be altogether untainted with republican and anti-monarchical principles.

A Christian name has likewise been often used as a badge of distinction, and made the occasion of a club. That of the George's, which used to meet at the sign of the George, on St. George's day, and swear 'Before George,' is still fresh in every one's memory.

There are at present, in several parts of this city, what they call street clubs, in which the chief inhabitants of the street converse together every night. I remember, upon my inquiring after lodgings in Ormond-street, the landlord to recommend that quarter of the town, told me there was at that time a very good club in it; he also told me, upon further discourse with him, that two or three noisy country 'squires, who were settled there the year before, had considerably sunk the price of house-rent; and that the club (to prevent the like inconveniences for the future) had thoughts of taking every house that became vacant into their own hands, till they had found a tenant for it, of a sociable nature and good conversation.

The Hum Drum club, of which I was formerly an unworthy member, was made up of very honest gentlemen of peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together, smoke their pipes, and stay nothing till midnight. The Mum club (as I am informed) is an institution of the same nature, and as great an enemy to noise.

After these two innocent societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very mischievous one, that was

erected in the reign of King Charles the Second; I mean the club of Duellists, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his man. The president of it was said to have killed half a dozen in single combat; and as for the other members, they took their seats according to the number of their slain. There was likewise a side table, for such as had only drawn blood, and shown a laudable ambition of taking the first opportunity to qualify themselves for the first table. This club, consisting only of men of honour, did not continue long, most of the members of it being put to the sword, or hanged, a little after its institution.

Our modern celebrated clubs are founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the learned and the illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The Kit-cat\* itself is said to have taken its original from a mutton-pie. The Beef-steak†, and

\* An account of this club, which took its name from Christopher Cat, the maker of their mutton pies, has been given in the new edition of the Tatler, with notes, in 6 vols. The portraits of its members were drawn by Kneller, who was himself one of their number, and all portraits of the same dimensions and form, are at this time called kit cat pictures. The original portraits are now the property of William Baker, Esq. to whom they came by inheritance from J. Foulson, who was secretary to the club. It was originally formed in Shire-lane, about the time of the trial of the seven bishops, for a little free evening conversation, but in Queen Anne's reign comprehended above forty noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank for quality, merit, and fortune, firm friends to the Hanoverian succession.

† Of this club, it is said, that Mrs. Wollington, the only woman in it, was president; Richard Estcourt, the owner, was their providore, and as an honourable badge of his office, wore a small girdron of gold hung round his neck with a green silk riband.

October clubs, are neither of them averse to eating and drinking, if we may form a judgment of them from their respective titles.

When men are thus knit together, by a love of society, not a spirit of faction, and do not meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another; when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the business of the day, by an innocent and cheerful conversation, there may be something very useful in these little institutions and establishments.

I cannot forbear concluding this paper with a scheme of laws that I met with upon a wall in a little alehouse. How I came thither I may inform my reader at a more convenient time. These laws were enacted by a knot of artificers and mechanics, who used to meet every night; and as there is something in them which gives us a pretty picture of low life, I shall transcribe them word for word.

*Rules to be observed in the Two-penny club, erected in this place for the preservation of friendship and good neighbourhood.*

I. Every member at his first coming in shall lay down his two-pence.

II. Every member shall fill his pipe out of his own box.

III. If any member absents himself he shall forfeit a penny for the use of the club, unless in case of sickness or imprisonment.

IV. If any member swears or curses, his neighbour may give him a kick upon the shins.

V. If any member tells stories in the club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third lie an half-penny.

VI. If any member strikes another wrongfully, he shall pay his club for him.

VII. If any member brings his wife into the club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smokes.

VIII. If any member's wife comes to fetch him home from the club, she shall speak to him without the door.

IX. If any member calls another a cuckold, he shall be turned out of the club.

X. None shall be admitted into the club that is of the same trade with any member of it.

XI. None of the club shall have his clothes or shoes made or mended, but by a brother member.

XII. No non-juror shall be capable of being a member.

The morality of this little club is guarded by such wholesome laws and penalties, that I question not but my reader will be as well pleased with them, as he would have been with the *Leges Convivales* of Ben Jonson, the regulations of an old Roman club cited by Lipsius, or the rules of a *Symposium* in an ancient Greek author.

C.

No. 10. MONDAY, MARCH 12, 1910. 11

*Am niter quoniam qui videt in via fluminis bethanum  
 fluminis ariditatem . . . et hinc hinc facit remedium,  
 Argue illum in prorepto proinde tripud niteris niteris  
 C. 111. C. 111. C. 111*

On the land's heavenly crown the current flows,  
 And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream -  
 But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,  
 'Tis then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.  
 D. 111. C. 111

It is with much satisfaction that I hear this greatly inquiring day by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming eagerness and attention. My publishers tell me, that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day: so that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about three-score thousand disciples in London and Westminster, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and inattentive brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly, into which the



age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow for a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates, that he brought philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables, and in coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular manner recommend these my speculations to all well-regulated families, that set apart an hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter; and would earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as part of the tea-equilpage.

Sir Francis Bacon observes, that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Moses's serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the Egyptians. I shall not be so vain as to think, that where the Spectator appears, the other public prints will vanish; but shall leave it to my reader's consideration, whether it is not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's self, than to hear what passes in Muscovy or Poland; and to amuse ourselves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enemies irreconcilable.

In the next place I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of those gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies, I mean the fraternity of Spectators, who live in the world without having any thing to do in it; and either by the affluence of their fortunes, or laziness of their dispositions, have no other

business with the rest of mankind, but to look upon them. Under this class of men are comprehended all contemplative tradesmen, titular physicians, fellows of the royal society, templars that are not given to be contentious, and statesmen that are out of business; in short, every one that considers the world as a theatre, and desires to form a right judgment of those who are the actors on it.

There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the blanks of society, as being altogether unfurnished with ideas, till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great compassion, when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with, whether there was any news stirring; and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of, till about twelve o'clock in the morning; for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind sits, and whether the Dutch mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly intreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have read this paper, and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome sentiments, as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this paper will be more useful than to the female world. I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and

diversions for the fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them, rather as they are women, than as they are reasonable creatures; and are more adapted to the sex than to the species. The toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of ribands is reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an excursion to a mercer's or a toy-shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for any thing all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation of jellies and sweetmeats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in an exalted sphere of knowledge and virtue, that join in all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect, as well as love, into their male beholders. I hope to increase the number of these by publishing this daily paper, which I shall always endeavour to make an innocent if not an improving entertainment, and by that means at least divert the minds of my female readers from greater trifles. At the same time, as I would fain give some finishing touches to those which are already the most beautiful pieces in human nature, I shall endeavour to point out all those imperfections that are the blemishes, as well as those virtues which are the embellishments of the sex. In the mean while, I hope these my gentle readers, who have so much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this paper, since they may do it without any hindrance to business.

I know several of my friends and well-wishers are in great pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a paper which I oblige myself to furnish every day; but to make them easy in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great rally to the small rits, who will frequently put me in mind of my demise, desire me to keep my word, assure me that it is high time to give over, with many other little pleasanties of the like nature, which even a little smart genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best friends, when they have got a handle given them of being witty. But let them remember, that I do hereby enter my caveat against this piece of rally.

C.

## NO. 11. TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1710-11

*That virtuous wife, and of renowned repute.*

*Jov: Nat: H: 12*

*'The doves are couc'd, while the crows are spar'd*

Scene: 1. Is visited by all persons of both sexes, who have any pretence to wit and gallantry. She is in that time of life which is neither affected with the follies of youth, or infirmities of age, and her conversation is so mix'd with gaiety and tenderness, that she is agreeable both to the old and the young. Her behaviour is very frank, without being in the least blamable; as she is out of the reach of any anonymous or ambitious pursuits of her own, her visitants entertain her with accounts of themselves very freely, whether they converse

their passions or their interests. I made her a visit this afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the honour of her acquaintance by my friend Will Honeycomb, who has prevailed upon her to admit me sometimes into her assembly, as a civil inoffensive man. I found her accompanied with one person only, a common-place talker, who, upon my entrance, arose, and after a very slight civility sat down again; then, turning to Arietta, pursued his discourse, which I found was upon the old topic of constancy in love. He went on with great facility in repeating what he talks every day of his life; and with the ornaments of insignificant laughs and gestures, enforced his arguments by quotations out of plays and songs, which allude to the perjuries of the fair, and the general levity of women. Methought he strove to shine more than ordinarily in his talkative way, that he might insult my silence, and distinguish himself before a woman of Arietta's taste and understanding. She had often an inclination to interrupt him, but could find no opportunity, till the *larum* ceased of itself, which it did not till he had repeated and murdered the celebrated story of the Ephesian Matron.

Arietta seemed to regard this piece of raillery as an outrage done to her sex; as indeed I have always observed that women, whether out of a nicer regard to their honour, or what other reason I cannot tell, are more sensibly touched with those general aspersions which are cast upon their sex, than men are by what is said of theirs.

When she had a little recovered herself from the serious anger she was in, she replied in the following manner.

‘Sir, when I consider how perfectly new all you have said on this subject is, and that the story

you have given us is not quite two thousand years old, I cannot but think it a piece of presumption to dispute it with you: but your quotations put me in mind of the fable of the lion and the man. The man walking with that noble animal, shewed him, in the ostentation of human superiority, a sign of a man killing a lion. Upon which, the lion said very justly, "We lions are none of us painters, else we could shew a hundred men killed by lions, for one lion killed by a man." You men are writers, and can represent us women as unbecoming as you please in your works, while we are unable to return the injury. You have twice or thrice observed in your discourse, that hypocrisy is the very foundation of our education; and that an ability to dissemble our affections is a professed part of our breeding. These and such other reflections, are sprinkled up and down the writings of all ages, by authors, who leave behind them memorials of their resentment against the scorn of particular women, in invectives against the whole sex. Such a writer, I doubt not, was the celebrated Petronius, who invented the pleasant aggravations of the frailty of the Ephesian lady; but when we consider this question between the sexes, which has been either a point of dispute or raillery ever since there were men and women, let us take facts from plain people, and from such as have not either ambition or capacity to embellish their narrations with any beauties of imagination. I was the other day amusing myself with Lignon's Account of Barbadoes; and, in answer to your well-wrought tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon my memory) out of that honest traveller, in his fifty-fifth page, the history of Inkle and Yarico.

\* Mr. Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty

years, embarked in the Downs, in the good ship called the Achilles, bound for the West-Indies, on the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandize. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instill into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passion, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others went on shore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped, among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprise they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American; the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew

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Immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous of his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers; then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and beads. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her, so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts and most party-coloured leathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and shew him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch, and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and wake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such tears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yari-co, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel



on the coast, to which she made signals; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

"To be short, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which consideration, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant; notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him: but he only made use of that information, to rise in his demands upon the purchaser."

I was so touched with this story (which I think should be always a counterpart to the Ephesian Matron) that I left the room with tears in my eyes, which a woman of Arietta's good sense did, I am sure, take for greater applause than any compliments I could make her.

R.

No. 12. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1710-11.

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*Vetereæ avias tibi de pulmone revelle.*

*J'anns. Nat. v. 98.*

I root th' old woman from thy trembling heart.

AT my coming to London, it was some time before I could settle myself in a house to my liking. I was forced to quit my first lodgings, by reason of an officious landlady, that would be asking me every morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest family, and lived very happily for above a week; when my landlord, who was a jolly good-natured man, took it into his head that I wanted company, and therefore would frequently come into my chamber, to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three days; but telling me one day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night. About a week after, I found my jolly landlord, who, as I said before, was an honest hearty man, had put me into an advertisement in the Daily Courant, in the following words: 'Whereas a melancholy man left his lodgings on Thursday last in the afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Islington: if any one can give notice of him to R. B. fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be very well rewarded for his pains.' As I am the best man in the world to keep my own counsel, and my landlord the fishmonger not knowing my name, this accident of my life was never discovered to this very day.

I am now settled with a widow woman, who has a great many children, and complies with my humour in every thing. I do not remember that we have exchanged a word together these five years; my coffee comes into my chamber every morning without asking for it; if I want fire I point to my chimney, if water to my basin; upon which my landlady nods, as much as to say, she takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my signals. She has likewise modelled her family so well, that when her little boy offers to pull me by the coat, or prattle in my face, his eldest sister immediately calls him off, and bids him not to disturb the gentleman. At my first entering into the family, I was troubled with the civility of their rising up to me every time I came into the room; but my landlady observing that upon these occasions I always cried Pish, and went out again, has forbidden any such ceremony to be used in the house; so that at present I walk into the kitchen or parlour, without being taken notice of, or giving any interruption to the business or discourse of the family. The maid will ask her mistress (though I am by) whether the gentleman is ready to go to dinner, as the mistress (who is indeed an excellent housewife) scolds at the servants as heartily before my face, as behind my back. In short, I move up and down the house, and enter into all companies with the same liberty as a cat, or any other domestic animal, and am as little suspected of telling any thing that I hear or see.

I remember last winter there were several young girls of the neighbourhood sitting about the fire with my landlady's daughters, and telling stories of spirits and apparitions. Upon my opening the door the young women broke off their discourse, but my landlady's daughters tel-

telling them that it was nobody but the gentleman (for that is the name which I go by in the neighborhood, as well as in the family) they went on without minding me. I seated myself by the candle that stood on a table at one end of the room; and pretending to read a book that I took out of my pocket, heard several dreadful stories of ghosts, as pale as ashes, that had stood at the feet of a bed, or walked over a church yard by moonlight; and of others that had been conjured into the Red sea, for disturbing people's rest, and drawing their curtains at midnight, with many other old women's fables of the like nature. As one spirit raised another, I observed that at the end of every story the whole company closed their ranks, and crowded about the fire. I took notice in particular of a little boy, who was so attentive to every story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to bed by himself this twelve-month. Indeed they talked so long, that the imaginations of the whole assembly were manifestly crazed, and, I am sure, will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the girls, that had looked upon me over her shoulder, asking the company how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some apprehensions that I should be forced to explain myself, if I did not rectify; for which reason I took the candle into my hand, and went up into my chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable weakness in reasonable creatures, that they should live to astonish and terrify one another. Were I a father, I should take a particular care to preserve my children from these little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they

are in years. I have known a soldier that has entered a breach, affrighted at his own shadow, and look pale upon a little scratching at his door, who the day before had marched up against a battery of cannon. There are instances of persons, who have been terrified even to distraction, at the figure of a tree, or the shaking of a bull-rush. The truth of it is, I look upon a sound imagination as the greatest blessing of life, next to a clear judgment, and a good conscience. In the mean time, since there are very few whose minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful thoughts and apprehensions, we ought to arm ourselves against them by the dictates of reason and religion, 'to pull the old woman out of our hearts' (as Persius expresses it in the motto of my paper) and extinguish those impertinent notions which we imbibed at a time that we were not able to judge of their absurdity. Or, if we believe, as many wise and good men have done, that there are such phantoms and apparitions as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to ourselves an interest in him who holds the reins of the whole creation in his hands, and moderate them after such a manner, that it is impossible for one being to break loose upon another, without his knowledge and permission.

For my own part, I am apt to join in the opinion with those who believe that all the regions of nature swarm with spirits; and that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions, when we think ourselves most alone; but instead of terrifying myself with such a notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable society in searching out the wonders of the creation, and joining in the same consort of praise and adoration.

Milton has finely described this mixed communion of men and spirits in paradise; and had doubtless his eye upon a verse in old *Hesiod*, which is almost word for word the same with his third line in the following passage:

— Nor think, though men were none,  
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise.  
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep,  
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
Both day and night. How often from the steep  
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard  
Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Solo, or responsive each to other's note,  
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands,  
While they keep watch, or nightly roundly walk,  
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,  
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs  
Divide the night and lift our thoughts to heav'n.

PARADISE LOST

(C)

## No. 15. THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1710-11

*Die mihi, si fueris tu leo, quidus eris?*

MARY

Were you a lion, how would you behave?

There is nothing that of late years has afforded matter of greater amusement to the town than Ignior Nicolini's combat with a lion in the Hay-market, which has been very often exhibited to the general satisfaction of most of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom of Great Britain. Upon the first rumour of this intended combat, it was confidently affirmed, and is still believed, by

many in both galleries, that there would be a tame lion sent from the tower every opera night, in order to be killed by Hydaspes; this report, though altogether groundless, so universally prevailed in the upper regions of the playhouse, that some of the most refined politicians in those parts of the audience gave it out in whisper, that the lion was a cousin-german of the tiger who made his appearance in King William's days, and that the stage would be supplied with lions at the public expense, during the whole season. Many likewise were the conjectures of the treatment which this lion was to meet with from the hands of Signior Nicolini; some supposed that he was to subdue him in recitativo, as Orpheus used to serve the wild beasts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the head; some fancied that the lion would not pretend to lay his paws upon the hero, by reason of the received opinion, that a lion will not hurt a virgin. Several, who pretended to have seen the opera in Italy, had informed their friends, that the lion was to act a part in high Dutch, and roar twice or thrice to a thorough-bass, before he fell at the feet of Hydaspes. To clear up a matter that was so variously reported, I have made it my business to examine whether this pretended lion is really the savage he appears to be or only a counterfeit.

But before I communicate my discoveries, I must acquaint the reader, that upon my walking behind the scenes last winter, as I was thinking on something else, I accidentally jostled against a monstrous animal that extremely startled me, and upon my nearer survey of it, appeared to be a lion rampant. The lion seeing me very much surprised, told me, in a gentle voice, that I might come by him if I pleased; 'for,' says he, 'I do

not intend to hurt any body.' I thanked him very kindly, and passed by him; and in a little time after saw him leap upon the stage, and act his part with very great applause. It has been observed by several, that the lion has changed his manner of acting twice or three since his first appearance; which will not seem strange, when I acquaint my reader that the lion has been changed upon the audience three several times. The first lion was a candle-snuffer, who being a fellow of a testy choleric temper, overdid his part, and would not suffer himself to be killed so easily as he ought to have done; besides, it was observed of him, that he grew more angry every time that he came out of the lion; and having dropt some words in ordinary conversation, as if he had not fought his best, and that he suffered himself to be thrown upon his back in the scuffle, and that he would wrastle with Mr. Nicollid for what he pleased, out of his lion's skin, it was thought proper to discard him: and it is verily believed, to this day, that had he been brought upon the stage another time, he would certainly have done mischief. Besides, it was objected against the first lion, that he reared himself so high upon his hinder paws, and walked in an erect posture, that he looked more like an old man than a lion.

The second lion was a tailor by trade, who he belonged to the playhouse, and had the character of a mild and peaceable man in his profession. If the former was too fatious, this was too sheepish for his part; inasmuch, that after a short modest walk upon the stage, he would fall at the first touch of Hydaspeas, without grappling with him, and giving him an opportunity of showing his variety of Italian trips. It is said, indeed, that he was



gave him a rip in his flesh-colour doublet: but this was only to make work for himself, in his private character of a tailor. I must not omit, that it was this second lion who treated me with so much humanity behind the scenes.

The acting lion at present is, as I am informed, a country gentleman, who does it for his diversion, but desires his name may be concealed. He says, very handsomely in his own excuse, that he does not act for gain, that he indulges an innocent pleasure in it; and that it is better to pass away an evening in this manner, than in gaming and drinking: but at the same time says, with a very agreeable railery upon himself, that if his name should be known, the ill-natured world might call him, 'the ass in the lion's skin.' This gentleman's temper is made out of such a happy mixture of the mild and the choleric, that he outdoes both his predecessors, and has drawn together greater audiences than have been known in the memory of man.

I must not conclude my narrative, without taking notice of a groundless report that has been raised to a gentleman's disadvantage, of whom I must declare myself an admirer; namely, that Signior Nicolini and the lion have been seen sitting peaceably by one another, and smoking a pipe together behind the scenes: by which their common enemies would insinuate, that it is but a sham combat which they represent upon the stage: but upon inquiry I find, that if any such correspondence has passed between them, it was not till the combat was over, when the lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received rules of the drama. Besides this is what is practised every day in Westminster-hall, where *nothing* is more usual than to see a couple of

lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the court, embracing one another as soon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought in any part of this relation to reflect upon Signior Nicolini, who in acting this part only complies with the wretched taste of his audience; he knows very well, that the lion has many more admirers than himself; as they say of the famous equestrian statue on the Pont-Neuf at Paris, that more people go to see the horse, than the king who sits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a just indignation to see a person whose action gives new majesty to kings, resolution to heroes, and softness to lovers, thus sinking from the greatness of his behaviour, and degraded into the character of the London Pron-tice. I have often wished, that our tragedians would copy after this great master of action. Could they make the same use of their arms and legs, and inform their faces with as significant looks and passions, how glorious would an English tragedy appear with that action which is capable of giving dignity to the forced thoughts, cold conceits, and unnatural expressions of an Italian opera! In the mean time, I have related this combat of the lion, to shew what are at present the reigning entertainments of the politer part of Great Britain.

Audiences have often been reproached by writers for the coarseness of their taste: but our present grievance does not seem to be the want of a good taste, but of common sense. C.

No. 14. FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1710-11.

——— *Tegue hic, infelix, cæcæ monstris.*

OVID, Met. lv. 590.

Wretch that thou art! put off this monstrous shape.

I WAS reflecting this morning upon the spirit and humour of the public diversions five and twenty years ago, and those of the present time; and I mented to myself, that though in those days the neglected their morality, they kept up their good sense; but that the beau monde, at present, only grown more childish, not more innocent than the former. While I was in this train of thought, an odd fellow, whose face I have often seen at the playhouse, gave me the following letter with these words: 'Sir, the Lion presents his humble service to you, and desired me to give this into your own hands.'

*'From my Den in the Haymarket, March 1:*

*'SIR,*

*'I have read all your papers, and have stifled my resentment against your reflections upon opera, until that of this day, wherein you plainly insinuate, that Signior Nicolini and myself have correspondence more friendly than is consistent with the valour of his character, or the fierceness of mine. I desire you would, for your own sake, forbear such intimations for the future, and must say it is a great piece of ill nature in you, to shew so great an esteem for a foreigner and to discourage a Lion that is your own countryman.*

‘ I take notice of your fable of the lion and man, but am so equally concerned in that matter that I shall not be offended to which soever of the animals the superiority is given. You have misrepresented me, in saying that I am a country gentleman, who act only for my diversion; whereas, had I still the same woods to range in which I once had when I was a fox hunter, I should not resign my manhood for a maintenance; and assure you, as low as my circumstances are at present, I am so much a man of honour, that I would scorn to be any beast for bread, but a lion.

Yours, &c.’

I had no sooner ended this, than one of my landlady's children brought me in several others, with some of which I shall make up my present paper, they all having a tendency to the same subject, viz. the elegance of our present diversions.

*Covent-Garden, March 13.*

‘ SIR,

‘ I have been for twenty years under-santon of this parish of St. Paul's, Covent-garden, and have it missed tolling in to prayers six times in all one year; which office I have performed to my great satisfaction, until this fortnight last past, since which time I find my congregation take no warning of my bell, morning and evening, to go to a puppet-show set forth by one Powell under the Piazzas. By this means I have not only lost my two customers, whom I used to place for once apiece over against Mrs. Rachael Eyelet, but Mrs. Rachael herself is gone thither. There now appear among us none but a vulgar ordinary people, who come to church only to

say their prayers, so that I have no work worth speaking of but on Sundays. I have placed my son at the Piazzas, to acquaint the ladies that the bell rings for church, and that it stands on the other side of the garden ! but they only laugh at the child.

‘ I desire you would lay this before all the world, that I may not be made such a fool for the future, and that punchinello may choose hours less canonical. As things are now, Mr. Powell has a full congregation, while we have a very thin house ; which if you can remedy, you will very much oblige,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

‘ The following epistle I find is from the undertaker of the masquerade.

‘ SIR,

‘ I have observed the rules of my mask so carefully (in not inquiring into persons) that I cannot tell whether you were one of the company or not, last Tuesday ; but if you were not, and still design to come, I desire you would, for your own entertainment, please to admonish the town, that all persons indifferently, are not fit for this sort of diversion. I could wish, sir, you could make them understand that it is a kind of acting to go in masquerade, and a man should be able to say or do things proper for the dress in which he appears. We have now and then rakes in the habit of Roman Senators, and grave politicians in the dress of rakes. The misfortune of the thing is, that people dress themselves in what they have a mind to be, and not what they are fit for. There is not a girl in the town, but let her have her will in go-

ing to a mask, and she shall dress as a shepherdess. But let me beg of them to read the *Arcadia*, or some other good romance, before they appear in any such character at my house. The last day we presented, every body was so rashly habited, that when they came to speak to each other, a nymph with a crook had not a word to say but in the pert style of the pit bawdry; and a man in the habit of a philosopher was speechless, till an occasion offered of expressing himself in the refuse of the tiring rooms. We had a judge that danced a minuet, with a quaker for his partner, while half a dozen harlequins stood by as spectators: a Turk drank me off two bottles of wine, and a Jew eat me up half a ham of bacon. If I can bring my design to bear, and make the maskers preserve their characters in my assemblies, I hope you will allow there is a foundation laid for more elegant and improving gallantries than any the town at present affords, and consequently that you will give your approbation to the endeavours of,

SIR,

Your most obedient  
humble servant.\*

I am very glad the following epistle obliges me to mention Mr. Powell a second time in the same paper; for indeed there cannot be too great encouragement given to his skill in motions,\* provided he is under proper restrictions.

SIR,

'The opera at the Haymarket, and that under the little Piazza in Covent-garden, being at pre-

\* Puppet-shows were formerly called motions.

sent the two leading diversions of the town, and Mr. Powell, professing in his advertisements to set up Whittington and his Cat against Rhinolds and Armida, my curiosity led me the beginning of last week to view both these performances, and make my observations upon them.

First, therefore, I cannot but observe that Mr. Powell wisely forebearing to give his company a bill of fare beforehand, every scene is new and unexpected; whereas it is certain, that the undertakers of the Haymarket, having raised too great an expectation in their printed opera, very much disappoint their audience on the stage.

The king of Jerusalem is obliged to come from the city on foot, instead of being drawn in a triumphant chariot by white horses, as my opera book had promised me; and thus while I expected Armida's dragons should rush forward towards Argantes, I found the hero was obliged to go to Armida, and hand her out of her coach. We had also but a very short allowance of thunder and lightning; though I cannot in this place omit doing justice to the boy who had the direction of the two painted dragons, and made them spit fire and smoke. He flashed out his rosin in such just proportions, and in such due time, that I could not but bear some dying hopes of his being one day a most excellent player. I saw, indeed, but two things wanting to render his whole action complete, I mean the keeping his head a little lower, and hiding his candle.

I observe that Mr. Powell and the undertakers of the opera had both the same thought, and I think much about the same time, of introducing animals on their several stages, though indeed with very different success. The sparrows and chaffinches at the Haymarket fly as yet very irregu-

larly over the stage, and instead of porching on the trees, and performing their parts, the young actors either got into the galleries, or put on the candles; whereas Mr. Powell has so well directed his pig, that in the first scene he and Punch dance a minuet together. I am informed, however, that Mr. Powell resolves to exert his advantages in their own way, and introduce larks in his next opera of *Susannah*, or *Immaculate Betrayal*, which will be exhibited next week, with a pair of new Elders.

\* The moral of Mr. Powell's drama is violated, I confess, by Punch's national reflections on the French, and King Harry's laying his leg upon the Queen's lap, in too ludicrous a manner, before so great an assembly.

\* As to the mechanism and scenery, every thing, indeed, was uniform, and of a piece, and the scenes were managed very delectably, which calls on me to take notice, that at the Haymarket, the undertakers forgetting to change the side scenes, we were presented with a prospect of the ocean in the midst of a delightful grove; and though the gentlemen on the stage had very much contributed to the beauty of the grove, by walking up and down between the trees, I must own I was not a little astonished to see a well-dressed young fellow, in a full-bottomed wig, appear in the midst of the sea, and without any visible concern taking snuff.

\* I shall only observe one thing further, in which both dramas agree; which is, that by the squeak of their voices the heroes of each are comical, and as the wit in both pieces is equal, I must prefer the performance of Mr. Powell, because it is in our own language.

I am, &c.



No. 18. SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1710-11.

*Purist levea cupient animas.*

OVIO. Ars. Am. l. 189.

Tight minds are pleased with trifles.

WHEN I was in France, I used to gaze with great astonishment at the splendid equipages, and party-coloured habits of that fantastic nation. I was one day in particular contemplating a lady that sat in a coach adorned with gilded Cupids, and finely painted with the Loves of Venus and Adonis. The coach was drawn by six milk-white horses, and loaded behind with the same number of powdered footmen. Just before the lady were a couple of beautiful pages, that were stuck among the harness, and by their gay dresses and smiling features, looked like the elder brothers of the little boys that were carved and painted in every corner of the coach.

The lady was the unfortunate Cleante, who afterwards gave an occasion to a pretty melancholy novel. She had, for several years, received the addresses of a gentleman, whom, after a long and intimate acquaintance, she forsook, upon the account of this shining equipage, which had been offered to her by one of great riches, but a crazy constitution. The circumstances in which I saw her, were, it seems, the disguises only of a broken heart, and a kind of pageantry to cover distress, for in two months after she was carried to her grave with the same pomp and magnificence, being sent thither partly by the loss of *our* lover, and partly by the possession of another.

I have often reflected with myself on this uncomfortable humour in womankind, of being satisfied with every thing that is showy and superficial; and on the numberless evils that betel the sex from this light fantastical disposition. I myself remember a young lady that was very warmly solicited by a couple of importunate rivals, who, for several months together, did all they could to recommend themselves, by complacency of behaviour, and agreeableness of conversation. At length when the competition was doubtful, and the lady undetermined in her choice, one of the young lovers very luckily be-thought himself of adding a super-numerary lace to his liveries, which had so good an effect, that he married her the very week after.

The usual conversation of ordinary women very much cherishes this natural weakness of being taken with outside and appearance. Talk of a new married couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep their coach and six, or eat in plate. Mention the name of an absent lady, and it is ten to one but you learn something of her gown and petticoat. A ball is a great help to discourse, and a birth day furnishes conversation for a twelve-month after. A furbelow of precious stones, an hat lappetted with a diamond, a broad waistcoat or petticoat, are standing trophies. In short, they consider only the drapery of the spectacles, and never cast away a thought on those ornaments of the mind that make persons illustrious by the services, and useful to others. When women are thus perpetually dazzling one another's imaginations, and filling their heads with nothing but colours, it is no wonder that they are more attentive to the superficial parts of life, than the solid and substantial blessings of it. A girl, who

has been trained up in this kind of conversation, is in danger of every embroidered coat that comes in her way. A pair of fringed gloves may be her ruin. In a word, lace and ribbons, silver and gold galloons, with the like glittering gewgaws, are so many lures to women of weak minds and low educations, and when artificially displayed, are able to fetch down the most airy coquette from the wildest of her flights and rambles.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions; it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows: in short it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.

Aurelia, though a woman of great quality, delights in the privacy of a country life, and passes away a great part of her time in her own walks and gardens. Her husband, who is her bosom friend and companion in her solitudes, has been in love with her ever since he knew her. They both abound with good sense, consummate virtue, and a mutual esteem; and are a perpetual entertainment to one another. Their family is under a regular economy, in its hours of devotion and repast, employment and diversion, that it

looks like a little commonwealth within itself. They often go into company, that they may return with the greater delight to one another; and sometimes live in town, not to enjoy it so properly, as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves the relish of a country life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their children, adored by their servants, and are become the envy, or rather the delight of all that know them.

How different to this is the life of Fulvia! She considers her husband as her steward, and looks upon discretion and good housewifery as little domestic virtues, unbecoming a woman of quality. She thinks life lost in her own family, and fancies herself out of the world, when she is not in the ring, the playhouse, or the drawing-room. She lives in a perpetual motion of body, and restlessness of thought, and is never easy in any one place, when she thinks there is more company in another. The missing of an opera the first night, would be more afflicting to her than the death of a child. She pities all the valuable part of her own sex, and calls every woman of a prudent, modest, and retired life, a poor-spirited, unpolished creature. What a mortification would it be to Fulvia, if she knew that her setting herself to view is but exposing herself, and that she grows contemptible by being conspicuous?

I cannot conclude my paper, without observing, that Virgil has very finely touched upon this female passion for dress and show, in the character of Canidia; who, though she seems to have shaken off all the other weaknesses of her sex, is still described as a woman in this particular. The poet tells us, that after having made a great slaughter of the enemy, she unfortunately con-



correspondents has not inveighed against with some bitterness, and recommended to my observation. I must, therefore, once for all, inform my readers, that it is not my intention to sink the dignity of this my paper, with reflections upon red hells or top-knots, but rather to enter into the passions of mankind, and to correct those depraved sentiments that give birth to all those little extravagancies which appear in their outward dress and behaviour. Foppish and fantastic ornaments are only indications of vice, not criminal in themselves. Extinguish vanity in the mind, and you naturally retrench the little superfluities of garniture and equipage. The blossoms will fall of themselves when the root that nourishes them is destroyed.

I shall therefore, as I have said, apply my remedies to the first seeds and principles of an affected dress, without descending to the dress itself; though at the same time I must own that I have thoughts of creating an officer under me, to be entitled, The Censor of Small Wares, and of allotting him one day in the week for the execution of such his office. An operator of this nature might act under me, with the same regard as a surgeon to a physician; the one might be employed in healing those blotches and tumours which break out in the body, while the other is sweetening the blood, and rectifying the constitution. To speak truly, the young people of both sexes are so wonderfully apt to shoot out into long swords or sweeping trains, bushy head-dresses or full bottomed periwigs, with several other incumbrances of dress, that they stand in need of being pruned very frequently, lest they should be oppressed with ornaments, and over-run with the luxuriancy of their habits. I am much in doubt, whether I

should give the preference to a quaker trimmed close, and almost cut to the quick a beau that is loaden with such a redundant excrescences. I must therefore desire my respondents to let me know how they approve the project, and whether they think the erect such a petty censorship may not turn to the lament of the public; for I would not do any of this nature rashly and without advice.

There is another set of correspondents whom I must address myself in the second. I mean such as fill their letters with private scandal, and black accounts of particular persons and families. The world is so full of ill-nature, have lampoons sent me by people who can spell, and satires composed by those who know how to write. By the last post in particular I received a packet of scandal which is not ble; and have a whole bundle of letters in men's hands, that are full of blots and calumnies in so much, that when I see the name Cælia, P. Pastora, or the like, at the bottom of a sentence conclude of course that it brings me some account of a fallen virgin, a faithless wife, or an abandoned widow. I must therefore inform these my respondents, that it is not my design to be a publisher of intrigues and cuckoldoms, or to bring infamous stories out of their present lurking-into broad day-light. If I attack the vicious I only set upon them in a body; and will not be provoked by the worst usage I can receive from others, to make an example of any particular person. In short, I have so much of a Drawn in me, that I shall pass over a single foe to whole armies. It is not Lais or Silenus, but the harlot and the drunkard whom I shall endeavour to expose; and shall consider the crime as

pears in the species, not as it is circumstanced in an individual. I think it was Caligula, who wished the whole city of Rome had but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow. I shall do, out of humanity, what that emperor would have done in the cruelty of his temper, and aim every stroke at a collective body of offenders. At the same time I am very sensible that nothing spreads a paper like private calumny and defamation; but as my speculations are not under this necessity, they are not exposed to this temptation.

In the next place I must apply myself to my party correspondents, who are continually teasing me to take notice of one another's proceedings. How often am I asked by both sides, if it is possible for me to be an unconcerned spectator of the rogueries that are committed by the party which is opposite to him that writes the letter. About two days since, I was reproached with an old Grecian law, that forbids any man to stand as a neuter, or a looker-on in the divisions of his country. However, as I am very sensible my paper would lose its whole effect, should it run out into the outrages of a party, I shall take care to keep clear of every thing which looks that way. If I can any way assuage private inflammations, or allay public ferments, I shall apply myself to it with my utmost endeavours: but will never let my heart reproach me with having done any thing towards increasing those feuds and animosities, that extinguish religion, deface government, and make a nation miserable.

What I have said under the three foregoing heads, will, I am afraid, very much retrench the number of my correspondents. I shall therefore acquaint my reader, that if he has started any hint which he is not able to pursue, if he has met with



any surprising story which he does not know to tell, if he has discovered any epidemic which has escaped my observation, or has of any uncommon virtue which he would to publish; in short, if he has any material can furnish out an innocent diversion, I shall misse him my best assistance in the work them up for a public entertainment.

This paper my reader will find was intended an answer to a multitude of correspondents. I hope he will pardon me if I single out them in particular, who has made me a humble request, that I cannot forbear comply with it.

‘ TO THE SPECTATOR.

‘ SIR,

*March 15, 1711*

‘ I AM at present so unfortunate as nothing to do but to mind my own business: therefore beg of you that you will be pleased to put me into some small post under you, in that you have appointed your printer and printer to receive letters and advertisements for the city of London, and shall think myself very honoured by you, if you will appoint me in letters and advertisements for the city of Westminster and the duchy of Lancaster. I cannot promise to fill such an employment with sufficient abilities, I will endeavour to perform with industry and fidelity what I want in and genius.

‘ I am, SIR,

‘ Your most obedient servant

C.

‘ CHARLES LEE

No. 17. TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1710-11.

*Tetrum ante omnia vultum.*

Juv. x. 191.

—A visage rough,  
Deform'd, unfavour'd.

SINCE our persons are not of our own making, when they are such as appear defective or uncomely, it is, methinks, an honest and laudable fortitude to dare to be ugly; at least to keep ourselves from being abashed with a consciousness of imperfections which we cannot help, and in which there is no guilt. I would not defend an haggard beau, for passing away much time at a glass, and giving softness and languishing graces to deformity: all I intend is, that we ought to be contented with our countenance and shape, so far, as never to give ourselves an uneasy reflection on that subject. It is to the ordinary people, who are not accustomed to make very proper remarks on any occasion, matter of great jest, if a man enters with a prominent pair of shoulders into an assembly, or is distinguished by an expansion of mouth, or obliquity of aspect. It is happy for a man that has any of these oddnesses about him, if he can be as merry upon himself, as others are apt to be upon that occasion. When he can possess himself with such a cheerfulness, women and children, who are at first frighted at him, will afterwards be as much pleased with him. As it is barbarous in others to rally him for natural defects, it is extremely agreeable when he can jest upon himself for them.

Madame Maintenon's first husband was an ro in this kind, and has drawn many pleasant from the irregularity of his shape, which he scribes as very much resembling a Z. He erts himself likewise by representing to reader the make of an engine and pulley, v which he used to take off his hat. When th happens to be any thing ridiculous in a vis and the owner of it thinks it an aspect of dign he must be of very great quality to be exo from raillery. The best expedient therefor to be pleasant upon himself. Prince Harry Falstaff, in Shakspeare, have carried the ridic upon fat and lean, as far as it will go. Falstaf humorously called woolsack, bedpresser, and of flesh; Harry, a starveling, an elves-skin sheath, a bow-case, and a tuck. There is in leral incidents of the conversation between th the jest still kept up upon the person. G tenderness and sensibility in this point is on the greatest weaknesses of self-love. For own part, I am a little unhappy in the moul my face, which is not quite so long as it is br Whether this might not partly arise from my o ing my mouth much seldomer than other peo and by consequence not so much lengthening th bres of my visage, I am not at leisure to determ However it be, I have been often put out of ex tenance by the shortness of my face, and was merly at great pains in concealing it by wear a perriwig with an high fore-top, and letting beard grow. But now I have thoroughly over this delicacy, and could be contented wi much shorter, provided it might qualify me f member of the merry club, which the follow letter gives me an account of. I have rece it from Oxford, and as it abounds with the a

of mirth and good humour, which is natural  
that place, I shall not it down word for word as  
came to me.

'MOST PROFOUND SIR,

Having been very well entertained, in the  
last of your speculations that I have yet seen, by  
your specimen upon clubs, which I therefore  
hope you will continue, I shall take the liberty to  
furnish you with a brief account of such a one  
as, perhaps, you have not seen in all your travels,  
unless it was your fortune to touch upon some of  
the woody parts of the African continent, in your  
voyage to and from Grand Cairo. There have  
arose in this university (long since you left us  
without saying any thing) several of these infe-  
rior hebdomadal societies, as the Punning club,  
the Witty club, and amongst the rest, the Hand-  
some club; as a burlesque upon which, a certain  
merry species, that seem to have come into the  
world in masquerade, for some years last past  
have associated themselves together, and assum-  
ed the name of the Ugly club. This ill-favour-  
ed fraternity consists of a President and twelve  
follows; the choice of which is not confined by  
patent to any particular foundation, (as St. John's  
non would have the world believe, and have  
heretofore erected a separate society within them-  
selves) but liberty is left to elect from any school  
within the rules of the club, as set forth in a sta-  
tute, intitled, 'The Act of Deformity. A clause  
two of which I shall transmit to you.

1. That no person whatsoever shall be admit-  
ted without a visible queariness in his aspect, or pe-  
ar cast of countenance; of which the presi-  
dent and officers for the time being are to deter-  
mine; and the president to have the casting.

• II. That a singular regard he had upon examination, to the glibness of the gentlemen that offer themselves as thunder's kinmen; or to the obliquity of their figure, in what sort soever.

• III. That if the quantity of any man's nose be eminently miscalculated, whether as to length or breadth, he shall have a just pretence to be elected.

• Lastly, That, if there shall be two or more competitors for the same vacancy, *ceteris paribus*, he that has the thickest skin to have the preference.

• Every fresh member, upon his first night, is to entertain the company with a dish of cod-fish, and a speech in praise of Maup, whose portraiture they have in full proportion, or rather disproportion, over the chimney; and their design is, as soon as their funds are sufficient, to purchase the heads of Theates, Dunn Scotus, Scarron, Hudibras, and the old gentleman in Old ham, with all the celebrated ill faces of antiquity, as furniture for their club-room.

• As they have always been professed admirers of the other sex, so they unanimously declare that they will give all possible encouragement to such as will take the benefit of the statute, though none yet have appeared to do it.

• The worthy president, who is their most devoted champion, has lately shown me two copies of verses, composed by a gentleman of his society; the first, a congratulatory ode, inscribed to Mrs. Touchwood, upon the loss of her two fore-teeth; the other, a panegyric upon Mrs. Andiron's left shoulder. Mrs. Vizard, (he says) since the small pox, is grown tolerably ugly, and a top toast in the club; but I never heard him so lavish of his fine things, as upon old Nell Trott,

who constantly officiates at their table; her he even adores and extols as the very counterpart of Mother Shipton; in short, Nell, (says he) is one of the extraordinary works of nature; but as for complexion, shape, and features, so valued by others, they are all more outside and symmetry, which is his aversion. Give me leave to add, that, the president is a facetious pleasant gentleman, and never more so, than when he has got (as he calls them) his dear mummings about him; and he often protests it does him good to meet a fellow with a right genuine grimace in his air (which is so agreeable in the generality of the French nation;) and, as an instance of his sincerity in this particular, he gave me a sight of a list in his pocket-book of all this class, who for these five years have fallen under his observation, with himself at the head of them, and in the rear [as one of a promising and improving aspect]

SIR,

Your obliged and humble servant,  
ALEXANDER CANNUNCLE.  
R.

Oxford,  
March 19, 1710.

No. 18. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1710-11.

*Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas  
Omnia ad invertos oculos, et gaudia vana.*

HOR. 3 Ep. 1. 127

But now our nobles too are tops and tails,  
Neglect the sense, but love the painted scene.  
CHORON.

It is my design in this paper to deliver down to posterity a faithful account of the Italian opera, and of the gradual progress which it has made upon the English stage; for there is no question but our great grand children will be very curious to know the reason why their forefathers used to sit together like an audience of foreigners in their own country, and to hear whole plays acted before them in a tongue which they did not understand.

Aradmo was the first opera that gave us a taste of Italian music. The great success this opera met with produced some attempts of forming pieces upon Italian plans, which should give a more natural and reasonable entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate trifles of that nation. This alarmed the portsters and fiddlers of the town, who were used to deal in a more ordinary kind of ware; and therefore laid down an established rule, which is received as such to this day, 'That nothing is capable of being well set to music, that is not nonsense.'

This maxim was no sooner received, but we immediately fell to translating the Italian operas; and as there was no great danger of hurting the sense of those extraordinary pieces, our authors

would often make words of their own which were entirely foreign to the meaning of the passages they pretended to translate ; their chief care being to make the numbers of the English verse answer to those of the Italian, that both of them might go to the same tune. Thus the famous song in Camilla :

*‘ Barbara si t’ intendo, &c.’*

*‘ Barbarous woman, yes, I know your meaning.’*

which expresses the resentments of an angry lover, was translated into that English lamentation :

*‘ Prall are a lover’s hopes, &c.’*

And it was pleasant enough to see the most refined persons of the British nation dying away and languishing to notes that were filled with a spirit of rage and indignation. It happened also very frequently, where the sense was rightly translated, the necessary transposition of words, which were drawn out of the phrase of one tongue into that of another, made the music appear very absurd in one tongue that was very natural in the other. I remember an Italian verse that ran thus, word for word :

*‘ And turn’d my rage into pity ;’*

which the English for rhyme sake translated,

*‘ And into pity turn’d my rage.’*

by this means the soft notes that were adapted to it in the Italian, fell upon the word rage in the English ; and the angry sounds that were turned to rage in the original, were made to express pity in the translation. It oftentimes happened likewise, that the finest notes in the air fell upon the most insignificant words in the sentence. I



have known the word 'and' pursued through the whole gamut, have been entertained with many a melodious 'the,' and have heard the most beautiful graces, quavers, and divisions bestowed upon 'then, for, and from;' to the eternal honour of our English particles.

The next step to our refinement was the introducing of Italian actors into our opera; who sung their parts in their own language, at the same time that our countrymen performed theirs in our native tongue. The king or hero of the play generally spoke in Italian, and his slaves answered him in English. The lover frequently made his court, and gained the heart of his princess, in a language which she did not understand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on dialogues after this manner without an interpreter between the persons that conversed together; but this was the state of the English stage for about three years.

At length the audience grew tired of understanding half the opera; and therefore to ease themselves entirely of the fatigue of thinking, have so ordered it at present, that the whole opera is performed in an unknown tongue. We no longer understand the language of our own stage; inasmuch that I have often been afraid, when I have seen our Italian performers chattering in the vehemence of action, that they have been calling us names, and abusing us among themselves; but I hope, since we do put such an entire confidence in them, they will not talk against us before our faces, though they may do it with the same safety as if it were behind our backs. In the mean time, I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an historian who writes two or three hundred years hence, and does not know

the taste of his wise forefathers, will make the following reflections; 'In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Italian tongue was so well understood in England, that operas were acted on the public stage in that language.'

One scarce knows how to be serious in the confutation of an absurdity that shows itself at the first sight. It does not want any great measure of sense to see the ridicule of this monstrous practice; but what makes it the more astonishing, it is not the taste of the rabble, but of persons of the greatest politeness, which has established it.

If the Italians have a genius for music above the English, the English have a genius for other performances of a much higher nature, and capable of giving the mind a much nobler entertainment. Would one think it was possible (at a time when an author lived that was able to write *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*) for a people to be so stupidly fond of the Italian opera, as scarce to give a third day's hearing to that admirable tragedy? Music is certainly a very agreeable entertainment; but if it would take the entire possession of our ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing sense, if it would exclude arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of human nature; I must confess I would allow it no better quarter than Plato has done, who banishes it out of his commonwealth.

At present our notions of music are so very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like; only, in general, we are transported with any thing that is not English: so it be of a foreign growth, let it be Italian, French, or High Dutch, it is the same thing. In short, our English music is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its stead.

When a royal palace is burnt to the ground, every man is at liberty to present his plan for a new one; and though it be but indifferently put together, it may furnish several hints that may be of use to a good architect. I shall take the same liberty in a following paper, of giving my opinion upon the subject of music; which I shall lay down only in a problematical manner, to be considered by those who are masters in the art. C.

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No. 10. THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1710-11.

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*Ni bene facerent, inopia me quodque pudet  
Puerorum unius, rursus et perperam loquuntis.*

Hor. l. Sat. iv. 17

Thank heaven that made me of an humble mind;  
'To action little, less to words inclin'd!

Observing one person behold another, who was an utter stranger to him, with a cast of his eye, which methought, expressed an emotion of heart very different from what could be raised by an object so agreeable as the gentleman he looked at, I began to consider, not without some secret sorrow, the condition of an envious man. Some have fancied that envy has a certain magical force in it, and that the eyes of the envious have by their fascination, blasted the enjoyments of the happy. Sir Francis Bacon says, some have been so curious as to remark the times and seasons when the stroke of an envious eye is most effectually pernicious, and have observed that it has been when the person envied has been in any circumstance of glory and triumph. At such a time the mind

of the prosperous man goes, as it were, abroad among things without him, and is more exposed to the malignity. But I shall not dwell upon speculations so abstracted as this, or repeat the many excellent things which one might collect out of authors upon this miserable affection; but keeping the common road of life, consider the envious man with relation to those three heads, his pains, his relics, and his happiness.

The envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The relics of his life is inverted; and the objects which admit of the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion, give the quickest pangs to persons who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious. Youth, beauty, valour, and wisdom are provocations of their displeasure. What a wretched and apostate state is this! to be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him! The condition of the envious man is the most emphatically miserable; he is not only in a palld of rejoicing in another's merit or success, but lives in a world where in all mankind are in a plot against his quiet, by studying their own happiness and advantage. Will Prosper is an honest tale-bearer, he makes it his business to join in conversation with envious men. He points to such a handsome young fellow, and whispers that he is secretly married to a great fortune. When they doubt, he adds circumstances to prove it; and never fails to aggravate their distress, by assuring them, that, to his knowledge, he has an uncle will leave him some thousands. Will has many arts of this kind to torture this sort of temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change colour, and say faintly they wish such a

piece of news is true, he has the malice to speak some good or other of every man of their acquaintance.

The reliefs of the envious man are those little blemishes and imperfections that discover themselves in an illustrious character. It is a matter of great consolation to an envious person, when a man of known honour does a thing unworthy himself, or when any action which was well executed, upon better information appears so altered in its circumstances, that the fame of it is divided among many instead of being attributed to one. This is a secret satisfaction to these malignants; for the person whom they before could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own condition as soon as his merit is shared among others. I remember some years ago there came out an excellent poem without the name of the author. The little wits, who were incapable of writing it, began to pull in pieces the supposed writer. When that would not do, they took great pains to suppress the opinion that it was his. That again failed. The next refuge was to say it was overlooked by one man, and many pages wholly written by another. An honest fellow who sat amongst a cluster of them in debate on this subject, cried out, 'Gentlemen, if you are sure none of you yourselves had a hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it.' But the most usual succour to the envious, in cases of nameless merit in this kind, is to keep the property, if possible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the reputation of it from falling upon any particular person. You see an envious man clear up his countenance, if in the relation of any man's great happiness in one point, you mention his uneasiness in another. When he hears such a one is very rich he turns

pale, but recovers when you add that he has many children. In a word, the only sure way to an envious man's favour, is not to deserve it.

But if we consider the envious man in delight, it is like reading of the seat of a giant in a romance; the magnificence of his house consists in the many limbs of men whom he has slain. If any who promised themselves success in any uncommon undertaking miscarry in the attempt, or he that aimed at what would have been useful and laudable, meets with contempt and derision, the envious man, under the colour of hating vain-glory, can smile with an inward wantonness of heart at the ill effect it may have upon an honest ambition for the future.

Having thoroughly considered the nature of this passion, I have made it my study how to avoid the envy that may accrue to me from these my speculations; and if I am not mistaken in myself, I think I have a genius to escape it. Upon hearing in a coffee-house one of my papers commended, I immediately apprehended the envy that would spring from that applause; and therefore gave a description of my face the next day; being resolved, as I grow in reputation for wit, to resign my pretensions to beauty. This, I hope, may give some ease to those unhappy gentlemen who do me the honour to torment themselves upon the account of this my paper. As their case is very deplorable, and deserves compassion, I shall sometimes be dull, in pity to them, and will, from time to time, administer consolations to them by further discoveries of my person. In the mean while, if any one says the Spectator has wit, it may be some relief to them to think that he does not shew it in company. And if any one praises his morality,

they may comfort themselves by considering that his face is none of the longest.

R.

No. 20. FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1710-11.

—Κύριος ὀμμᾷτ' ἔχων.—

HOM. IL. 1. 925.

'Thou dog in forehead.—

POPE.

AMONG the other hardy undertakings which I have proposed to myself, that of the correction of impudence is what I have very much at heart. This in a particular manner is my province as Spectator; for it is generally an offence committed by the eyes, and that against such as the offenders would perhaps never have an opportunity of injuring any other way. The following letter is a complaint of a young lady, who sets forth a trespass of this kind, with that command of herself as befits beauty and innocence, and yet with so much spirit as sufficiently expresses her indignation. The whole transaction is performed with the eyes; and the crime is no less than employing them in such a manner, as to divert the eyes of others from the best use they can make of them, even looking up to heaven.

'SIR,

'THERE never was (I believe) an acceptable man but had some awkward imitators. Ever since the Spectator appeared, have I remarked a kind of men, whom I choose to call Starers; that without any regard to time, place, or modesty, disturb a large company with their impertinent

eyes. Spectators make up a proper assembly for a puppet-show or a bear-garden ; but devout supplicants and attentive hearers, are the audience one ought to expect in churches. I am, sir, member of a small pious congregation near one of the north gates of this city ; much the greater part of us indeed are females, and used to behave ourselves in a regular attentive manner, till very lately one whole aisle has been disturbed by one of these monstrous starers ; he is the head taller than any one in the church ; but for the greater advantage of exposing himself, stands upon a hassock, and commands the whole congregation, to the great annoyance of the devoutest part of the auditory ; for what with blushing, confusion, and vexation, we can neither mind the prayers nor sermon. Your animadversion upon this insolence would be a great favour to,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

S. C.'

I have frequently seen of this sort of fellows, and do think there cannot be a greater aggravation of an offence, than that it is committed where the criminal is protected by the sacredness of the place which he violates. Many reflections of this sort might be very justly made upon this sort of behaviour, but a starrer is not usually a person to be convinced by the reason of the thing ; and a fellow that is capable of shewing an impudent front before a whole congregation, and can bear being a public spectacle, is not so easily rebuked as to amend by admonitions. If, therefore, my correspondent does not inform me, that within seven days after this date the barbarian does not



at least stand upon his own legs only, without an eminence, my friend Will Prosper\* has promised to take an hassock opposite to him, and stare against him in defence of the ladies. I have given him directions, according to the most exact rules of optics, to place himself in such a manner, that he shall meet his eyes wherever he throws them. I have hopes, that when Will confronts him, and all the ladies, in whose behalf he engages him, cast kind looks and wishes of success at their champion, he will have some shame, and feel a little of the pain he has so often put others to, of being out of countenance.

It has, indeed, been time out of mind generally remarked, and as often lamented, that this family of Starers have infested public assemblies. I know no other way to obviate so great an evil, except, in the case of fixing their eyes upon women, some male friend will take the part of such as are under the oppression of impudence, and encounter the eyes of the Starers wherever they meet them. While we suffer our women to be thus impudently attacked, they have no defence, but in the end to cast yielding glances at the Starers. In this case, a man who has no sense of shame, has the same advantage over his mistress, as he who has no regard for his own life has over his adversary. While the generality of the world are fettered by rules, and move by proper and just methods; he who has no respect to any of them, carries away the reward due to that propriety of behaviour, with no other merit, but that of having neglected it.

I take an impudent fellow to be a sort of out-

\* See Spect. No. 19. W. Prosper, an honest tale-bearer &c.

in good breeding, and therefore what is said in no nation or person can be concerned in, this reason one may be free upon him. I have myself to great pains in considering this peevish quality, which we call impudence, and taken notice that it exerts itself in a different manner, according to the different soils where such subjects of these dispositions are made of it, were born. Impudence in an English is sullen and insolent; in a Scotchman it is gettable and caparitious; in an Irishman absurd knowing; as the course of the world now runs impudent Englishman behaves like a surly lord, the Scot like an ill received guest, and Irishman like a stranger, who knows he is not one. There is seldom any thing entertaining either in the impudence of a Scotch or North man, but that of an Irishman is always comic. He and genuine impudence is ever the effect of ignorance without the least sense of it. The most successful statesmen now in this town, of that nation, they have usually the advantage of stature mentioned in the above letter of my correspondent, and generally take their stands in eyes of women of fortune; inasmuch that I know one of them, three months after he is from plough, with a tolerable good air, out a woman from a play, which one of our breed, after four years at Oxford, and two in Temple, would have been afraid to look at, cannot tell how to account for it, but these people have usually the preference to our own. In the opinion of the sillier part of womanhood. Perhaps it is that an English countenance is not so obnoxious as an Irish one; and when design of pleasing is visible, an absurdity in way toward it, is easily forgiven.

But those who are downright impudent, and go on without reflection that they are such, are more to be tolerated, than a set of fellows among us who profess impudence with an air of humour, and think to carry off the most inexcusable of all faults in the world, with no other apology than saying in a gay tone, 'I put an impudent face upon the matter.' No; no man shall be allowed the advantages of impudence, who is conscious that he is such. If he knows he is impudent, he may as well be otherwise; and it shall be expected that he blush, when he sees he makes another do it. For nothing can atone for the want of modesty; without which beauty is ungraceful, and wit detestable.

R.

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No. 21. SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1710-11.

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—*Locus est et pluribus umbra.*

Hor. 1 Ep. v. 98.

There's room enough, and each may bring his friend.  
CANNON.

I AM sometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three great professions of divinity, law, and physic; how they are each of them overburthened with practitioners, and filled with multitudes of ingenious gentlemen that starve one another.

We may divide the clergy into generals, field officers, and subalterns. Among the first we may reckon bishops, deans, and archdeacons. Among the second are doctors of divinity, prebendaries, and all that wear scarfs. The rest are compro-

hended under the subalterns. As for the first class, our constitution preserves it from any redundancy of incumbents, notwithstanding competitors are numberless. Upon a strict calculation, it is found that there has been a great exceeding of late years in the second division, several brevets have been granted for the converting of subalterns into scarf-officers; insomuch, that within my memory the price of lutestring is raised above two-pence in a yard. As for the subalterns, they are not to be numbered. Should our clergy once enter into the corrupt practice of the laity, by the splitting of their freeholds, they would be able to carry most of the elections in England.

The body of the law is no less incumbered with superfluous members, that are like Virgil's army, which he tells us was so crowded, many of them had not room to use their weapons. This prodigious society of men may be divided into the litigious, and peaceable. Under the first are comprehended all those who are carried down in coach-falls to Westminster-hall, every morning in term time. Martial's description of this species of lawyers is full of humour :

*' Irascit verba locant.'*

' Men that hire out their words and anger ;' that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their client a quantity of wrath proportionable to the fee which they receive from him. I must, however, observe to the reader, that above three parts of those whom I reckon among the litigious, are such as are only quarrelsome in their hearts, and have no opportunity of showing their passion at the bar. Nevertheless as they do not know what strifes may

arise, they appear at the hall every day, that they may shew themselves in a readiness to enter the list, whenever there shall be occasion for them.

The peaceable lawyers are, in the first place, many of the benchers of the several inns of court, who seem to be the dignitaries of the law, and are endowed with those qualifications of mind that accomplish a man rather for a ruler than a pleader. These men live peaceably in their habitations, eating once a day, and dancing once a year,\* for the honour of their respective societies.

Another numberless branch of peaceable lawyers, are those young men who, being placed at the inns of court in order to study the laws of their country, frequent the play-house more than Westminster-hall and are seen in all public assemblies, except in a court of justice. I shall say nothing of those silent and busy multitudes that are employed within doors in the drawing up of writings and conveyances; nor of those greater numbers that palliate their want of business with a pretence to such chamber practice.

If, in the third place, we look into the profession of physic, we shall find a most formidable body of men. The sight of them is enough to make a man serious, for we may lay it down as a maxim, that when a nation abounds in physicians, it grows thin of people. Sir William Temple is very much puzzled to find out a reason why the Northern Ilave, as he calls it, does not send out such prodigious swarms, and overrun the world with Goths and Vandals, as it did formerly; but had that excellent author observed that there were no students in physic among the subjects of Thor and Woden, and that this science very much

\* See Dugdale's *Origines Juridicales*.

ies in the north at present, he might have a better solution for this difficulty than any he has made use of. This body of men own country may be described like the army in Cæsar's time. Some of them slay lots, and some on foot. If the infantry do execution than the charioteers, it is because they can be carried so soon into all quarters of the field, and dispatch so much business in so little time. Besides this body of regular troops, there are stragglers, who without being duly list-enrolled, do infinite mischief to those who are unlucky as to fall into their hands.

There are, besides the above-mentioned, innu-merable retainers to phylax, who for want of other employment, amuse themselves with the stifling of an air-pump, cutting up dogs alive, or im-proving insects upon the point of a needle, for optical observations; besides those that are employed in the gathering of weeds, and the catching of butterflies: not to mention the cockle-shells and spider-catchers.

Now I consider how each of these professions is swarmed with multitudes that seek their liveli-ness in them, and how many men of merit there are of them, who may be rather said to be in the service, than the profession: I very much regret at the humour of parents, who will not con-stitute to place their sons in a way of life in honest industry cannot but thrive, than in a way where the greatest probity, learning, and sense may miscarry. How many men of country curates, that might have made them-selves members of London, by a right improve-ment of a smaller sum of money than what is con-sumed upon a learned education? A sober person, of slender parts, and a slow appre-

hension, might have thrived in trade, though he starves upon physic; as a man would be well enough pleased to buy silks of one whom he would not venture to feel his pulse. Vagellius is careful, studious, and obliging, but withal a little thick-skulled; he has not a single client, but might have had abundance of customers. The misfortune is, that parents take a liking to a particular profession, and therefore desire their sons may be of it: whereas, in so great an affair of life, they should consider the genius and abilities of their children, more than their own inclinations.

It is the great advantage of a trading nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy, who may not be placed in stations of life, which may give them an opportunity of making their fortunes. A well-regulated commerce is not like law, physic, or divinity, to be overstocked with hands; but on the contrary flourishes by multitudes, and gives employment to all its professors. Fleets of merchantmen are so many squadrons of floating shops, that vend our wares and manufactures in all the markets of the world, and find out chapmen under both the tropics.

C.

No. 22. MONDAY, MARCH 26, 1711.

*Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

HON. ARS. POET. VER. 5.

— Whatever contradicts my sense

I hate to see, and never can believe,

ROSCOMMON.

THE word Spectator being most usually understood as one of the audience at public representations in our theatres, I seldom fail of many letters relating to plays and operas. But indeed there are such monstrous things done in both, that if one had not been an eye-witness of them, he could not believe that such matters had really been exhibited. There is very little which concerns human life, or is a picture of nature, that is regarded by the greater part of the company. The understanding is dismissed from our entertainments. Our mirth is the laughter of fools, and our admiration the wonder of idiots; else such improbable, monstrous, and incoherent scenes could not go off as they do, not only without the utmost scorn and contempt, but even with the loudest applause and approbation. But the letters of my correspondents will represent this affair in a more lively manner than any discourse of my own; I shall therefore give them to my reader with only this preparation, that they all come from players, and that the business of laying is now so managed that you are not to be surpris'd when I say one or two of them are rational, others sensitive and vegetative actors, and others wholly inanimate. I shall not place these



as I have named them, but as they have precedence in the opinion of their audiences.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Your having been so humble as to take notice of the epistles of other animals, emboldens me, who am the wild bear that was killed by Mrs. Tostu, to represent to you, that I think I was hardly used in not having the part of the lion of Hyampsen given to me. It would have been but a natural step for me to have personated that noble creature, after having behaved myself to satisfaction in the part above mentioned. That of a lion is too great a character for one that never trod the stage before but upon two legs. As for the little resistance which I made, I hope it may be excused, when it is considered that the dart was thrown at me by no fair a hand. I must confess I had but just put on my brutality; and Camilla’s charms were such, that beholding her erect mien, hearing her charming voice, and astonished with her graceful motion, I could not keep up to my assumed fierceness, but died like a man.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble admirer,

‘THOMAS PRONG.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘This is to let you understand, that the play-house is a representation of the world in nothing so much as in this particular, that no one rises in it according to his merit. I have acted several parts of household-stuff with great applause for many years; I am one of the men in the hangings of ‘The Emperor of the Moon; I have twice performed the third chair in an English opera; and

ground have rehearsed the pump in the Fortune-Hunters. I am now grown old, and hope you will recommend me so effectually, as that I may say something before I go off the stage: in which you will do a great act of charity to

Your most humble servant,

WILLIAM SCROONE.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Understanding that Mr. Scroone has writ to you, and desired to be raised from dumb and still parts; I desire, if you give him motion or speech, that you would advance me in my way, and let me keep on in what I humbly presume I am master, to wit, in representing human and still life together. I have several times acted one of the finest flower-pots in the same opera wherein Mr. Scroone is a chair; therefore upon his promotion, request that I may succeed him in the hangings, with my hand in the orange-trees.

Your humble servant,

RALPH SIMPLE.’

‘SIR,     *Drury-lane, March 24, 1710-11.*

‘I saw your friend the Templar this evening in the pit, and thought he looked very little pleased with the representation of the mad scene of *The Pilgrim*. I wish, sir, you would do us the favour to animadvert frequently upon the false taste the town is in, with relation to plays as well as operas. It certainly requires a degree of understanding to play justly; but such is our condition, that we are to suspend our reason to perform our parts. As to scenes of madness, you know, sir, there are noble instances of this kind in *Shakespeare*; but then it is the disturbance of a noble mind, from generous and humane resentments.

It is like that grief which we have for the decease of our friends. It is no diminution, it is a recommendation of human nature, that in such incidents, passion gets the better of reason; and all we can think to combat ourselves, is impotent against half what we feel. I will not mention that we had an idiot in the scene, and all the sense it is represented to have, is that of lust. As for myself, who have long taken pains in personating the passions, I have to-night acted only an appetite. The part I played is Thirst, but it is represented as written rather by a drayman than a poet. I come in with a tub about me, that tub hung with quart pots, with a full gallon at my mouth. I am ashamed to tell you that I pleased very much, and this was introduced as a madness; but sure it was not human madness, for a mule or an ass may have been as dry as ever I was in my life.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient  
and humble servant.

*From the Savoy, in the Strand.*

M. SPECTATOR,

'If you can read it with dry eyes, I give you this trouble to acquaint you, that I am the unfortunate King Latinus, and I believe I am the first prince that dated from this palace since John of Gaunt. Such is the uncertainty of all human greatness, that I who lately never moved without a guard, am now pressed as a common soldier, and am to sail with the first fair wind against my brother Lewis of France. It is a very hard thing to put off a character which one has appeared in with applause. This I experienced since the

loss of my diadem; for upon quarrelling with another recruit, I spoke my indignation out of my part in *recitativo*;

“————— Most audacious slave,  
Dar’st thou an angry monarch’s fury brave?”

The words were no sooner out of my mouth when a serjeant knocked me down, and asked me if I had a mind to mutiny, in talking things nobody understood. You see, sir, my unhappy circumstances; and if by your meditation you can procure a subsidy for a prince (who never failed to make all that beheld him merry at his appearance) you will merit the thanks of

Your friend,

THE KING OF LATIUM.

#### *Advertisement.*

For the good of the public.

Within two doors of the masquerade lives an eminent Italian chirurgeon, arrived from the carnival at Venice, of great experience in private cures. Accommodations are provided, and persons admitted in their masquing habits.

He has cured since his coming hither, in less than a fortnight, four scaramouches, a mountebank doctor, two Turkish basses, three nuns, and a morris-dancer.

N. B. Any person may agree by the great, and be kept in repair by the year. The doctor draws teeth without pulling off your masque.

It.

No. 23. TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1711.

*Exsit atrax Volucens, nec still conplicit nequum  
Auctorem, nec quò an ardens inuoltere possit.*

VING. AL. 12. 470.

*Fliese Volucens flames with rage, and gazing round,  
Dumy'd not him who gave the fatal wound;  
Nor knew to his revenge.*

DAYDEN.

THERE is nothing that more betrays a base ungenerous spirit than the giving of secret stabs to a man's reputation; lampoons and satires, that are written with wit and spirit, are like poisoned darts, which not only inflict a wound, but make it incurable. For this reason I am very much troubled when I see the talents of humour and ridicule in the possession of an ill-natured man. There cannot be a greater gratification to a barbarous and inhuman wit, than to stir up sorrow in the heart of a private person, to raise uneasiness among near relations, and to expose whole families to derision, at the same time when he remains unseen and undiscovered. The most cruel accompaniments of being witty are, to be a man

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is vicious into the bargain, he is one of the most mischievous creatures that can enter into a civil society. His satire will then chiefly fall upon those who ought to be the most exempt from it. Virtue, merit, and every thing that is praiseworthy, will be made the subject of ridicule and buffoonery. It is impossible to enumerate the evils which arise from these arrows that fly in the dark, and I know no other excuse that is or can be made for them, than that the wounds they give are only imaginary, and produce nothing more than a secret shame or sorrow in the mind of the suffering person. It must indeed be confessed, that a lampoon or a satire do not carry in them robbery or murder; but at the same time how many are there that would not rather lose a considerable sum of money, or even life itself, than be set up as a mark of infamy and derision? and in this case a man should consider, that an injury is not to be measured by the notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

Those who can put the best countenance upon the outrages of this nature which are offered them, are not without their secret anguish. I have often observed a passage in Socrates's behaviour at his death, in a light wherein none of the critics have considered it. That excellent man entertaining his friends, a little before he drank the bowl of poison, with a discourse on the immortality of the soul, at his entering upon it, says that he does not believe any the most comely genius can censure him for talking upon such a subject at such a time. This passage, I think, evidently glances upon Aristophanes, who writ a comedy on purpose to ridicule the discourses of that divine philosopher. It has been observed by many writers, that Socrates was so little moved

at this piece of buffoonery, that he was sometimes present at its being acted upon the stage and never expressed the least resentment. But with submission, I think the remark here made shews us, that this unworthy mention made an impression upon his mind, that he had been too wise to discover it.

When Julius Cæsar was lampooned by Marston, he invited him to supper, and treated him with such a generous civility, that he made him his friend ever after. Cardinal Mazarin gave the same kind of treatment to the lewd Quillet who had reflected upon his eminence in a famous Latin poem. The cardinal received him, and after some kind expostulations upon what he had written, assured him of his esteem, and dismissed him with a promise of the next abbey that should fall, which he accordingly transferred upon him in a few months after. This had so good an effect upon the author, that he dedicated the second edition of his book to the cardinal, after having expunged the passage which had given him offence.

Sextus Quintus was not of so generous a forgiving temper. Upon his being made the statue of Pasquin was one night dressed in a very dirty shirt, with an excuse written upon it that he was forced to wear foul linen, because his laundress was made a princess. This was

which he had received from him, made the discovery himself; upon which the pope gave him the reward he had promised, but at the same time, to disable the satirist for the future, ordered his tongue to be cut out, and both his hands to be chopped off. Aretine\* is too trite an instance. Every one knows that all the kings of Europe were his tributaries. Nay, there is a letter of his extant, in which he makes his boasts that he laid the Sophi of Persia under contribution.

Though in the various examples which I have here drawn together, these several great men behaved themselves very differently towards the wits of the age who had reproached them; they all of them plainly shewed that they were very sensible of their reproaches, and consequently that they received them as very great injuries. For my own part, I would never trust a man that I thought was capable of giving these secret wounds; and cannot but think that he would hurt the person, whose reputation he thus assaults, in his body or in his fortune, could he do it with the same security. There is, indeed, something very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary scribblers of lampoons. An innocent young lady shall be exposed for an unhappy feature. A father of a family turned to ridicule, for some domestic calamity. A wife be made uneasy all her life for a misinterpreted word or action. Nay, a good, a temperate, and a just man shall be put out of countenance by the representation of those qualities that should do him honour. So pernicious a thing is wit, when it is not tempered with virtue and humanity.

\* Peter Aretine, infamous for his writings, died in 1556.



I have indeed heard of heedless inconsiderate writers, that without any malice have sacrificed the reputation of their friends and acquaintance to a certain levity of temper, and a silly ambition of distinguishing themselves by a spirit of rallery and satire; as if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a good-natured man, than a wit. Where there is this little petulant humour in an author, he is often very mischievous without designing to be so. For which reason I always lay it down as a rule, that an indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for as the latter will only attack his enemies, and those he wishes ill to; the other injures indifferently both friends and foes. I cannot forbear, on this occasion, transcribing a fable out of Sir Roger P'Estrange, which accidentally lies before me. 'A company of waggish boys were watching of frogs at the side of a pond, and still as any of them put up their heads, they would be pelting them down again with stones. "Children," says one of the frogs, "you never consider that though this may be play to you, it is death to us."

As this week is in a manner set apart and dedicated to serious thoughts, I shall indulge myself in such speculations as may not be altogether unsuitable to the season; and in the mean time, as the settling in ourselves a charitable frame of mind is a work very proper for the time, I have in this paper endeavoured to expose that particular breach of charity, which has been generally overlooked by divines, because there are but few who can be guilty of it

No. 24. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1711

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*Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum ;  
 Adreptusque manu, Quid agis dulcedine rerum ?  
 Non. I Sat. l. 8.*

(Comes up a top (I knew him but by name)  
 And seiz'd my hand, and call'd me by name—  
 —My dear!—how dost!—

'**MAN** are in this town a great number of insignificant people, who are by no means fit for the better sort of conversation, and yet have an immoderate ambition of appearing with those to whom they are not welcome. If you walk in the park, one of them will certainly join with you, though you are in company with ladies; if you drink a bottle, they will find your haunts. What takes such fellows the more burdensome is, that they neither offend or please so far as to be taken notice of for either. It is, I presume, for this reason, that my correspondents are willing by my means to be rid of them. The two following letters are writ by persons who suffer by such importuness. A worthy old bachelor, who sits for a glass of claret every night, at such an hour, is troubled by a swarm of them; who, because they are sure of room and good fire, have taken in their heads to keep a sort of club in his company; though the sober gentleman himself is an enemy to such meetings.

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

\* The aversion I for some years have had to clubs in general, gave me a perfect relish for your resolution on that subject; but I have since been

extremely mortified, by ranking me amongst the-  
continent assemblies. I b-ave to state my case fairly; and that done, I expect redress from your judicious pen.

'I am, sir, a bachelor of some standing, and a traveller; my business, consult my own humour, which I gratify without controlling other people's: I have a room and a whole bed to myself; and I have a dog, a fiddle, and a gun; they please me, and injure no creature alive. My chief meal is a supper, which I always make at a tavern. I am constant to an hour, and not ill-humoured; for which reasons, though I invite nobody, I have no sooner supped, than I have a crowd about me of that sort of good company that know not whether else to go. It is true, every man pays his share; yet as they are intruders, I have an undoubted right to be the only speaker, or at least the loudest; which I maintain, and that to the great emolument of my audience. I sometimes tell them their own in pretty free language; and sometimes divert them with merry tales, according as I am in humour. I am one of those who live in taverns to a great age, by a sort of regular intemperance; I never go to bed drunk, but always flustered; I wear away very gently; am apt to be peevish, but never angry. Mr. Spectator, if you have kept various company, you know there is in every tavern in town some old humourist or other, who is master of the house as much as he that keeps it. The drawers are all in awe of him; and all the customers who frequent his company yield him a sort of comical obedience. I do not know but I may be such a fellow as this myself. But I appeal to you, whether this is to be called a club, because so many impertinents will break

n upon me, and come without appointment? Blinch of Barnet has a nightly meeting, and hows to every one that will come in and pay; out then he is the only actor. Why should people miscall things? If his is allowed to be a consort, why may not mine be a lecture? However, sir, I submit it to you, and am,

SIR,

Your most obedient, &c.

THOMAS KIMBOW.'

'GOOD SIR,

'You and I were pressed against each other last winter in a crowd, in which uneasy posture we suffered together for almost half an hour. I thank you for all your civilities ever since, in being of my acquaintance wherever you meet me. But the other day you pulled off your hat to me in the Park, when I was walking with my mistress. She did not like your air, and said she wondered what strange fellows I was acquainted with. Dear sir, consider it is as much as my life is worth, if she should think we were intimate: therefore I earnestly intreat you for the future to take no manner of notice of,

SIR,

Your obliged humble servant,

WILL FASHION.'

A like impertinence is also very troublesome to the superior and more intelligent part of the sex. It is, it seems, a great inconvenience, but those of the meanest capacities will pretend to make visits, though indeed they are qualified rather to add to the furniture of the house (by filling an empty chair) than to the conversation they come into when they visit. A friend of mine

hopes for red the collection  
of her letter in like those  
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with women of the grou merit.

'MADAM,

'I TAKE this way to acquaint you with what common rules and forms would never permit me to tell you otherwise; to wit, that you and I, though equals in quality and fortune, are by no means suitable companions. You are, it is true, very pretty, can dance, and make a very good figure in a public assembly; but, alas, madam, you must go no further; distance and silence are your best recommendations; therefore let me beg of you never to make me any more visits. You come in a literal sense to see me, for you have nothing to say. I do not say this, that I would by any means lose your acquaintance; but I would keep it up with the strictest forms of good-breeding. Let us pay visits, but never see one another. If you will be so good as to deny yourself always to me, I shall return the obligation by giving the same orders to my servants. When accident makes us meet at a third place, we may mutually lament the misfortune of never finding one another at home, go in the same party to a benefit play, and smile at each other, and put down glasses as we pass in our coaches. Thus we may enjoy as much of each other's friendship as we are capable of; for there are some people who

to be known only by sight, with which sort of  
friendship I hope you will always honour,

MADAM,

Your most obedient humble servant,

MARY TURNBAY.<sup>1</sup>

'P. S. I subscribe myself by the name of the  
ay I keep, that my supernumerary friends may  
now who I am.'

*Advertisement.*

'To prevent all mistakes that may happen among gentlemen  
the other end of the town, who come but once a week to  
James's coffee-house, either by miscalling the servants, or  
quiring such things from them as are not properly within  
their respective provinces; this is to give notice, that Kidney,  
keeper of the book-debts of the outlying customers, and ob-  
server of those who go off without paying, having resigned  
at employment, is succeeded by John Newton; to whose  
use of enterer of messages and first coffee-grinder, William  
is promoted; and Samuel Burdock comes as shoe-cleaner  
the room of the said Bird.

It.

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No. 25. THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1711.

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*Aggravatio mendacis.*

VIRG. *Æn.* xii. 46.

And sickens by the very means of health.

The following letter will explain itself, and needs  
no apology:

'SIR,

'I AM one of that sickly tribe who are com-  
monly known by the name of valetudinarians; and  
I confess to you, that I first contracted this ill  
bit of body, or rather of mind, by the study of  
VOL. I.

physic. I no sooner began to peruse books of this nature, but I found my pulse was irregular, and scarce ever read the account of any disease that I did not find myself afflicted with.\* By Sydenham's learned treatise of fevers threw me into a lingering hectic, which hung upon me all the while I was reading that excellent piece. I then applied myself to the study of several authors, who have written upon phthisical distempers, and by that means fell into a consumption; till at length, growing fat, I was in a manner shaken out of that imagination. Not long after this I found in myself all the symptoms of the gout, except pain; but was cured of it by a treatise upon the gravel, written by a very ingenious author, who (as it is usual by physicians to convert one distemper into another) eased me of the gout by giving me the stone. I at length studied myself into a complication of distempers; but accidentally taking into my hand that ingenious discourse written by Simon Stevin, I was resolved to direct myself by a scheme of rules, which I had collected from his observations. The learned would be very well acquainted with that gentleman's invention; who, for the better carrying on his experiments, contrived a certain mathematical chain, which was so artfully hung upon springs, that it would weigh any thing as well as a pair of scales. By this means he discovered how many ounces of his food passed by perspiration, what quantity of it was turned into nourishment, and how much went away by the other channels and distributions of nature.

\* Mr. Pickell, in his preface to Addison's Works, says that "Addison never had a regular pulse," which Steeb questions in his dedication of *The Humours to Mr. Lee*, 1700.

‘ Having provided myself with this chair, I used to study, eat, drink, and sleep in it; inasmuch that I may be said, for these last three years, to have lived in a pair of scales. I compute myself, when I am in full health, to be precisely two hundred weight, falling short of it about a pound after a day’s fast, and exceeding it as much after a very full meal; so that it is my continual employment to trim the balance between these two volatile pounds in my constitution. In my ordinary meals I fetch myself up to two hundred weight and half a pound; and if, after having dined, I find myself fall short of it, I drink just so much small beer, or eat such a quantity of bread, as is sufficient to make me weight. In my greatest excesses I do not transgress more than the other half pound; which, for my health’s sake, I do the first Monday in every month. As soon as I find myself duly poised after dinner, I walk till I have perspired five ounces and four scruples; and when I discover, by my chair, that I am so far reduced, I fall to my books, and study away three ounces more. As for the remaining parts of the pound, I keep no account of them. I do not dine and sup by the clock, but by my chair; for when that informs me my pound of food is exhausted, I conclude myself to be hungry, and lay in another with all diligence. In my days of abstinence I lose a pound and a half, and on solemn fasts am two pound lighter than on the other days in the year.

‘ I allow myself, one night with another, a quarter of a pound of sleep, within a few grains more or less; and if, upon my rising, I find that I have not consumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my chair. Upon an exact exten-



lation of what I expended and received the last year, which I always register in a book, I find the medium to be two hundred weight, so that I cannot discover that I am impaired one ounce in my health during a whole twelvemonth. And yet, sir, notwithstanding this my great care to ballast myself equally every day, and to keep my body in its proper poise, so it is, that I find myself in a sick and languishing condition. My complexion is grown very sallow, my pulse low, and my body hydropical. Let me therefore beg you, sir, to consider me as your patient, and to give me more certain rules to walk by than those I have already observed, and you will very much oblige

Your humble servant.\*

This letter puts me in mind of an Italian epitaph, written on the monument of a valetudinarian: ‘*Stavo ben, ma per star meglio, sto qui:*’ which it is impossible to translate\*. The fear of death often proves mortal, and sets people on methods to save their lives, which infallibly destroy them. This is a reflection made by some historians, upon observing that there are many more thousands killed in a flight, than in a battle; and may be applied to those multitudes of imaginary sick persons that break their constitutions by physic, and throw themselves into the arms of death, by endeavouring to escape it. This method is not only dangerous, but below the practice of a reasonable creature. To consult the preservation of life, as the only end of it, to make our health our business, to engage in no

\* The following translation, however, may give an English reader some idea of the Italian epitaph: ‘I was well, but trying to be better, I am here.’

action that is not part of a regimen, or course of physic, are purposes an object, an end, an unworthy human nature; that a generous soul would rather die than submit to them. Besides, that a continual anxiety for life vitiates all the relishes of it, and casts a gloom over the whole face of nature; as it is impossible we should take delight in any thing that we are every instant afraid of losing.

I do not mean, by what I have here said, that I think any one to blame for taking due care of their health. On the contrary, as cheerfulness of mind, and capacity for business, are in a great measure the effects of a well tempered constitution, a man cannot be at too much pains to cultivate and preserve it. But this care, which we are prompted to, not only by common sense, but by duty and instinct, should never engage us in groundless fears, melancholy apprehensions, and imaginary distempers, which are natural to every man who is more anxious to live, than how to live. In short, the preservation of life should be only a secondary concern, and the direction of it our principal. If we have this frame of mind, we shall take the best means to preserve life, without being over solicitous about the event; and shall arrive at that point of felicity which Martial has mentioned as the perfection of happiness, of neither fearing nor wishing for death.

In answer to the gentleman, who tempers his health by mimes and by scruples, and instead of complying with those natural solicitations of hunger and thirst, drowsiness or love of exercise, governs himself by the prescriptions of his chair, I shall tell him a short fable. Jupiter, says the mythologist, to reward the piety of a certain

countryman, promised to give him whatever he would ask. The countryman desired that he might have the management of the weather in his own estate. He obtained his request, and immediately distributed rain, snow, and sunshine among his several fields, as he thought the nature of the soil required. At the end of the year, when he expected to see a more than ordinary crop, his harvest fell infinitely short of that of his neighbours. Upon which (says the fable) he desired Jupiter to take the weather again into his own hands, or that otherwise he should utterly ruin himself.

C.

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No. 26. FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1711.

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*Patula mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernæ  
Regumque turres, O beate Nepti.  
Vix annus brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam,  
Jam te premet nox, fabuleque mones,  
Et domus exilis Plutonia.*—

HOR. 1. Od. iv. 13

With equal foot, rich friend, impartial fate  
Knocks at the cottage, and the palace gate.  
Life's span turbid flows to extend thy cares,  
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years:  
Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go  
To story'd ghosts, and Pluto's house below.

CURECH

WHEN I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster-abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of mor-

lambly, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. Yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tomb-stones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another, the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

\* *Ulysses* 11, *Medon* 11, *Therakleus* 11.

HOM.

\* *Alcibiades*, *Medonius*, *Therakleus*.

VERG.

\* *Ulysses*, and *Medon*, and *Therakleus*.

'The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by 'the path of an arrow,' which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave, and saw in every shovel full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixt with a kind of fresh mouldering earth that some time or other had a place in the composition of an human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself, what

innumerable multitudes of people / confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral ; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass ; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished, in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness

of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesley Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence. Instead of the brave rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, shew an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves, and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature, in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful

ones. By this means I can improve myself with these objects, which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

C.

No. 27. SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1711

*Et hæc lingua quibus mentitur amicos, thesauri.  
Lingua videtur opus abundantibus, ut piger annus  
Pupillis, quos domo preceps custodit amicum ;  
Dixit mihi bene de flumina ingentibus temporibus, quos opus  
Cunctis hincque morantur agendi generibus, ut quod  
Lingua pauperibus prestat, locupletibus aequè,  
Lingua neglectum parvis senibusque morabit.*

Hæc. l. Ep. l. 20

• ILLUSTRATED.

Long as to him, who works for debt, the day,  
Long as the night to her, whose love's away,  
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,  
When the brisk whirlwinds pants for twenty one,  
How slow the unprofitable moments roll,  
That lock up all the functions of my soul,  
That keep me from myself, and still delay  
Life's instant business to a future day :  
That task, which as we follow, we despise,  
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wiser,  
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure,  
And which not done, the richest must be poor.

Parp.

There is scarce a thinking man in the world, who is involved in the business of it, but lives under a secret impatience of the hurry and fatigue it suffers, and has formed a resolution to fix himself, one time or other, in such a state as is suitable to the end of his being. You hear men every day in conversation profess, that all the honour, power, and riches, which they propose to themselves, cannot give satisfaction enough to reward them for half the anxiety they undergo in the pursuit or possession of them. While men are in this temper (which happens very frequently) how inconsistent are they with themselves!



They are wearied with the toll they bear, but not find in their hearts to relinquish it: moment is what they want, but they cannot themselves to it. While they pant after the covert, they still affect to appear in the noising scenes of life. Sure this is but just so noble as if a man should call for more light he has a mind to go to sleep.

Since then it is certain that our own hearts give us in the love of the world, and cannot command ourselves enough to relinquish though we every day wish ourselves distant from its allurements, let us not stand upon formal taking of leave, but wear ourselves free while we are in the midst of them.

It is certainly the general intention of the greater part of mankind to accomplish this: we live according to their own approbation, as they possibly can. But since the duration of life is so uncertain, and that has been a common topic of discourse ever since there was anything as life itself, how is it possible to should defer a moment the beginning of according to the rules of reason?

The man of business has ever some one to carry, and then he tells himself he will be free to all the vanity of ambition. The man sure resolves to take his leave at least, a civilly with his mistress; but the ambition is entangled every moment in a fresh joy, and the lover sees new charms in the object he could abandon. It is therefore a natural way of thinking, when we prompt ourselves an alteration in our conduct from a change of place, and difference of circumstance, the same passions will attend us wherever we

they are conquered; and we can never live to our satisfaction in the deepest retirement, unless we are capable of living so, in some measure, amidst the noise and business of the world.

I have ever thought men were better known by what could be observed of them from a perusal of their private letters, than any other way. My friend the clergyman, the other day, upon serious discourse with him concerning the danger of procrastination, gave me the following letters from persons with whom he lives in great friendship and intimacy, according to the good breeding and good sense of his character. The first is from a man of business, who is his convert: the second from one of whom he conceives good hopes: the third from one who is in no state at all, but carried one way and another by starts.

'SIR,

'I know not with what words to express to you the sense I have of the high obligation you have laid upon me, in the penance you enjoined me of doing some good or other to a person of worth every day I live. The station I am in furnishes me with daily opportunities of this kind; and the noble principle with which you have inspired me, of benevolence to all I have to deal with, quickens my application in every thing I undertake. When I relieve merit from discountenance, when I assist a friendless person, when I produce a neglected worth, I am displeased with myself, for having designed to leave the world in order to be virtuous. I am sorry you decline the occasions which the condition I am in might afford me of enlarging your fortunes; but know I contribute more to your satisfaction, when I acknowledge I am the

Yours, &c.

1

better man, from the influence and authority you have over,

SIR,

Your most obliged and  
most humble servant,

R. O.'

SIR,

'I am entirely convinced of the truth of what you were pleased to say to me, when I was last with you alone. You told me then of the silly way I was in; but you told me so, as I saw you loved me, otherwise I could not obey your commands in letting you know my thoughts so sincerely as I do at present. I know "the creature, for whom I resign so much of my character," is all that you said of her; but then the trifle has something in her so undesigning and harmless, that her guilt in one kind disappears by the comparison of her innocence in another. Will you, virtuous man, allow no alteration of offences? Must dear Chloe be called by the hard name you pious people give to common women? I keep the solemn promise I made you, in writing to you the state of my mind, after your kind admonition; and will endeavour to get the better of this fondness, which makes me so much her humble servant, that I am almost ashamed to subscribe myself yours,

T. D.'

SIR,

'There is no state of life so anxious as that of a man who does not live according to the dictates of his own reason. It will seem odd to you, when I assure you that my love of retirement first of all brought me to court; but this will be no riddle, when I acquaint you that I placed my-

self here with a design of getting so much money as might enable me to purchase a handsome retreat in the country. At present my circumstances enable me, and my duty prompts me, to pass away the remaining part of my life in such a retirement as I at first proposed to myself; but to my great misfortune I have entirely lost the relish of it, and should now return to the country with greater reluctance than I at first came to court. I am so unhappy as to know that what I am fond of are trifles, and that what I neglect is of the greatest importance: in short, I find a contest in my own mind between reason and fashion. I remember you once told me, that I might live in the world, and out of it, at the same time. Let me beg of you to explain this paradox more at large to me, that I may conform my life, if possible, both to my duty and my inclination.

I am yours, &c.

H.

H. H.

Letters are directed 'For the Spectator, to be left at Mr. Birkley's, in Little Britain, post paid.' N. H. In the form of a direction, this makes a figure in the last column of the Spectator in July.

No. 28. MONDAY, APRIL 2, 1711.

*Abque semper arcum  
Tendit Apollo.*

How, & Ode, & 10.

Nor does Apollo always bend his bow.

I shall here present my reader with a letter from a projector, concerning a new office, which he

thinks may very much contribute to the embellishment of the city, and to the driving barbarity out of our streets. I consider it as a satire upon projectors in general, and a lively picture of the whole art of modern criticism.

SIR,

‘OBSERVING that you have thoughts of creating certain officers under you, for the inspection of several petty enormities which you yourself cannot attend to; and finding daily absurdities hung out upon the sign-posts\* of this city, to the great scandal of foreigners, as well as those of our own country, who are curious spectators of the same: I do humbly propose that you would be pleased to make me your superintendant of all such figures and devices, as are or shall be made use of on this occasion; with full powers to rectify or expunge whatever I shall find irregular or defective. For want of such an officer, there is nothing like sound literature and good sense to be met with in those objects, that are every where thrusting themselves out to the eye, and endeavouring to become visible. Our streets are filled with blue boars, black swans, and red lions; not to mention flying pigs, and hogs in armour, with many other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Afric. Strange! that one

\* As the plan of this edition can only admit of references, or notes, in the fewest words possible, such as are curious to know the principles on which signs apparently fanciful may be traced to their originals with great probability, and often with certainty, must here be referred to the notes on the late edition of the Tatler, Vol. I. No. 18. Vol. III. No. 87. p. 32. and the additional note upon it; Vol. V. p. 415. It would be very easy to shew, that this railery loses much of its poignancy, when passing the sign-posts at which it is levelled; it talks ultimately, as it must do, on the device of heraldry.

who has all the birds and beasts in nature to choose out of, should live at the sign of an *Æne Rationis*!

‘My first task therefore should be, like that of Hercules, to clear the city from monsters. In the second place, I would forbid that creatures of jarring and incongruous natures should be joined together in the same sign; such as the bell and the neat’s tongue, the dog and the gridiron. The fox and goose may be supposed to have met, but what has the fox and the seven stars to do together? And when did the lamb and dolphin ever meet, except upon a sign-post? As for the cat and the fiddle, there is a conceit in it; and therefore I do not intend that any thing I have here said should affect it. I must however observe to you upon this subject, that it is usual for a young tradesman, at his first setting up, to add to his own sign that of the master whom he served; as the husband, after marriage, gives a place to his mistress’s arms in his own coat. This I take to have given rise to many of those absurdities which are committed over our heads; and, as I am informed, first occasioned the three nuns and a hare, which we see so frequently joined together. I would therefore establish certain rules, for the determining how far one tradesman may give the sign of another, and in what cases he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

‘In the third place, I would enjoin every shop to make use of a sign which bears some affinity to the wares in which it deals. What can be more inconsistent than to see a bawd at the sign of the angel, or a tailor at the lion? A cook should not live at the boot, nor a shoemaker at the roasted pig; and yet, for want of this regulation, I have

seen a goat set up before the door of a perfumer, and the French king's head at a sword cutler's.

‘An ingenious foreigner observes, that several of those gentlemen who value themselves upon their families, and overlook such as are bred to trade, bear the tools of their forefathers in their coats of arms. I will not examine how true this is in fact. But though it may not be necessary for posterity thus to set up the sign of their forefathers, I think it highly proper for those who actually profess the trade, to shew some such marks of it before their doors.

‘When the name gives an occasion for an ingenious sign-post, I would likewise advise the owner to take that opportunity of letting the world know who he is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs. Salmon to have lived at the sign of the trout; for which reason she has erected before her house the figure of the fish that is her namesake. Mr. Bell has likewise distinguished himself by a device of the same nature: and here, sir, I must beg leave to observe to you, that this particular figure of a bell has given occasion to several pieces of wit in this kind. A man of your reading must know, that Abel Drugger gained great applause by it in the time of Ben Jonson. Our apocryphal heathen god\* is also represented by this figure; which, in conjunction with the dragon, makes a very handsome picture in several of our streets. As for the bell-savage, which is the sign of a savage man standing by a bell, I was formerly very much puzzled upon the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old romance translated out of the French; which gives an account of a very beau-

\* St. George.

ful woman who was found in a wilderness, and is called in the French *La belle Sauvage*; and is every where translated by our countrymen the well-savage. This piece of philosophy will, I hope, convince you that I have made sign-posts my study, and consequently qualified myself for the employment which I solicit at your hands. But before I conclude my letter, I must communicate to you another remark, which I have made upon the subject with which I am now entertaining you, namely, that I can give a shrewd guess at the humour of the inhabitant by the sign that hangs before his door. A surly choleric fellow generally makes choice of a bear; as men of milder dispositions frequently live at the lamb. Seeing a punch-bowl painted upon a sign near Charing-cross, and very curiously garnished, with a couple of angels hovering over it, and squeezing a lemon into it, I had the curiosity to ask after the master of the house, and found, upon inquiry, as I had guessed by the little *agrement* upon his sign, that he was a Frenchman. I know, sir, it is not requisite for me to enlarge upon these hints to a gentleman of your great abilities; so humbly recommending myself to your favour and patronage,

I remain, &c.\*

I shall add to the foregoing letter another, which came to me by the same penny-post.

\* *From my own apartment near Charing-cross.*

‘HONOURED SIR,

‘HAVING heard that this nation is a great encourager of ingenuity, I have brought with me a rope-dancer that was caught in one of the woods belonging to the Great Mogul. He is by birth a



monkey; but swings upon a rope, and of tobacco, and drinks a glass of reasonable creature. He gives grace to the quality; and if they will make a clown for him, I will send for a brother Holland, that is a very good turn for another of the same family who my merry-andrew, as being an excellent the greatest droll in the country who I hope to have this entertainment for the next winter; and doubt not please more than the opera, or pup will not say that a monkey is a better some of the opera heroes; but ever better representative of a man, than artificial composition of wood and will be pleased to give me a good paper, you shall be every night a show for nothing.

C.

I am, &amp;c.

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No. 22. TUESDAY, APRIL.

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*Non una lingua concinnus uti  
Quaritur ut Chlo nata si commista Et  
Ho*

Both tongues united sweetest sounds  
Like Chloë mixed with Laburnum juice

There is nothing that has more astonished an English audience, than the Italian's first entrance upon the stage. People are continually surprised to hear general words of command, and ladies deliver

in music. Our countrymen could not forbear laughing when they heard a lover chanting out a billet-doux, and even the superscription of a letter set to a tune. The famous blunder in an old play of 'Enter a king and two fiddlers solus,' was now no longer an absurdity, when it was impossible for a hero in a desert, or a princess in her closet, to speak any thing unaccompanied with musical instruments.

But however this Italian method of acting in recitativo might appear at first hearing, I cannot but think it much more just than that which prevailed in our English opera before this innovation: the transition from an air to recitative music being more natural, than the passing from a song to plain and ordinary speaking, which was the common method in Purcell's operas.

The only fault I find in our present practice, is the making use of the Italian recitativo with English words.

To go to the bottom of this matter, I must observe, that the tone, or (as the French call it) the accent of every nation in their ordinary speech, is altogether different from that of every other people; as we may see even in the Welsh and Scotch who border so near upon us. By the tone or accent, I do not mean the pronunciation of each particular word, but the sound of the whole sentence. Thus it is very common for an English gentleman when he hears a French tragedy, to complain that the actors all of them speak in a tone: and therefore he very wisely prefers his own countrymen, not considering that a foreigner complains of the same tone in an English actor.

For this reason, the recitative music, in every language, should be as different as the tone or

accent of each language ; for others properly express a passion in one not do it in another. Every one living in Italy knows very well, that in the recitativo bear a remote affinity of their voices in ordinary conversation speak more properly, are only the language made more musical and

Thus the notes of interrogation, in the Italian music (if one may which resemble their accents in such occasions, are not unlike the of an English voice when we are any that I have often seen our audience mistaken, as to what has been done stage, and expecting to see the hero his messenger, when he has been questioned ; or fancying that he quitted friend, when he only bids him good

For this reason the Italian artists with our English musicians in admiring compositions, and thinking his tune fully adapted to his words ; because do not always express the same particular sounds.

I am therefore humbly of opinion that our composer should not follow the recitativo too servilely, but make use of deviations from it, in compliance with the native language. He may copy out lulling softness and ' dying falls' (as they call them) but should still remember ought to accommodate himself to the audience ; and by humouring the tone in ordinary conversation, have the same to the accent of his own language, as we had to theirs when he professes

observed, that several of the singing birds of own country learn to sweeten their voices, mellow the harshness of their natural notes, practising under those that come from warmer climes. In the same manner I would allow the an opera to lend our English music as much as grace and soften it, but never entirely to dilute and destroy it. Let the infusion be as strong as you please, but still let the subject-matter of it be English.

A composer should fit his music to the genius of his people, and consider that the delicacy of feeling, and taste of harmony, has been formed by those sounds which every country abounds with. In short, that music is of a relative nature, and what is harmony to one ear, may be discord to another.

The same observations which I have made of the recitative part of music, may be applied to our songs and airs in general.

Senior Baptist Lally acted like a man of sense in particular. He found the French music extremely defective, and very often barbarous. However, knowing the genius of the people, the force of their language, and the prejudices he had to deal with, he did not pretend to uproot the French music, and plant the Italian instead, but only to cultivate and civilize it by innumerable graces and modulations which were borrowed from the Italians. By this means French music is now perfect in its kind; and if you say it is not so good as the Italian, you mean that it does not please you so well; for as it is scarce a Frenchman who would not wonder what you give the Italian such a preference.

\* These means.

The music of the French is indeed very properly adapted to their pronunciation and accent, as their whole opera wonderfully favours the genius of such a gay airy people. The chorus in which that opera abounds, gives the parterre frequent opportunities of joining in concert\* with the stage. This inclination of the audience to sing along with the actors, so prevails with them, that I have sometimes known the performer on the stage do no more in a celebrated song, than the clerk of a parish church, who serves only to raise the psalm, and is afterwards drowned in the music of the congregation. Every actor that comes on the stage is a beau. The queens and heroines are so painted, that they appear as ruddy and cherry-checked as milk-maids. The shepherds are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a ball better than our English dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of rivers appear in red stockings, and Alpheus, instead of having his head covered with reeds and bull rushes, making love in a full bottom periwig and a plume of feathers, but with a voice so full of shakes and quavers, that I should have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable music.

I remember the last opera I saw in that merry nation was the Rape of Proserpine, where Pluto, to make the more tempting figure, puts himself in a French equipage, and brings Ascalaphus along with him as his valet de chambre. This is what we call folly and impertinence; but what the French look upon as gay and polite.

I shall add no more to what I have here offered, than that music, architecture, and painting, as well as poetry and oratory, are to deduce their laws and

\* Concert.

rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of those arts themselves; or, in other words, the taste is not to conform to the art, but the art to the taste. Music is not designed to please only chromatic ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from disagreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear is a judge whether a passion is expressed in proper sounds, and whether the melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing. C.

\* \* Complete sets of this paper for the month of March, are sold by Mr. Graves, in St. James's-street; Mr. Tallis, perfumer, the corner of Beaufort buildings; Messrs. Sanger, Knappton, Bond, and Mrs. Baldwin.—Spect. in folio.

No. 30. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1711.

*Si Minnermus uti censet, uno amore juxtaque  
Atque jucundum; vivas in amore juxtaque.*

Hor. l. Ep. vi. 65.

If nothing, as Minnermus strives to prove,  
Can e'er be pleasant without mirth and love,  
Then live in mirth and love, thy sports pursue.

Cicero.

Our common calamity makes men extremely affect each other, though they differ in every other particular. The passion of love is the most general concern among men; and I am glad to hear by my last advices from Oxford, that there are a set of sighers in that university, who have erected themselves into a society in honour of that tender passion. These gentlemen are of that sort of innamoratos, who are not so very much lost

to common sense, but that they understand the folly they are guilty of; and for that reason separate themselves from all other company, because they will enjoy the pleasure of talking incoherently, without being ridiculous to any but each other. When a man comes into the club, he is not obliged to make any introduction to his discourse, but at once, as he is seating himself in his chair, speaks in the thread of his own thoughts, 'She gave me a very obliging glance, she never looked so well in her life as this evening;' or the like reflection, without regard to any other member of the society; for in this assembly they do not meet to talk to each other, but every man claims the full liberty of talking to himself. Instead of snuff-boxes and canes, which are the usual helps to discourse with other young fellows, these have each some piece of riband, a broken fan, or an old girdle, which they play with while they talk of the fair person remembered by each respective token. According to the representation of the matter from my letters, the company appear like so many players rehearsing behind the scenes; one is sighing and lamenting his destiny in beseeching terms, another declaiming he will break his chain, and another, in dumb-show, striving to express his passion by his gesture. It is very ordinary in the assembly for one of a sudden to rise and make a discourse concerning his passion in general, and describe the temper of his mind in such a manner, as that the whole company shall join in the description, and feel the force of it. In this case, if any man has declared the violence of his flame in more pathetic terms, he is made president for that night, out of respect to his superior passion.

We had some years ago in this town a set of

people who met and dressed like lovers, and were distinguished by the name of the Fringe-glove Club; but they were persons of such moderate intellects, even before they were impaired by their passion, that their irregularities could not furnish sufficient variety of folly to afford daily new impertinences, by which means that institution dropped. Those fellows could express their passion in nothing but their dress; but the Oxoniens are fantastical now they are in verse, in proportion to their learning and understanding before they became such. The thoughts of the ancient poets on this agreeable phrensy are translated in honour of some modern beauty; and Chloris is won to day by the same compliment that was made to Leodis a thousand years ago. But as far as I can learn, the patron of the club is the renowned Don Quixote. The adventures of that gentle knight are frequently mentioned in the society, under the colour of laughing at the passion and themselves; but at the same time, though they are sensible of the extravagancies of that unhappy warrior, they do not observe, that to turn all the reading of the best and wisest writings into chapsalles of love, is a phrensy no less diverting than that of the aforesaid accomplished Spaniard. A gentleman who, I hope, will continue his correspondence, is lately admitted into the fraternity, and sent me the following letter:

SIR,

When I find you take notice of clubs, I beg leave to give you an account of one in Oxford which you have no where mentioned, and perhaps never heard of. We distinguish ourselves by the title of the Anonymous Club, are all votaries of Cupid, and admirers of the fair sex. The rea-



son that we are so little known in the world, is the secrecy which we are obliged to live under in the university. Our constitution runs counter to that of the place wherein we live: for in love there are no doctors, and we all profess so high a passion, that we admit no graduates in it. Our presideñtship is bestowed according to the dignity of passion; our number is unlimited; and our statutes are like those of the druids, recorded in our own breasts only, and explained by the majority of the company. A mistress, and a poem in her praise, will introduce any candidate. Without the latter no one can be admitted; for he that is not in love enough to rhyme, is unqualified for our society. To speak disrespectfully of any woman is expulsion from our gentle society. As we are at present all of us gownmen, instead of duelling when we are rivals, we drink together the health of our mistress. The manner of doing this sometimes indeed creates debates; on such occasions we have recourse to the rules of love among the ancients.

*"Nævia sex cythis, septem Justina bibatur."*

MART. Epig. 1. 72.

*"Six cups to Nævia, to Justina seven."*

This method of a glass to every letter of her name, occasioned the other night a dispute of some warmth. A young student, who is in love with Mrs. Elizabeth Dimple, was so unreasonable as to begin her health under the name of *Elizabetha*; which so exasperated the club, that by common consent we retrenched it to Betty. We look upon a man as no company that does not sigh five times in a quarter of an hour; and look upon a member as very absurd, that is so much

himself as to make a direct answer to a question. In fine, the whole assembly is made up of absent men, that is, of such persons as have lost their locality, and whose minds and bodies never keep company with one another. As I am an unfortunate member of this distracted society, you cannot expect a very regular account of it; for which reason I hope you will pardon me that I so abruptly subscribe myself,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant,

T. H.

‘I forgot to tell you, that Albina, who has six votaries in this club, is one of your readers.’ R.

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No. 31. THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1711.

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*Mi mihi fuit audita loqui*———

VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 966.

What I have heard, permit me to relate.

LAST night, upon my going into a coffee-house not far from the Hay-market theatre, I diverted myself for above half an hour with overhearing the discourse of one, who, by the shabbiness of his dress, the extravagance of his conceptions, and the hurry of his speech, I discovered to be of that species who are generally distinguished by the title of Projectors. This gentleman, for I found he was treated as such by his audience, was entertaining a whole table of listeners with the project of an opera, which he told us had not cost

him above two or three mornings in the convenience, and which he was ready to put in execution, provided he might find his account in it. He said, that he had observed the great trouble and inconvenience which ladies were at, in travelling up and down to the several shows that are exhibited in different quarters of the town. The dancing monkeys are in one place; the puppet-show in another; the opera in a third; not to mention the lions, that are almost a whole day's journey from the polliter part of the town. By this means people of figure are forced to lose half the winter after their coming to town, before they have seen all the strange sights about it. In order to remedy this great inconvenience, our projector drew out of his pocket the scheme of an opera, entitled, *The Expedition of Alexander the Great*: in which he had disposed all the remarkable shows about town, among the scenes and decorations of his piece. The thought, he confessed, was not originally his own, but that he had taken the hint of it from several performances which he had seen upon our stage: in one of which there was a raree-show; in another a ladder-dance; and in others a posture-man, a moving picture, with many curiosities of the like nature.

This Expedition of Alexander opens with his consulting the oracle at Delphos, in which the dumb conjuror, who has been visited by so many persons of quality of late years, is to be introduced as telling his fortune. At the same time Clinch of Barnet is represented in another corner of the temple, as ringing the bells of Delphos, for joy of his arrival. The tent of Darius is to be peopled by the ingenious Mrs. Salmon, where Alexander is to fall in love with a piece of wax-work, that represents the beautiful . . . When

under comes into that country, in which thus Curtius tells us the dogs were so ex-  
 ing fierce, that they would not lose their  
 though they were cut to pieces limb by limb,  
 but they would hang upon their prey by their  
 when they had nothing but a mouth left,  
 is to be a scene of Hockley in the Hole, in  
 h is to be represented all the diversions of  
 place, the bull-baiting only excepted, which  
 ut possibly be exhibited in the theatre, by  
 m of the lowness of the roof. The several  
 is in Asia, which Alexander must be sup-  
 d to pass through, will give the audience a  
 of monkeys dancing upon ropes, with many  
 pleasantries of that ludicrous species. At  
 ame time, if there chance to be any strange  
 als in town, whether birds or beasts, they  
 be either let loose among the woods, or dis-  
 across the stage by some of the country pen-  
 f Asia. In the last great battle, Pinkethman  
 personate King Porus upon an elephant, and  
 be encountered by Powell, representing  
 under the Great, upon a dromedary, which  
 theless Mr. Powell is desired to call by the  
 s of Hucephalus. Upon the close of this  
 decisive battle, when the two kings are tho-  
 hly reconciled, to shew the mutual friend-  
 and good correspondence that reigns be-  
 n them, they both of them go together to a  
 et-show, in which the ingenious Mr. Powell,  
 or, may have an opportunity of displaying his  
 art of machinery, for the diversion of the  
 monarchs. Some at the table urged, that a  
 et-show was not a suitable entertainment for  
 under the Great; and that it might be intro-  
 d more properly, if we suppose the con-  
 or touched upon that part of India which is

said to be inhabited by the pygmies. But this objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the proposal immediately overruled. Our projector further added, that after the reconciliation of these two kings, they might invite one another to dinner, and either of them entertain his guest with the German artist, Mr. Pinkethman's heathen gods, or any of the like diversions, which shall then chance to be in vogue.

This project was received with very great applause by the whole table. Upon which the undertaker told us, that he had not yet communicated to us above half his design; for that Alexander being a Greek, it was his intention that the whole opera should be acted in that language, which was a tongue he was sure would wonderfully please the ladies, especially when it was a little raised and rounded by the Ionic dialect; and could not but be acceptable to the whole audience, because there are fewer of them who understand Greek than Italian. The only difficulty that remained, was how to get performers, unless we could persuade some gentlemen of the universities to learn to sing, in order to qualify themselves for the stage; but this objection soon vanished, when the projector informed us that the Greeks were at present the only musicians in the Turkish empire, and that it would be very easy for our factory at Smyrna to furnish us every year with a colony of musicians, by the opportunity of the Turkey fleet; besides, says he, if we want any single voice for any lower part in the opera, Lawrence can learn to speak Greek, as well as he does Italian, in a fortnight's time.

The projector having thus settled matters, to the good liking of all that heard him, he left his seat at the table, and planted himself before the

fire, where I had unluckily taken my stand for the convenience of overhearing what he said.— Whether he had observed me to be more attentive than ordinary, I cannot tell, but he had not stood by me above a quarter of a minute, but he turned short upon me on a sudden, and catching me by a button of my coat, attacked me very abruptly after the following manner. ‘Besides, sir, I have heard of a very extraordinary genius for music that lives in Switzerland, who has so strong a spring in his fingers, that he can make the board of an organ sound like a drum, and if I could but procure a subscription of about ten thousand pounds every winter, I would undertake to fetch him over, and oblige him by articles to set every thing that should be sung upon the English stage.’ After this he looked full in my face, expecting I would make an answer, when, by good luck, a gentleman that had entered the coffee-house since the projector applied himself to me, hearing him talk of his Swiss compositions, cried out in a kind of laugh, ‘Is our music then to receive further improvements from Switzerland!’ This alarmed the projector, who immediately let go my button, and turned about to answer him. I took the opportunity of the diversion which seemed to be made in favour of me, and laying down my penny upon the bar, retired with some precipitation. C.

No. 32. FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1711.

*Mibi larva aut fragilis est esse coherens.*

Men. 1 Act. v. 61.

He wants no tragic visor to increase  
His natural deformity of face.

THE late discourse concerning the statutes of the Ugly club, having been so well received at Oxford, that, contrary to the strict rules of the society, they have been so partial as to take my own testimonial, and admit me into that select body; I could not restrain the vanity of publishing to the world the honour which is done me. It is no small satisfaction that I have given occasion for the President's shewing both his invention and reading to such advantage as my correspondent reports he did: but it is not to be doubted there were many very proper hums and pauses in his harangue, which lose their ugliness in the narration, and which my correspondent (begging his pardon) has no very good talent at representing. I very much approve of the contempt the society has of beauty. Nothing ought to be laudable in a man, in which his will is not concerned; therefore our society can follow nature, and where she has thought fit, as it were, to mock herself, we can do so too, and be merry upon the occasion.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Your making public the late trouble I gave you, you will find to have been the occasion of this. Who should I meet at the coffee-house door the other night, but my old Mr. Pre-

aident ! I saw somewhat had pleased him ; and as soon as he had cast his eye upon me, "Oho, doctor, rare news from London," says he ; "the Spectator has made honourable mention of the club (man), and published to the world his sincere desire to be a member, with a recommendatory description of his phiz ; and though our constitution has made no particular provision for short faces, yet his being an extraordinary case, I believe we shall find an hole for him to creep in at ; for I assure you he is not against the canon ; and if his sides are as compact as his joles, he need not disguise himself to make one of us." I presently called for the paper, to see how you looked in print ; and after we had regaled ourselves a while upon the pleasant image of our proselyte, Mr. President told me I should be his stranger at the next night's club : where we were no sooner come, and pipes brought, but Mr. President began an harangue upon your introduction to my epistle, setting forth with no less volubility of speech, than strength of reason, "That a speculation of this nature was what had been long and much wanted ; and that he doubted not but it would be of inestimable value to the public, in reconciling even of bodies and souls ; in composing and quieting the minds of men under all corporal redundancies, deficiencies, and irregularities whatsoever ; and making every one sit down content in his own carcass, though it were not perhaps so mathematically put together as he could wish." And again, "How that for want of a due consideration of what you first advance, viz. That our faces are not of our own choosing, people had been transported beyond all good breeding, and hurried themselves into unaccountable and fatal extravagancies ; as, how many impartial looking-



glasses had been consured and sometimes shivered into tatters, only for a fair representation of the truth? How many head-strings made necessary, and by which folks must needs go through shadows? And who," continues he, "but is deeply sensible, that one great source of the uneasiness and misery of human life, especially amongst those of distinction, arises from nothing in the world else, but too severe a contemplation of an indefeasible contexture of our external parts, or certain natural and invincible dispositions to be fat or lean? when a little more of Mr. Spectator's philosophy would take off all this. In the meantime let them observe, that there is not one of their grievances of this sort, but perhaps, in some ages of the world, has been highly in vogue, and may be so again; nay, in some country or other, ten to one is so at this day. My Lady Ample is the most miserable woman in the world, purely of her own making. She even grudges herself meat and drink, for fear she should thrive by them; and is constantly crying out, 'In a quarter of a year more I shall be quite out of all manner of shape!' Now the lady's misfortune seems to be only this, that she is planted in a wrong soil; for go but to the other side of the water, it is a jest at Haarlem to talk of a shape under eighteen stone. These wise traders regulate their beauties as they do their butter, by the pound; and Miss Cross, when she first arrived in the Low Countries, was not computed to be so handsome as Madam Van Bricket by near half a ton. On the other hand, there is Squire Lath, a proper gentleman of fifteen hundred pounds per annum, as well as of an unblamable life and conversation;

yet would not I be the esquire for half his estate; for if it was as much more, he would freely part with it all for a pair of legs to his mind. Whereas in the reign of our first Edward of glorious memory, nothing more modish than a brace of your fine taper supporters; and his majesty, without an inch of calf, managed affairs in peace or war as laudably as the bravest and most politic of his ancestors; and was as terrible to his neighbours under the royal name of Longshanks, as *Cœur de Lion* to the Saracens before him. If we look further back into history, we shall find that Alexander the Great wore his head a little over the left shoulder, and then not a soul stirred out till he had adjusted his neck-bone; the whole nobility addressed the prince and each other obliquely, and all matters of importance were concerted and carried on in the Macedonian court, with their polls on one side. For about the first century nothing made more noise in the world than Roman noses, and then not a word of them till they revived again in eighty-eight.\* Nor is it so very long since Richard the Third set up half the backs of the nation; and high shoulders, as well as high noses, were the top of the fashion. But to come to ourselves, gentlemen, though I find by my quinquennial observations, that we shall never get ladies enough to make a party in our own country, yet might we meet with better success among some of our allies. And what think you if our board sat for a Dutch piece? Truly I am of opinion, that as odd as we appear in flesh and blood, we should be no such strange things in metzo-tinto. But this project may rest

\* On the accession of King William III. in compliment to whom Dryden, in the preface to his translation of Virgil, his *Æneid* always represented with a Roman nose.

till our number is complete; and this being our election night, give me leave to propose Mr. Spectator. You see his inclinations, and perhaps we may not have his fellow."

"I found most of them (as is usual in all such cases) were prepared; but one of the seniors (whom by the by Mr. President had taken all this pains to bring over) sat still, and cocking his chin, which seemed only to be levelled at his nose, very gravely declared, "That in case he had had sufficient knowledge of you, no man should have been more willing to have served you; but that he, for his part, had always had regard to his own conscience, as well as other people's merit; and he did not know but that you might be a handsome fellow; for as for your own certificate, it was every body's business to speak for themselves." Mr. President immediately retorted, "A handsome fellow! why he is a wit, sir, and you know the proverb;" and to ease the old gentleman of his scruples, cried, "That for matter of merit it was all one, you might wear a mask." This threw him into a pause, and he looked desirous of three days to consider on it; but Mr. President improved the thought, and followed him up with an old story, "That wits were privileged to wear what masks they pleased in all ages; and that a vizard had been the constant crown of their labours, which was generally presented them by the hand of some satyr, and sometimes of Apollo himself;" for the truth of which he appealed to the frontispiece of several books, and particularly to the English Juvenal, to which he referred him; and only added, "That such authors were the *Larvæ*, or *Larvæ donati* of the ancients." This cleared up all, and in the conclusion you were chose probationer; and Mr. President put round your health

as such, protesting, "That though indeed he talk-  
ed of a visard, he did not believe all the while you  
had any more occasion for it than the cat-a-moun-  
tain;" so that all you have to do now is to pay  
our fees, which are here very reasonable, if you  
are not imposed upon; and you may style your-  
self *Infirmis Nocturnis Noctus*; which I am de-  
sired to acquaint you with; and upon the same I  
beg you to accept of the congratulation of,

SIN,

Your obliged humble servant,

A. C.

Oxford, March 31.

R.

No. 35. SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1711.

*Periclitus tecum puer, et solitus  
Strutis gaudia, prosperentque nymphas,  
Et parum cumis sine te juveniles,  
Mercuriusque.*

HON. 1 Od. XII. 4.

The graces with their names unbow'd;  
The nymphs their beauties all expos'd;  
From every spring, and every plain;  
Thy powerful, hot, and winged boy;  
And youth, that's dull without thy joy;  
And Mercury compose thy train.

CANNON.

A FRIEND of mine has two daughters, whom I will  
call Lætula and Daphne; the former is one of the  
greatest beauties of the age in which she lives,  
the latter no way remarkable for any charms in her  
person. Upon this one circumstance of their

outward form; the good and ill of their life seems to turn. Lætitia has not, from her very childhood, heard any thing else but commendations of her features and complexion, by which means she is no other than nature made her, a very beautiful outside. The consciousness of her charms has rendered her insupportably vain and insolent towards all who have to do with her. Daphne, who was almost twenty before one civil thing had ever been said to her, found herself obliged to acquire some accomplishments to make up for the want of those attractions which she saw in her sister. Poor Daphne was seldom submitted to in a debate wherein she was concerned; her discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good sense of it, and she was always under a necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while Lætitia was listened to with partiality, and approbation not in the countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These causes have produced suitable effects, and Lætitia is as insipid a companion as Daphne is an agreeable one. Lætitia, confident of favour, has studied no arts to please; Daphne, despairing of any inclination towards her person, has depended only on her merit. Lætitia has always something in her air that is sullen, grave, and disconsolate. Daphne has a countenance that appears cheerful, open, and unconcerned. A young gentleman saw Lætitia this winter at a play, and became her captive. His fortune was such, that he wanted very little introduction to speak his sentiments to her father. The lover was admitted with the utmost freedom into the family, where a constrained behaviour, severe looks, and distant civilities, were the highest favours he could obtain of Lætitia; while

Daphne used him with the good humour, familiarity, and innocence of a sister: Inasmuch that he would often say to her, 'Dear Daphne, wert thou but as handsome as Lætitia—.' She received such language with that ingenuous and pleasing mirth, which is natural to a woman without design. He still sighed in vain for Lætitia, but found certain relief in the agreeable conversation of Daphne. At length heartily tired with the haughty impertinence of Lætitia, and charmed with the repeated instances of good-humour he had observed in Daphne, he one day told the latter, that he had something to say to her he hoped she would be pleased with—'Faith, Daphne,' continued he, 'I am in love with thee, and despise thy sister sincerely.' The manner of his declaring himself, gave his mistress occasion for a very hearty laughter. 'Nay,' says he, 'I knew you would laugh at me, but I will ask your father.' He did so; the father received his intelligence with no less joy than surprise, and was very glad he had now no care left but for his beauty, which he thought he could carry to market at his leisure. 'I do not know any thing that has pleased me so much a great while, as this conquest of my friend Daphne's. All her acquaintance congratulate her upon her chance-medley, and laugh at that premeditating murderer her sister. As it is an argument of a light mind, to think the worse of ourselves for the imperfections of our person, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the advantages of them. The female world seem to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this particular; for which reason I shall recommend the following extract out of a friend's letter to the professed beauties, who are a people almost as unsufferable as the professed wits.

'Monsieur <sup>knows</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>did one</sup>  
 of his essays with <sup>the</sup> <sup>rights of</sup>  
 a handmaiden <sup>to</sup> <sup>do so much for the loss</sup>  
 of her life, as of her beauty. Perhaps this gall-  
 lery is pursued too far, yet it is turned upon a  
 very obvious remark, that woman's strongest pas-  
 sion is for her own beauty. <sup>and that she values it</sup>  
 as her favourite distinct <sup>From hence it is</sup>  
 that all arts, which pretend to improve or preserve  
 it, meet with so general a reception among the  
 sex. To say nothing of many false helps and con-  
 traband wares of beauty, which are daily vended  
 in this great mart, there is not a maiden gentle-  
 woman of a good family, in any country of South  
 Britain, who has not heard of the virtues of May-  
 dew, or is unfurnished with some receipt or other  
 in favour of her complexion; and I have known a  
 physician of learning and sense, after eight years  
 study in the university, and a course of travels  
 into most countries of Europe, owe the first rule-  
 ing of his fortunes to a cosmetic wash.

'This has given me occasion to consider how  
 so universal a disposition in womankind, which  
 springs from a laudable motive, the desire of  
 pleasing, and proceeds upon an opinion, not alto-  
 gether groundless, that nature may be helped by  
 art, may be turned to their advantage. And, methinks,  
 it would be an acceptable service to take  
 them out of the hands of quacks and pretenders,  
 and to prevent their imposing upon themselves,  
 by discovering to them the true secret and art of  
 improving beauty.

'In order to this, before I touch upon it direct-  
 ly, it will be necessary to lay down a few prelimi-  
 nary maxims, viz.

'That no woman can be handsome by the force  
 of features alone, any more than she can be witty  
 only by the help of speech.

‘That pride destroys all symmetry and grace, and affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the small-pox.

‘That no woman is capable of being beautiful, who is not incapable of being false.

‘And, That what would be odious in a friend is deformity in a mistress.

‘From these few principles, thus laid down, it will be easy to prove, that the true art of assisting beauty consists in embellishing the whole person by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is, that those who are the favourite work of nature, or as Mr. Dryden expresses it, the porcelain clay of human kind, become animated, and are in a capacity of exerting their charms; and those who seem to have been neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable in a great measure of finishing what she has left imperfect.

‘It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys, and soften the cares of humanity, by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them upon a level with their pictures at Kneller’s. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty, heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation! How faint and spiritless are the charms of a coquette, when compared with the real loveliness of Sophronia’s innocence, piety, good-humour, and truth; virtues which add a new softness to her sex, and even beautify her beauty! That agreeableness which must otherwise have appeared no longer in the modest virgin, is now preserved in the tender mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful



wife. Colours artfully spread upon canvass may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excellent qualities, may be allowed still to amuse, as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

‘When Adam is introduced by Milton, describing Eve in Paradise, and relating to the angel the impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her like a Grecian Venus, by her shape or features, but by the lustre of her mind which shone in them, and gave them the power of charming:

“Grace was in all her steps, heav’n in her eye,  
In all her gestures dignity and love!”

‘Without this irradiating power, the proudest fair-one ought to know, whatever her glass may tell her to the contrary, that her most perfect features are uninformed and dead.

‘I cannot better close this moral, than by a short epitaph written by Ben Jonson with a spirit which nothing could inspire but such an object as I have been describing:

“Underneath this stone doth lie  
As much virtue as could die;  
Which when alive did vigour give  
To as much beauty as could live.”

I am, sir,

Your most humble servant,

R.

R. B.’

No. 34. MONDAY, APRIL 9, 1711.

~~\_\_\_\_\_parcels~~  
*Cognatio maculis similis fers*

Pl v. Nat. xv. 189.

From spotted skins the leopard does refrain.

TATE.

THE club of which I am a member, is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed as it were out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind. By this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know every thing that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great city, but of the whole kingdom. My readers too have the satisfaction to find that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this club; and that there is always somebody present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night sat very late in company with this select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my speculations, as also with the various success which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. Will Honeycomb told me in the softest manner he could, that there were some ladies (but for your comfort, says Will, they are not those of the most wit) that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the

opera and the puppet-show ; that some of them were likewise very much surpris'd, that I should think such serious points as the dress and equipage of persons of quality, proper subjects for railery.

He was going on, when Sir Andrew Freeport took him up short and told him, that the papers he hinted at, had done great good in the city, and that all their wives and daughters were the better for them ; and further added, that the whole city thought themselves very much oblig'd to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular intrigues and cuckoldoms. ' In short,' says Sir Andrew, ' if you avoid that foolish beaten road of falling upon aldermen and citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of courts, your paper must needs be of general use.'

Upon this my friend the Templar told Sir Andrew, that he wonder'd to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner ; that the city had always been the province for satire ; and that the wits of King Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign. He then shew'd, by the examples of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the stage and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronis'd them. ' But after all,' says he, ' I think your railery has made too great an excursion, in attacking several persons of the inns of court ; and I do not believe you can shew me any precedent for your behaviour in that particular.'

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech

with a pish ! and told us, that he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. 'Let our good friend,' says he, 'attack every one that deserves it; I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator,' applying himself to me, 'to take care how you meddle with country 'squires. They are the ornaments of the English nation; men of good heads and sound bodieſ! and, let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you, that you mention fox-hunters with so little respect.'

Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my speculation was taken away from me, by one or other of the club: and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his grey hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy friend the clergyman, who very luckily for me, was at the club that night, undertook my cause. He told us, that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised. That it was not quality, but innocence, which exempted men from reproof. That vice and folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He further added, that my paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already

depressed, and in the end turned into ridicule, by the means of the various conditions and circumstances. He afterward proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the public, by reprehending those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with cheerfulness, and assured me, that whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honour to the persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole club pay a particular deference to the discourse of this gentleman, and are drawn into what he says, as much by the candid ingenuous manner with which he delivers himself, as by the strength of argument and force of reason which he makes use of. Will Honeycomb immediately agreed, that what he had said was right; and that, for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the ladies. Sir Andrew gave up the city with the same frankness. The Templar would not stand out, and was followed by Sir Roger and the Captain; who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased; provided I continued to combat with criminals in body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the Roman triumvirate were formerly engaged in for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their proscription; and at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions to march on boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found, I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If Punch grows extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely. If the stage becomes a nursery of lolly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with any thing in city, court, or country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavours to make an example of it. I must, however, in- treat every particular person, who does me the honour to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself, or any one of his friends or ene- mies, aimed at in what is said; for I promise him, never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people; or to publish a single paper, that is not written in the spirit of benevolence, and with a love of mankind. C.

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No. 45. TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1711

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*Nisi sapia res sapienter nulla est.*

MA 21

Nothing so foolish as the laugh of fools.

Among all kinds of writing, there is none in which authors are more apt to miscarry than in works of humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an imagination that teems with monsters, an head that is filled with extravagant conceptions, which is ca-

pable of furnishing the world with diversions of this nature; and yet if we look into the productions of several writers who set up for men of humour, what wild irregular fancies, what unnatural distortions of thought do we meet with! If they speak nonsense, they believe they are talking humour; and when they have drawn together a scheme of absurd, inconsistent ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the reputation of wits and humourists, by such monstrous conceits as almost qualify them for Bedlam; not considering that humour should always lie under the check of reason, and that it requires the direction of the nicest judgment, by so much the more as it indulges itself in the most boundless freedom. There is a kind of nature that is to be observed in this sort of compositions, as well as in all other; and a certain regularity of thought which must discover the writer to be a man of sense, at the same time that he appears altogether given up to caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious mirth of an unskillful author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert myself with it, but am rather apt to pity the man, than laugh at any thing he writes.

The deceased Mr. Shadwell, who had himself a great deal of the talent which I am treating of, represents an empty rake, in one of his plays, as very much surprised to hear one say, that breaking of windows was not humour; and I question not but several English readers will be as much startled to hear me affirm, that many of those raving incoherent pieces, which are often spread among us, under odd chimerical titles, are rather the offsprings of a disordered brain than works of humour.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than as Cowley has done wit, by negatives. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory, and by supposing Humour to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy. Truth was the founder of the family, and the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a lady of collateral line called Mirth, by whom he had issue Humour. Humour therefore being the youngest of this illustrious family, and descended from parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behaviour and fantastic in his dress; insomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a judge, and as jocular as a merry andrew. But as he has a great deal of the mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

But since there is an impostor abroad, who takes upon him the name of this young gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the world; to the end that well-meaning persons may not be imposed upon by cheats, I would desire my readers, when they meet with this pretender, to look into his parentage, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to Truth, and lineally descended from Good Sense; if not, they may conclude him a counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish him by a loud and excessive laughter, in which he seldom gets his company to join with him. For as True Humour generally looks serious, while every body laughs about



him; False Humour is always laughing, whilst every body about him looks serious. I shall only add, if he has not in him a mixture of both parents, that is, if he would pass for the offspring of Wit without Mirth, or Mirth without Wit, you may conclude him to be altogether spurious and a cheat.

The impostor of whom I am speaking, descends originally from Falsehood, who was the mother of Nonsense, who was brought to bed of a son, called Frenzy, who married one of the daughters of Folly, commonly known by the name of Laughter, on whom he begot that monstrous infant of which I have here been speaking. I shall set down at length the genealogical table of False Humour, and, at the same time, place under it the genealogy of True Humour, that the reader may at one view behold their different pedigrees and relations:

Falsehood.

Nonsense.

Frenzy.—Laughter.

False Humour.

Truth.

Good Sense.

Wit.—Mirth.

Humour.

I might extend the allegory, by mentioning several of the children of False Humour, who are more in number than the sands of the sea, and might in particular enumerate the many sons and daughters which he has begot in this island. But as this would be a very invidious task, I shall only observe in general, that False Humour differs from the True, as a monkey does from a man.

First of all, He is exceedingly given to little splash tricks and buffooneries.

Secondly, He so much delights in mimicry, that it is all one to him whether he exposes by it vice and folly, luxury and avarice; or, on the contrary, virtue and wisdom, pain and poverty.

Thirdly, He is wonderfully unlucky, inasmuch that he will bite the hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both friends and foes indifferently. For having but small talents, he must be merry where he can, not where he should.

Fourthly, Being entirely void of reason, he pursues no point either of morality or instruction, but is ludicrous only for the sake of being so.

Fifthly, Being incapable of any thing but mock representations, his ridicule is always personal, and aimed at the vicious man, or the writer; not at the vice, or the writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole species of false humourists; but as one of my principal designs in this paper is to beat down that malignant spirit, which discovers itself in the writings of the present age, I shall not scruple, for the future, to single out any of the small wits, that infect the world with such compositions as are ill-natured, immoral, and absurd. This is the only exception which I shall make to the general rule I have prescribed myself, of attacking multitudes, since every honest man ought to look upon himself as in a natural state of war with the libeller and lampooner, and to annoy them wherever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others.

C).

No. 26. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1711.

~~Immanis monstra~~  
~~Performis~~

Vinc. Æn. iii. 502.

Things the most out of nature we endure.

I SHALL not put myself to any further pains for this day's entertainment, than barely to publish the letters and titles of petitions from the play-house, with the minutes I have made upon the latter for my conduct in relation to them.

Drury-lane, April the 8th.

'UPON reading the project which is set forth in one of your late papers, of making an alliance between all the bulls, bears, elephants, and lions, which are separately exposed to public view in the cities of London and Westminster; together with the other wonders, shows, and monsters, whereof you made respective mention in the said speculation; we, the chief actors of this play-house, met and sat upon the said design. It is with great delight that we expect the execution of this work; and in order to contribute to it we have given warning to all our ghosts to get their livelihoods where they can, and not to appear among us after day-break of the 16th instant. We are resolved to take this opportunity to part with every thing which does not contribute to the representation of human life; and shall make a free gift of all animated utensils to your projector. The hangings you formerly mentioned are run away; as are likewise a set of chairs, each of which was met upon two legs going through the Rone tavern

at two this morning. We hope, sir, you will give proper notice to the town that we are endeavouring at these regulations; and that we intend for the future to shew no monsters, but men who are converted into such by their own industry and affectation. If you will please to be at the house to-night, you will see me do my endeavour to shew some unnatural appearances which are in vogue among the polite and well-bred. I am to present, in the character of a fine lady dancing, all the distortions which are frequently taken for graces in mien and gesture. This, sir, is a specimen of the methods we shall take to expose the monsters which come within the notice of a regular theatre; and we desire nothing more gross may be admitted by you Spectators for the future. We have cashiered three companies of theatrical guards, and design our kings shall for the future make love, and sit in council, without an army; and wait only your direction, whether you will have them reinforce king Porus, or join the troops of Macedon. Mr. Pinkethman resolves to consult his pantheon of heathen gods in opposition to the oracle of Delphos, and doubts not but he shall turn the fortune of Porus, when he personates him. I am desired by the company to inform you, that they submit to your censure; and shall have you in greater veneration than Hercules was of old, if you can drive monsters from the theatre; and think your merit will be as much greater than his, as to convince is more than to conquer.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

T. D.

‘ SIR,

‘ WHEN I acquaint you with the great and expected vicissitudes of my fortune, I doubt but I shall obtain your pity and favour. I for many years past been Thunderer to the house; and have not only made as much noise of the clouds as any predecessor of mine in theatre that ever bore that character, but have descended and spoke on the stage a bold Thunderer in *The Rehearsal*. When they got me down thus low, they thought fit to deg me further, and make me a ghost. I was contented with this for these two last winters; they carry their tyranny still further, and satisfied that I am banished from above ground they have given me to understand that I am only to depart their dominions, and taken from even my subterraneous employment. Now what I desire of you is, that if your underthinkers fit to use fire-arms (as other authors done) in the time of Alexander, I may be a non against Porus, or else provide for me in burning of Persepolis, or what other method shall think fit.

‘ SALMONEUS OF COVENT-GARDE

The petition of all the Devils of the playhouse in behalf of themselves and families, setting their expulsion from thence, with certificate their good life and conversation, and praying relief.

The merit of this petition referred to Mr. Rich, who made them devils.

The petition of the Grave-digger in Hamlet command the pioneers in the Expedition of /ander.

Granted.

The petition of William Bullock, to be Ho-  
lileation to Pinkethman the Great  
Granted.

### *Advertisement*

A widow gentleman, well born both by father and mother's side, being the daughter of Thomas Prater, once an eminent practitioner in the law, and of Letitia Little, a family well known in all parts of this kingdom, having been reduced by misfortune to wait on several great persons, and for some time to be a teacher at a boarding school of young ladies, giveth notice to the public, that she hath lately taken a house near Abchurch-lane, conveniently situated next the fields, in a good air; where she teaches all sorts of birds of the ingenious kind, as parrots, starlings, magpies, and others, to imitate human voices in greater perfection than ever was yet practised. They are not only instructed to pronounce words distinctly, and in a proper tone and accent, but to speak the language with great purity and volubility of tongue, together with all the fashionable phrases and compliments now in use either at tea tables, or visiting-days. Those that have good voices may be taught to sing the newest opera airs, and if required, to speak either Italian or French, paying something extraordinary above the common rate. They whose friends are not able to pay the full price, may be taken as half boarders. She teaches such as are designed for the diversion of the public, and to act in enchanted woods in the theatres, by the great. As she has often observed with much concern how indecent an education is usually given these innocent creatures, which in some measure is owing to their being placed in rooms next the street, where, to the great offence of chaste and tender ears, they learn ribaldry, obscene songs, and immodest expressions from passengers, and idle people, as also to cry fish and card-matches, with other unpolite parts of learning to birds who have rich friends, she has fitted up proper and neat apartments for them in the back part of her said house; where she suffers none to approach them but herself, and a servant maid who is deaf and dumb, and whom she provided on purpose to prepare their food, and cleanse their cages; having found by long experiment how hard a thing it is for those to keep silence who have the use of speech, and the danger her scholars are exposed to, by the strong impressions that are made by harsh sounds, and vulgar dialects. In short, if they are birds of any parts or capacity, she will undertake to render them an accomplished in the compass of a twelvemonth, that they shall be fit conversation for such ladies as love to choose their friends and companions out of this species.

No. 37. THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1

~~Non illa cede calathæe Minervæ  
Fœminæ accuset manus~~

VING. EA. 1

Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd.  
Da

SOME months ago, my friend Sir Roger b the country, enclosed a letter to me, direct certain lady whom I shall here call by the n Leonora, and as it contained matters of quence, desired me to deliver it to her v own hand. Accordingly I waited upon h ship pretty early in the morning, and was by her woman to walk into her lady's libr such time as she was in readiness to rece The very sound of a lady's library gave me curiosity to see it: and as it was some ti fore the lady came to me, I had an opport turning over a great many of her books were ranged together in a very beautifu At the end of the folios (which were finely and gilt) were great jars of china placed on another in a very noble piece of archit The quartos were separated from the oct a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in a ful pyramid. The octavos were bounded dishes of all shapes, colours, and sizes, were so disposed on a wooden frame, th looked like one continued pillar indente the finest strokes of sculpture, and stain the greatest variety of dyes. That part library which was designed for the recep plays and pamphlets, and other loose pape

enclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that I ever saw, and made up of acaramouches, lions, monkeys, mandarines, trees, shells, and a thousand other odd figures in china ware. In the midst of the room was a little japan table, with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a silver snuff-box made in the shape of a little book. I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the numbers like saggots in the muster of a regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixt kind of furniture, as seemed very suitable both to the lady and the scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy myself in a grotto, or in a library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were some few which the lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because, she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow:

Ogleby's Virgil.

Dryden's Juvenal.

Cassandra.

Cleopatra.

Astræa.

Mir Isaac Newton's Works.

The Grand Cyrus; with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.

Pembroke's Arcadia.

Locke on Human Understanding; with a paper of patches in it.

A Spelling Book.

A Dictionary for the explanation of hard words  
Sherlock upon Death.



The fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.  
 Sir William Temple's Essays.  
 Father Malebranche's Search after Truth,  
 translated into English.  
 A book of Novels.  
 The Academy of Compliments.  
 Culpepper's Midwifery.  
 The Ladies Calling.  
 Tales in Verse by Mr. Dursley: bound in red  
 leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down  
 in several places.  
 All the Classic Authors in Wood.  
 A set of Elsevirs by the same Hand.  
 Clelia: which opened of itself in the place  
 that describes two lovers in a bower.  
 Baker's Chronicle.  
 Advice to a Daughter.  
 The New Atalantis, with a Key to it.  
 Mr. Steele's Christian Hero.  
 A Prayer-book: with a bottle of Hungary Wa-  
 ter by the side of it.  
 Dr. Sacheverell's Speech.  
 Fielding's Trial.  
 Seneca's Morals.  
 Taylor's Holy Living and Dying.  
 La Ferte's Instructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a catalogue in my pocket-book of  
 these, and several other authors, when Leonora  
 entered, and upon my presenting her with a letter  
 from the knight, told me, with an unspeakable  
 grace, that she hoped Sir Roger was in good  
 health: I answered Yes, for I hate long speeches,  
 and after a bow or two retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and  
 is still a very lovely woman. She has been a wi-  
 dow for two or three years, and being unfortunate

in her first marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her estate to my good friend Sir Roger. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favourite pleasures and pursuits, Leonora has turned all the passion of her sex into a love of books and retirement. She converses chiefly with men (as she has often said herself) but it is only in their writings; and admits of very few male visitors, except my friend Sir Roger, whom she hears with great pleasure, and without scandal. As her reading has lain very much among romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir Roger has entertained me an hour together with a description of her country seat, which is situated in a kind of wilderness, about an hundred miles distant from London, and looks like a little enchanted palace. The rocks about her are shaped into artificial grottos covered with woodbines and jessamines. The woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into bowers, and filled with cages of turtles. The springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a beautiful lake that is inhabited by a couple of swans, and empties itself by a little rivulet which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of The Purling Stream. The knight likewise tells me, that this lady preserves her game better than any of the gentlemen in the country, not (says Sir Roger) that she sets so great a value upon her partridges and pheasants, as upon her larks and nightingales.

For she says that every bird which is killed in her ground, will spoil a concert, and that she shall certainly miss him the next year.

When I think how oddly this lady is improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments which she has formed to herself, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her sex, who employ themselves in diversions that are less reasonable though more in fashion? What improvements would a woman have made, who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding and rectify the passions, as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the imagination?

But the manner of a lady's employing herself usefully in reading, shall be the subject of another paper, in which I design to recommend such particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the sex. And as this is a subject of very nice nature, I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts upon it. C.

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No. 38. FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1711.

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————— *Cupias non placuisse nimis.*

MART.

One would not please too much.

A FATE conversation which I fell into, gave me an opportunity of observing a great deal of beauty in a very handsome woman, and as much wit

In an ingenious man, turned into deformity in the one, and absurdity in the other, by the mere force of affectation. The fair one had something in her person upon which her thoughts were fixed, that she attempted to shew to advantage in every look, word, and gesture. The gentleman was as diligent to do justice to his fine parts, as the lady to her beauteous form. You might see his imagination on the stretch to find out something uncommon, and what they call bright, to entertain her, while she writhed herself into as many different postures to engage him. When she laughed, her lips were to sever at a greater distance than ordinary to shew her teeth; her fan was to point to something at a distance, that in the reach she may discover the roundness of her arm; then she is utterly mistaken in what she saw, falls back, smiles at her own folly, and is so wholly discomposed, that her tucker is to be adjusted, her bosom exposed, and the whole woman put into new airs and graces. While she was doing all this, the gallant had time to think of something very pleasant to say next to her, or make some unkind observation on some other lady to feed her vanity. These unhappy effects of affectation, naturally led me to look into that strange state of mind which so generally discolours the behaviour of most people we meet with.

The learned Dr. Burnet, in his *Theory of the Earth*, takes occasion to observe, that every thought is attended with a consciousness and representativeness; the mind has nothing presented to it but what is immediately followed by a reflection of conscience, which tells you whether that which was so presented is graceful or unbecoming. This act of the mind discovers itself in the gesture, by a proper behaviour in those whose

consciousness goes no farther than to direct them in the just progress of their present state or action ; but betrays an interruption in every second thought, when the consciousness is employed in too fondly approving a man's own conceptions ; which sort of consciousness is what we call affectation.

As the love of praise is implanted in our bosoms as a strong incentive to worthy actions, it is a very difficult task to get above a desire of it for things that should be wholly indifferent. Women, whose hearts are fixed upon the pleasure they have in the consciousness that they are the objects of love and admiration, are ever changing the air of their countenances and altering the attitude of their bodies, to strike the hearts of their beholders with new sense of their beauty. The dressing-part of our sex, whose minds are the same with the sillier part of the other, are exactly in the like uneasy condition to be regarded for a well-tied cravat, an hat cocked with an uncommon briskness, a very well-chosen coat, or other instances of merit, which they are impatient to see unobserved.

This apparent affectation, arising from an ill-governed consciousness, is not so much to be wondered at in such loose and trivial minds as these ; but when we see it reign in characters of worth and distinction, it is what you cannot but lament, not without some indignation. It creeps into the heart of the wise man as well as that of the coxcomb. When you see a man of sense look about for applause, and discover an itching inclination to be commended ; lay traps for a little incense, even from those whose opinion he values in nothing but his own favour ; who is safe against this weakness ? or who knows whe-

ther he is guilty or not? The best way to get clear of such a light fondness for applause, is to take all possible care to throw off the love of it upon occasions that are not in themselves laudable, but as it appears we hope for no praise from them. Of this nature are all graces in men's persons, dress, and bodily deportment, which will naturally be winning and attractive if we think not of them, but lose their force in proportion to our endeavour to make them such.

When our consciousness turns upon the main design of life, and our thoughts are employed upon the chief purpose, either in business or pleasure, we shall never betray an affectation, for we cannot be guilty of it: but when we give the passion for praise an unbridled liberty, our pleasure in little perfections robs us of what is due to us for great virtues, and worthy qualities. How many excellent speeches and honest actions are lost, for want of being indifferent where we ought? Men are oppressed with regard to their way of speaking and acting, instead of having their thoughts bent upon what they should do or say; and by that means bury a capacity for great things, by their fear of failing in indifferent things. This, perhaps, cannot be called affectation; but it has some tincture of it, at least so far, as that their fear of erring in a thing of no consequence, argues they would be too much pleased in performing it.

It is only from a thorough disregard to himself in such particulars, that a man can act with a laudable sufficiency: his heart is fixed upon one point in view; and he commits no errors, because he thinks nothing an error but what deviates from that intention.

The wild havoc affectation makes in that part

of the world, which should be most polite, is capable wherever we turn our eyes: it pushes men not only into impertinences in conversation, but also in their premeditated speeches. At the bar it torments the bench, where business it is to cut off all superfluities in what is spoken before it by the practitioner; as well as several little pieces of injustice which arise from the law itself. I have seen it make a man run from the purpose before a judge, who was, when at the bar himself, so close and logical a pleader, that with all the pomp of eloquence in his power, he never spoke a word too much.\*

It might be borne even here, but it often ascends the pulpit itself; and the declaimer, in that sacred place, is frequently so impertinently witty, speaks of the last day itself with so many quaint phrases, that there is no man who understands rallery, but must resolve to sin no more. Nay, you may behold him sometimes in prayer for a proper delivery of the great truths he is to utter, humble himself with so very well-turned phrase, and mention his own unworthiness in way so very becoming, that the air of the pregentleman is preserved, under the lowliness of the preacher.

I shall end this with a short letter I write other day to a very witty man, overrun with fault I am speaking of:

DEAR SIR,

I spent some time with you the other day, and must take the liberty of a friend to you of the unsufferable affectation you are guilty of in all you say and do. When I gave you:

\* This seems to be intended as a compliment to Mr. Clowper.

of it, you asked me whether a man is to be cold to what his friends think of him? No, but praise is not to be the entertainment of every moment. He that hopes for it must be able to suspend the possession of it till proper periods of life, or death itself. If you would not rather be commended than be praise-worthy, contain little merits; and allow no man to be so free with you, as to praise you to your face. Your vanity by this means will want its food. At the same time your passion for esteem will be more fully gratified; men will praise you in their actions; where you now receive one compliment, you will then receive twenty civilities. Till then you will never have of either, further than,

SIR,

Your humble servant.'

T.

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No. 39. SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1711.

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*Multa ferro, ut placeam genus irritabile vatum,  
Cum scribo*————

HOR. 2 Ep. II. 102.

IMITATED.

Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace  
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head'd rhyming race.  
POPE.

As a perfect tragedy is the noblest production of human nature, so it is capable of giving the mind one of the most delightful and most improving entertainments. A virtuous man (says Seneca) struggling with misfortunes, is such a spectacle



as gods might look upon with pleasure ; and such a pleasure it is which one meets with in the representation of a well-written tragedy. Diversions of this kind wear out of our thoughts every thing that is mean and little. They cherish and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature. They soften insolence, sooth affliction, and subdue the mind to the dispensations of Providence.

It is no wonder therefore that in all the polite nations of the world, this part of the drama has met with public encouragement.

The modern tragedy excels that of Greece and Rome, in the intricacy and disposition of the fable ; but, what a Christian writer would be ashamed to own, falls infinitely short of it in the moral part of the performance.

This I may shew more at large hereafter : and in the mean time, that I may contribute something towards the improvement of the English tragedy, I shall take notice, in this and in other following papers, of some particular parts in it that seem liable to exception.

Aristotle observes, that the **iambic verse** in the Greek tongue was the **most proper for tragedy** : because at the same time that it lifted up the discourse from prose, it **was** that which approached nearer to it than any other kind of verse. 'For,' says he, 'we may observe that men in ordinary discourse very often speak iambica, without taking notice of it.' We may make the same observation of our **English blank verse**, which often enters into our common discourse, though we do not attend to it, and is such a **due medium** between rhyme and prose, that it seems **wonderfully adapted to tragedy**. I am therefore **very much offended** when I see a play in rhyme ; which is as

absurd in English, as a tragedy of hexameters would have been in Greek or Latin. The solecism is, I think, still greater in those plays that have some scenes in rhyme and some in blank verse, which are to be looked upon as two several languages; or where we see some particular similes dignified with rhyme at the same time that every thing about them lies in blank verse. I would not however debar the poet from concluding his tragedy, or if he pleases, every act of it, with two or three couplets, which may have the same effect as an air in the Italian opera after a long recitativo, and give the actor a graceful exit. Besides that, we see a diversity of numbers in some parts of the old tragedy, in order to hinder the ear from being tired with the same continued modulation of voice. For the same reason I do not dislike the speeches in our English tragedy that close with an hemistich, or half verse, notwithstanding the person who speaks after it begins a new verse, without filling up the preceding one; nor with abrupt pauses and breakings off in the middle of a verse, when they humour any passion that is expressed by it.

Since I am upon this subject, I must observe that our English poets have succeeded much better in the style than in the sentiments of their tragedies. Their language is very often noble and sonorous, but the sense either very trifling or very common. On the contrary, in the ancient tragedies, and indeed in those of Corneille and Racine, though the expressions are very great, it is the thought that bears them up and swells them. For my own part, I prefer a noble sentiment that is depressed with homely language, infinitely before a vulgar one that is blown up with all the sound and energy of expression. Whether

this defect in our tragedies is from want of genius, knowledge, experience in the writers, or from their compliance with the vicious taste of their readers, who are better judges of the language than of the sentiments, and consequently relish the one more than the other, I can not determine. But I believe it might rectify the conduct both of the one and of the other, if the writer laid down the whole contexture of his dialogue in plain English, before he turned it into blank verse; and if the reader, after the perusal of a scene, would consider the naked thought of every speech in it, when divested of all its tragic ornaments. By this means, without being imposed upon by words, we may judge impartially of the thought, and consider whether it be natural or great enough for the person that utters it, whether it deserves to shine in such a blaze of eloquence, or shew itself in such a variety of light as are generally made use of by the writers of our English tragedy.

I must in the next place observe, that when our thoughts are great and just, they are often obscured by the sounding phrases, hard metaphors, and forced expressions in which they are clothed. Shakspeare is often very faulty in this particular. There is a fine observation in Aristotle to this purpose, which I have never seen quoted. The expression, says he, ought to be very much laboured in the unactive parts of the fable, as in descriptions, similitudes, narration and the like; in which the opinions, manners, and passions of men are not represented; for these (namely, the opinions, manners, and passions) are apt to be obscured by pompous phrases and elaborate expressions. Horace, who copied most of his criticisms after Aristotle, seems to have had

his eye on the foregoing rule, in the following verses:

*Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri:  
Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque,  
Præstent ampullas et æquipedalia verba,  
Sic curat cur spectantis tetigisse quereli.*

Hon. Ars. Poet. ver. 93.

*Tragedians too lay by their state to grieve:  
Peleus and Telephus, exil'd and poor,  
Forget their swelling and gigantic words.*

ROSCOMMON.

Among our modern English poets, there is none who has a better turn for tragedy than Lee; if instead of favouring the impetuosity of his genius he had restrained it, and kept it within its proper bounds. His thoughts are wonderfully suited to tragedy, but frequently lost in such a cloud of words, that it is hard to see the beauty of them. There is an infinite fire in his works, but so involved in smoke, that it does not appear in half its lustre. He frequently succeeds in the passionate parts of the tragedy, but more particularly where he slackens his efforts, and eases the style of those epithets and metaphors, in which he so much abounds. What can be more natural, more soft, or more passionate, than that line in Statira's speech where she describes the charms of Alexander's conversation?

*"Then he would talk—Good gods! how he would talk!"*

That unexpected break in the line, and turning the description of his manner of talking into an admiration of it, is inexpressibly beautiful, and wonderfully suited to the fond character of the person that speaks it. There is a simplicity in the words, that outshines the utmost pride of expression.

Otway has followed nature in the language of

his tragedy, and therefore shines in the passionate parts, more than any of our English poets. As there is something familiar and domestic in the fable of his tragedy, more than in those of any other poet, he has little pomp, but great force in his expressions. For which reason, though he has admirably succeeded in the tender and melting part of his tragedies, he sometimes falls into too great familiarity of phrase in those parts, which by Aristotle's rule ought to have been raised and supported by the dignity of expression.

It has been observed by others, that this poet has founded his tragedy of Venice Preserved on so wrong a plot, that the greatest characters in it are those of rebels and traitors. Had the hero of this play discovered the same good qualities in the defence of his country that he shewed for its ruin and subversion, the audience could not enough pity and admire him: but as he is now represented, we can only say of him what the Roman historian says of Catiline, that his fall would have been glorious (*si pro patria sic concidisset*) had he so fallen in the service of his country.

C.

No. 40. MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1711.

*Ne ne forte putet me, quæ fœdera ipse venissem,  
 Cui totæ præsentat illi, hincque maligæ,  
 Ille per ætæratum finem mihi præca videtur  
 hoc præter, monum qui præter minister angeli,  
 hincque, maligæ, fœdera præteritus implat,  
 Et angeli: et mihi me Thæbes, mihi præter, Thæbes.  
 Hæc. 3. 1. 500.*

## IMITATION.

Yet lo! you think I rally more than teach,  
 Or praise, malignant, sets I cannot reach,  
 Let me for once presume I instruct the times,  
 To know the good from the man of crimes,  
 'Tis he, who gives my breast a thousand pains,  
 Can make me feel each passion that he reigns,  
 Pity, remorse, with more than magic art,  
 With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;  
 And watch me o'er the earth, or through the air,  
 To Thæbes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

Hæc.

'Tis English writers of tragedy are possessed with a notion, that when they represent a virtuous or innocent person in distress, they ought not to leave him till they have delivered him out of his troubles, or made him triumph over his enemies. This error they have been led into by a ridiculous doctrine in modern criticism, that they are oblig'd to an equal distribution of rewards and punishments, and an impartial execution of partial justice. Who were the first that established this rule I know not; but I am sure it has no foundation in nature, in reason, or in the practice of the ancients. We find that good and evil happen alike to all men on this side the grave; and as the principal design of tragedy is to raise commiseration and terror in the minds of the audience, we shall

defeat this great end if we always make virtue and innocence happy and successful. Whatever crosses and disappointments a good man suffers in the body of the tragedy, they will make but a small impression on our minds, when we know that in the last act he is to arrive at the end of his wishes and desires. When we see him engaged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to comfort ourselves, because we are sure he will find his way out of them; and that his grief, how great soever it may be at present, will soon terminate in gladness. For this reason the ancient writers of tragedy treated men in their plays, as they are dealt with in the world, by making virtue sometimes happy and sometimes miserable, as they found it in the fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect the audience in the most agreeable manner. Aristotle considers the tragedies that were written in either of these kinds, and observes that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people, and carried away the prize, in the public disputes of the stage, from those that ended happily. Terror and commiseration leave a pleasing anguish in the mind; and fix the audience in such a serious composure of thought, as is much more lasting and delightful than any little transient starts of joy and satisfaction. Accordingly we find, that more of our English tragedies have succeeded, in which the favourites of the audience sink under their calamities, than those in which they recover themselves out of them. The best plays of this kind are the *Orphan*, *Venice Preserved*, *Alexander the Great*, *Theodosius*, *All for Love*, *Oedipus*, *Oroonoko*, *Othello*, &c. *King Lear* is an admirable tragedy of the same kind, as Shakspeare wrote it; but as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion

of poetical justice, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty. At the same time I must allow, that there are very noble tragedies, which have been framed upon the other plan, and have ended happily; as indeed most of the good tragedies, which have been written since the starting of the above criticism, have taken this turn; as *The Mourning Bride*, *Tamerclane*, *Ulysses*, *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, with most of Mr. Dryden's. I must also allow, that many of Shakspeare's and several of the celebrated tragedies of antiquity, are cast in the same form. I do not therefore dispute against this way of writing tragedies, but against the criticism that would establish this as the only method; and by that means would very much cramp the English tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong bent to the genius of our writers.

The tragi-comedy, which is the product of the English theatre, is one of the most monstrous inventions that ever entered into a poet's thoughts. An author might as well think of weaving the adventures of *Aeneas* and *Hudibras* into one poem, as of writing such a motley piece of mirth and sorrow. But the absurdity of these performances is so very visible, that I shall not insist upon it.

The same objections which are made to tragi-comedy, may in some measure be applied to all tragedies that have a double plot in them; which are likewise more frequent upon the English stage, than upon any other; for though the grief of the audience, in such performances, be not changed into another passion, as in tragi-comedies; it is diverted upon another object, which weakens their concern for the principal action, and breaks the tide of sorrow, by throwing it into different channels. This inconvenience however, may in a great measure be cured, if not wholly



removed, by the skilful choice of a sub-plot, which may bear such a near relation to the principal design, as to contribute towards the completion of it, and be concluded by the same catastrophe.

There is also another particular, which may be reckoned among the blemishes, or rather the false beauties of our English tragedy; I mean those particular speeches which are commonly known by the name of Rants. The warm and passionate parts of a tragedy, are always the most taking with the audience; for which reason we often see the players pronouncing, in all the violence of action, several parts of the tragedy which the author writ with great temper, and designed that they should have been so acted. I have seen Powell very often raise himself a loud clap by this artifice. The poets that were acquainted with this secret, have given frequent occasion for such emotions in the actor, by adding vehemence to words where there was no passion, or inflaming a real passion into fustian. This hath filled the mouths of our heroes with bombast; and given them such sentiments, as proceed rather from a swelling than a greatness of mind. Unnatural exclamations, curses, vows, blasphemies, a defiance of mankind, and an outraging of the gods, frequently pass upon the audience for towering thoughts, and have accordingly met with infinite applause.

I shall here add a remark, which I am afraid our tragic writers may make an ill use of. As our heroes are generally lovers, their swelling and blustering upon the stage very much recommends them to the fair part of their audience. The ladies are wondrously pleased to see a man insulting kings, or affronting the gods, in one

scene, and throwing himself at the feet of his mistress in another. Let him behave himself insolently towards the men, and abjectly towards the fair one, and it is ten to one but he proves a favourite with the boxes. Dryden and Lee, in several of their tragedies, have practised this secret with good success.

But to shew how a rant pleases beyond the most just and natural thought that is not pronounced with vehemence, I would desire the reader, when he sees the tragedy of Oedipus, to observe how quietly the hero is dismissed at the end of the third act, after having pronounced the following lines, in which the thought is very natural, and apt to move compassion :

'To you, good gods, I make my last appeal,  
Or clear my virtues, or my crimes reveal.  
If in the maze of fate I blindly run,  
And backward tread those paths I sought to shun,  
Impute my errors to your own decree :  
My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.

Let us then observe with what thunder-claps of applause he leaves the stage, after the imprecations and execrations at the end of the fourth act ; and you will wonder to see an audience so cursed and so pleased at the same time.

'O that, as oft I have at Athens seen,

*Where, by the way, there was no stage till many years after Oedipus.]*

'The stage arise, and the big clouds descend ;  
No now, in very deed, I might behold  
'This pond'rous globe, and all yon marble roof  
Meet, like the hands of Jove, and crush mankind :  
'For all the elements,' &c.

R.

*Advertisement.*

Having spoken of Mr. Powell, as sometimes raising him-  
 self to applause from the ill taste of an audience; I must do  
 the justice to own, that he is excellently formed for a  
 comedian, and, when he pleases, deserves the admiration of  
 the best judges: as I doubt not but he will in the Conquest of  
 Mexico, which is acted for his own benefit to-morrow night.

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No. 41. TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1711.

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— *Tu non inventa reperta es.*

OVID. Met. l. 654.

So found, is worse than lost.

ADDISON.

COMPASSION for the gentleman, who writes the  
 following letter, should not prevail upon me to  
 fall upon the fair sex, if it were not that I find  
 they are frequently fairer than they ought to be.  
 Such impostures are not to be tolerated in civil  
 society, and I think his misfortune ought to be  
 made public, as a warning for other men always  
 to examine into what they admire.

'TIS,

'SUPPOSING you to be a person of general  
 knowledge, I make my application to you on a  
 very particular occasion. I have a great mind to  
 be rid of my wife, and hope, when you consider  
 my case, you will be of opinion I have very ju-  
 st pretensions to a divorce. I am a mere man  
 of the town, and have very little improvement, but  
 what I have got from plays. I remember in the  
 Silent Woman, the learned Dr. Cutberd, or I  
 Otter, (I forget which) makes one of the cau-  
 ses of separation to be Error Personæ, when a r

marries a woman, and finds her not to be the same woman whom he intended to marry, but another. If that be law, it is I presume, exactly my case. For you are to know, Mr. Spectator, that there are women who do not let their husbands see their faces till they are married.

‘Not to keep you in suspense, I mean plainly that part of the sex who paint. They are some of them so exquisitely skilful this way, that give them but a tolerable pair of eyes to set up with, and they will make bosom, lips, cheeks, and eyebrows, by their own industry. As for my dear, never was man so enamoured as I was of her fair forehead, neck, and arms, as well as the bright jet of her hair; but to my great astonishment I find they were all the effect of art. Her skin is so tarnished with this practice, that when she first wakes in a morning, she scarce seems young enough to be the mother of her whom I carried to bed the night before. I shall take the liberty to part with her by the first opportunity, unless her father will make her portion suitable to her real, not her assumed, countenance. This I thought fit to let him and her know by your means.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant.’

I cannot tell what the law, or the parents of the lady will do for this injured gentleman, but must allow, he has very much justice on his side. I have indeed very long observed this evil, and distinguished those of our women who wear their own, from those in borrowed complexions, by the Picts and the British. There does not need any great discernment to judge which are which. The British have a lively animated aspect; the Picts, though never so beautiful, have

dead uninformed countenances. The muscles of a real face sometimes swell with soft passion, sudden surprise, and are flushed with agreeable confusions, according as the objects before them, or the ideas presented to them, affect their imagination. But the Picts behold all things with the same air, whether they are joyful or sad; the same fixed insensibility appears upon all occasions. A Pict, though she takes all that pains to invite the approach of lovers, is obliged to keep them at a certain distance; a sigh in a languishing lover, if fetched too near her, would dissolve a feature; and a kiss snatched by a forward one, might transfer the complexion of the mistress to the admirer. It is hard to speak of these false sultr ones, without saying something uncomplaisant, but I would only recommend to them to consider how they like coming into a room new painted; they may assure themselves the near approach of a lady who uses this practice is much more offensive.

Will Honeycomb told us one day, an adventure he once had with a Pict. This lady had wit, as well as beauty, at will; and made it her business to gain hearts, for no other reason but to rally the torments of her lovers. She would make great advances to inuare men, but without any manner of scruple break off when there was no provocation. Her ill-nature and vanity made my friend very easily proof against the charms of her wit and conversation; but her beauteous form, instead of being blemished by her falsehood and inconstancy, every day increased upon him, and she had new attractions every time he saw her. When she observed Will irrevocably her slave, she began to use him as such, and after many steps towards such a cruelty, she at last utterly banished him.

The unhappy lover strove in vain, by servile epistles, to revoke his doom; till at length he was forced to the last refuge, a round sum of money to her maid. This corrupt attendant placed him early in the morning behind the hangings in her mistress's dressing-room. He stood very conveniently to observe, without being seen. The Pict begins the face she designed to wear that day, and I have heard him protest she had worked a full half hour before he knew her to be the same woman. As soon as he saw the dawn of that complexion, for which he had so long languished, he thought fit to break from his concealment, repeating that of Cowley :

'Th' adorning thee with so much art,  
Is but a barbarous skill;  
'Tis like the poisoning of a dart,  
'Too apt before to kill.'

The Pict stood before him in the utmost confusion, with the prettiest smirk imaginable on the finished side of her face, pale as ashes on the other. Honeycomb seized all her galley-pots and washes, and carried off his handkerchief full of brushes, scraps of Spanish wool, and phials of unguents. The lady went into the country, the lover was cured.

It is certain no faith ought to be kept with cheats, and an oath made to a Pict is of itself void. I would therefore exhort all the British ladies to single them out, nor do I know any but Lindamira who should be exempt from discovery; for her own complexion is so delicate, that she ought to be allowed the covering it with paint, as a punishment for choosing to be the worst piece of art extant, instead of the master-piece of nature. As for my part, who have no expectations from wo-

men, and co the species, I do a beauty, as a I shall therefore produce several pieces have been in public these many years, and r appeared, It will be a very pretty ente at in the playhouse, (when I have abolished custom) to see so many ladies, when they fl y it down, incog. in their own faces.

In the mean time, as a pattern for improving their charms, let the sex study the agreeable Statura. Her features are enlivened with the cheerfulness of her mind, and good humour gives an alacrity to her eyes. She is graceful without affecting an air, and unconcerned without appearing careless. Her having no manner of art in her mind, makes her want none in her person.

How like is this lady, and how unlike is a Pict, to that description Dr. Donne gives of his mistress?

‘ ——— Her pure and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,  
That one would almost say her body thought.’

#### *Advertisement.*

A young gentlewoman of about nineteen years of age (bred in the family of a person of quality, lately deceased) who paints the finest flesh-colour, wants a place, and is to be heard of at the house of Mynheer Grotesque, a Dutch painter in Barbican.

N. B. She is also well-skilled in the drapery part, and puts on hoods, and mixes ribbons so as to suit the colours of the face with great art and success.

R.

No. 42. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1711.

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*Garganum mugire putea nemus, aut mare Thusum ;  
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artem,  
Divitæque peregrinæ ; quibus oblitus actor  
Cum stetit in arena, concurrat dextera lævæ.  
Dixit adhuc aliquid ? Nil sanè. Quid placet ergo ?  
Lana Threntino vires imitata venenu.*

HOR. 4 Ep. l. 308.

IMITATED.

Lowd as the wolves on Orea's stormy steep,  
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep :  
Such is the shout, the long applauding note,  
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat :  
Or when from court a birth-day suit bestow'd  
Flunks the last actor in the tawdry load.  
Hooth enters—hark ! the universal peal !—  
But has he spoken ?—Not a syllable—  
What shook the stage, and made the people stare ?  
Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.  
POPE.

ARISTOTLE has observed, that ordinary writers in tragedy endeavour to raise terror and pity in their audience, not by proper sentiments and expressions, but by the dresses and decorations of the stage. There is something of this kind very ridiculous in the English theatre. When the author has a mind to terrify us, it thunders ; when he would make us melancholy, the stage is darkened. But among all our tragic artifices, I am most offended at those which are made use of to inspire us with magnificent ideas of the persons that speak. The ordinary method of making a hero, is to clap a huge plume of feathers upon his head, which rises so very high, that there is often a greater length from his chin to the top of his head, than to the sole of his foot. One would



see a man uttering his complaints of a mountain of feathers, I am apt to look rather as an unfortunate lunatic than hero. As these superfluous ornaments on a head make a great man, a princess receives her grandeur from those additions that fall into her tail; I mean a sweeping train that follows her in all her motions and finds constant employment for a hundred hands stands behind her to open and serve her at all advantage. I do not know how others are at this sight, but I must confess, wholly taken up with the page's part in the queen, I am not so attentive to a man who speaks, as to the right adjusting of his train, lest it should chance to trip up her heel. I have made her as she walks to and fro upon the stage. It is, in my opinion, a very odd spectacle to see a queen venting her passion in a disquisition, and a little boy taking care all the

We are told, that an ancient tragic poet, to move the pity of his audience for his exiled kings and distressed heroes, used to make the actors represent them in dresses and clothes that were thread-bare and decayed. This artifice for moving pity, seems as ill contrived as that we have been speaking of to inspire us with a great idea of the persons introduced upon the stage. In short, I would have our conceptions raised by the dignity of thought and sublimity of expression, rather than by a train of robes or a plume of feathers.

Another mechanical method of making great men, and adding dignity to kings and queens, is to accompany them with halberds and battle-axes. Two or three shifters of scenes, with the two candle-stuffers, make up a complete body of guards upon the English stage; and by the addition of a few porters dressed in red coats, can represent above a dozen legions. I have sometimes seen a couple of armies drawn up together upon the stage, when the poet has been disposed to do honour to his generals. It is impossible for the reader's imagination to multiply twenty men into such prodigious multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thousand soldiers are fighting in a room of forty or fifty yards in compass. Incidents of such nature should be told, not represented.

*Non tamen intus*

*Digna pars præmis in secum multaque tolles*

*Et vultus, qui maxime nuncet finem præsentis.*

*Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 112*

*Yet there are things improper for a scene,  
Which men of judgment only will relate.*

*Hor. Ars Poet.*

# MEMORATOR.

should, therefore, in  
and to my countrymen  
ench stage, where the  
appear unattended, and I  
the scenes. I should like  
ated the French in battle  
noise of drums, trumpet  
sometimes so very great  
battle in the Haymarket  
as far as Charing-cross.

I have here only touched upon those particular  
lars which are made use of to raise and aggravate  
also the persons of a tragedy; and shall shew, in  
another paper the several expedients which are  
practised by authors of a vulgar genius to move  
terror, pity, or admiration, in their hearers.

The tailor and the painter often contribute to  
the success of a tragedy more than the poet.  
Scenes affect ordinary minds as much as speeches;  
and our actors are very sensible, that a well-  
dressed play has sometimes brought them as full  
audiences as a well-written one. The Italians  
have a very good phrase to express this art of  
imposing upon the spectators by appearances  
they call it the *fourberia della scena*; 'The  
knavery, or trickish part of the drama.' But  
however the show and outaide of the tragedy in  
work upon the vulgar, the more understanding  
part of the audience immediately see through  
and despise it.

A good poet will give the reader a more li-  
vly idea of an army or a battle in a description,  
if he actually saw them drawn up in squad  
and battalions, or engaged in the confusion  
of fight. Our minds should be opened to great  
conceptions, and inflamed with glorious sentiments  
by what the actor speaks, more than by what

appears. Can all the trappings or equipage of a king or hero, give Brutus half that pomp and majesty which he receives from a few lines in Shakspeare?  
C.

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No. 43. THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1711.

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*Ne tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,  
Purcussu subjectis, et debellare superbo.*

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 854.

By these thy arts; to bid contention cease,  
Chain up stern wars and give the nations peace;  
O'er subject lands extend thy gentle sway,  
And teach with iron rod the haughty to obey.

There are crowds of men, whose great misfortune it is that they were not bound to mechanic arts or trades; it being absolutely necessary for them to be led by some continual task or employment. These are such as we commonly call dull fellows; persons, who for want of something to do, out of a certain vacancy of thought, rather than curiosity, are ever meddling with things for which they are unfit. I cannot give you a notion of them better, than by presenting you with a letter from a gentleman, who belongs to a society of this order of men, residing at Oxford.

Oxford, April 13, 1711.

Four o'clock in the morning.

' SIR,

' In some of your late speculations, I find some sketches towards an history of clubs; but you seem to me to shew them in somewhat too ludicrous a light. I have well weighed that matter, and think, that the most important negotiations

beat carri/ in /  
therefore, for the / or  
rust you and I are / any c / pre-  
pose an institution of that / are for example  
e.

'I must confess the design and transactions of too many clubs are trifling, and manifestly of no consequence to the nation or public weal. Those I will give you up. But you must do me then the justice to own, that nothing can be more useful or laudable, than the scheme we go upon. To avoid nicknames and witticisms, we call ourselves The Hebdomadal Meeting. Our president continues for a year at least, and sometimes four or five; we are all grave, serious, designing men, in our way; we think it our duty, as far as in us lies, to take care the constitution receives no harm—*Ne quid detrimenti res capiat publica*—to censure doctrines or facts, persons or things, which we do not like; to settle the nation at home, and carry on the war abroad, where and in what manner we see fit. If other people are not of our opinion we cannot help that. It were better they were. Moreover we now and then condescend to direct in some measure, the little affairs of our own university.

'Verily, Mr. Spectator, we are much offender at the act for importing French wines. A bottle or two of good solid edifying port at home George's, made a night cheerful, and threw reserve. But this plaguy French claret will not only cost us more money, but do us less good. If we been aware of it before it had gone too far must tell you, we would have petitioned to heard upon that subject. But let that pass.

'I must let you know likewise, good sir, we look upon a certain northern prince's mr

conjunction with Infidels, to be palpably against  
 a good will and liking; and for all unma-  
 levolent Iniquity, a most dangerous Innovation; and we  
 by no means yet sure, that some people are  
 at the bottom of it. At least my own private  
 ters leave room for a politician, well versed in  
 sters of this nature, to suspect as much, as a  
 netrating friend of mine tells me.

'We think we have at last done the business  
 th the malecontents in Hungary, and shall clap  
 a peace there.'

'What the neutrality army is to do, or what  
 army in Flanders, and what two or three other  
 ones, is not yet fully determined among us;  
 we wait impatiently for the coming in of the  
 at Dyer's, who you must know is our authentic  
 elligence, our Aristotle in politics. And indeed  
 a but fit there should be some decider resort,  
 absolute decider of controversies.

We were lately informed, that the gallant  
 lined bands had patrolled all night long about  
 streets of London. We indeed could not im-  
 ne any occasion for it, we guessed not a little  
 it abroad, we were in nothing of the secret;  
 that city tradesmen, or their apprentices,  
 and do duty or work during the holidays, we  
 ought absolutely impossible. But Dyer being  
 dive in it, and some letters from other people,  
 a had talked with some who had it from those  
 a should know, giving some countenance to it.

Chairman reported from the committee ap-  
 nted to examine into that affair, that it was  
 sible there might be something in it. I have  
 ck more to say to you, but my two good friends  
 neighbours Doubtful and Slight, are just

come in, and the coffee is ready. I am, in the mean time,

NR. SPECTATOR,  
Your admirer and humble servant,  
ABRAHAM FROTH.

You may observe the turn of their minds tends only to novelty, and not satisfaction in any thing. It would be disappointment to them, to come to certainty in any thing, for that would gravel them and put an end to their inquiries, which dull fellows do not make for information, but for exercise. I do not know but this may be a very good way of accounting for what we frequently see, to wit, that dull fellows prove very good men of business. Business relieves them from their own natural heaviness, by furnishing them with what to do; whereas business to mercurial men, is an interruption from their real existence and happiness. Though the dull part of mankind are harmless in their amusements, it were to be wished they had no vacant time, because they usually undertake something that makes their wants conspicuous, by their manner of supplying them. You shall seldom find a dull fellow of good education, but if he happens to have any leisure upon his hands, will turn his head to one of those two amusements for all fools of eminence, politics or poetry. The former of these arts is the study of all dull people in general; but when dullness is lodged in a person of a quick animal life, it generally exerts itself in poetry. One might here mention a few military writers, who give great entertainment to the age, by reason that the stupidity of their heads is quickened by the alacrity of their hearts. This constitution in a dull fellow, gives vigour to nonsense, and makes the pud-

die boll, which would otherwise stagnate. The British Prince, that celebrated poem, which was written in the reign of King Charles the Second, and deservedly called by the wits of that age incomparable, was the effect of such an happy genius as we are speaking of. From among many other distichs no less to be quoted on this account, I cannot but recite the two following lines:

'A painted vest Prince Voltiger had on,  
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.'

Here, if the poet had not been vivacious, as well as stupid, he could not, in the warmth and hurry of nonsense, have been capable of forgetting that neither Prince Voltiger, nor his grandfather, could strip a naked man of his doublet; but a fool of a colder constitution would have staid to have slayed the Pict, and made buff of his skin, for the wearing of the conqueror.

To bring these observations to some useful purpose of life, what I would propose should be, that we imitated those wise nations, wherein every man learns some handicraft-work.—Would it not employ a beau prettily enough, if, instead of eternally playing with a snuff-box, he spent some part of his time in making one? Such a method as this would very much conduce to the public emolument, by making every man living good for something; for there would then be no one member of human society, but would have some little pretension for some degree in it: like him who came to Will's coffee-house, upon the merit of having writ a pony of a ring.

R.



Among the several artifices which are  
practice by the poets to fill the minds of  
ence with terror, the first place is due to  
and lightning, which are often made use of  
descending of a god, or the rising of a  
the vanishing of a devil, or at the death  
rant. I have known a bell introduced in  
ral tragedies with good effect; and have  
whole assembly in a very great alarm as  
it has been ringing. But there is nothing  
delights and terrifies our English  
as a ghost, especially when he appears  
shirt. A spectre has very often appeared  
though he has done nothing but stand  
the stage, or rose through the floor  
again without speaking. It would not  
be a proper season for such a thing  
when they only come to frighten  
to the poet, it is not his business  
to be applied to.

that precede it. His dumb behaviour at his first entrance, strikes the imagination very strongly ; but every time he enters, he is still more terrifying. Who can read the speech with which young Hamlet accosts him without trembling ?

\* *Hor.* Look, my Lord, it comes !

\* *Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend us !

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd ;

Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell,

Be thy events\* wicked or charitable ;

'Thou com'st in such a questionable shape

'That I will speak to thee — I'll call thee Hamlet,

King, Father, Royal Dane — Oh ! answer me.

Let me not burst in ignorance ; but tell

Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,

Have burst their cerements ? Why the sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly burin'd,

Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws

'To cast thee up again ? What may this mean ?

'That thou dead corse again in complete steel

Revolt'st thus the glimpses of the moon,

Making night hideous !

I do not therefore find fault with the artificers above mentioned, when they are introduced with skill, and accompanied by proportionable sentiments and expressions in the writing.

For the moving of pity, our principal machine in the handkerchief, and indeed in our common trageddies, we should not know very often that the persons are in distress by any thing they say, if they did not from time to time apply their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Far be it from me to think of banishing this instrument of sorrow from the stage ; I know a tragedy could not subsist without it : all that I would contend for, is to keep it from being misapplied. In a word, I would have the actor's tongue sympathize with his eyes.

\* Events for advents, comings or visits. We read in other copies, intents.

A disconsolate mother, with a child, has frequently drawn compassion from the audience, and has therefore gained a place in the list of popular tragedies. A modern writer, that how this had took in other plays, being to double the distress, and melt his audience twice as much as those before him, brought a princess upon the stage with a sword in one hand, and a girl in the other. This had a very good effect. A third poet, who solved to outwrite all his predecessors, years ago introduced three children in a scene of success: and, as I am informed, a young man, who is fully determined to break the obdurate hearts, has a tragedy by him, the first person that appears upon the stage is a afflicted widow in her mourning weeds, with a dozen fatherless children attending her, that usually hang about the figure of a man. Thus several incidents that are beautiful in the hands of a good writer, become ridiculous by the hands of a bad one.

But among all our methods of moving the audience to terror, there is none so absurd and barbarous as what more exposes us to the contempt of our neighbours, than that dreary and disgusting of one another, which is very common upon the English stage. To delight the audience in men stabbed, poisoned, racked, or in any other way certainly the sign of a cruel temper: this is often practised before the British audience. Several French critics, who think these cruel spectacles to us, take occasion from them to represent us as a people that delight in blood. It is indeed very odd, to see our stage crowded with carcases in the last scenes of a play, and to observe in the wardrobe of the

several daggers, poniards, wheels, bows for poison, and many other instruments of death. Murders and executions are always transacted behind the scenes in the French theatre; which in general is very agreeable to the manners of a polite and civilized people: but as there are no exceptions to this rule on the French stage, it leads them into absurdities almost as ridiculous as that which falls under our present censure. I remember in the famous play of *Corneille*, written upon the subject of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*; the fierce young hero who had overcome the *Curiatii* one after another, (instead of being congratulated by his sister for his victory, being upbraided by her for having slain her lover) in the height of his passion and resentment kills her. If any thing could extenuate so brutal an action, it would be the doing of it on a sudden, before the sentiments of nature, reason, or manhood could take place in him. However, to avoid public bloodshed, as soon as his passion is wrought to its height, he follows his sister the whole length of the stage, and forbears killing her till they are both withdrawn behind the scenes. I must confess, had he murdered her before the audience, the indecency might have been greater; but as it is, it appears very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold blood. To give my opinion upon this case, the fact ought not to have been represented, but to have been told, if there was any occasion for it.

It may not be unacceptable to the reader to see how *Sophocles* has conducted a tragedy under the like delicate circumstances. *Orestes* was in the same condition with *Hamlet* in *Shakspeare*, his mother having murdered his father, and taken possession of his kingdom in conspiracy with her.

adulterer. That young prince, determined to revenge his father's death upon those who filled his throne, conveys himself by a beautiful stratagem into his mother's apartment, with a resolution to kill her. But because such a spectacle would have been too shocking to the audience, this dreadful resolution is executed behind the scenes: the mother is heard calling out to her son for mercy; and the son answering her, that she showed no mercy to his father; after which she shrieks out that she is wounded, and by what follows we find that she is slain. I do not remember that in any of our plays there are speeches made behind the scenes, though there are other instances of this nature to be met with in those of the ancients: and I believe my reader will agree with me, that there is something infinitely more affecting in this dreadful dialogue between the mother and her son behind the scenes, than could have been in any thing transacted before the audience. Orestes immediately after meets the usurper at the entrance of his palace; and by a very happy thought of the poet avoids killing him before the audience, by telling him that he should live some time in his present bitterness of soul before he would dispatch him, and by ordering him to retire into that part of the palace where he had slain his father, whose murder he would revenge in the very same place where it was committed. By this means the poet observes that decency, which Horace afterwards established by a rule, of forbearing to commit parricides or unnatural murders before the audience.

\* *Ne pueros eorum populo Medea trucidet.*

Ans. Post. i. ver. 183

\* Let not Medea draw her murdering knife,  
And spill her children's blood upon the stage.

Horæumæus

The French have therefore refused too much upon Horace's rule, who never designed to banish all kinds of death from the stage; but only such as had too much horror in them, and which would have a better effect upon the audience when transacted behind the scenes. I would therefore recommend to my countrymen the practice of the ancient poets, who were very sparing of their public executions, and rather chose to perform them behind the scenes, if it could be done with as great an effect upon the audience. At the same time I must observe, that though the devoted persons of the tragedy were seldom slain before the audience, which has generally something ridiculous in it, their bodies were often produced after their death, which has always something melancholy or terrifying; so that the killing on the stage does not seem to have been avoided only as an indecency, but also as an improbability.

\* *Ne pueros eorum populo Medea trucidet.*

*Aut humani pulchre cognatæ estis agmina, Atreus.*

*Aut in avem Phrygae convertatur, Cadmus in anguem.*

*Quodcumque extorula mihi sis, incedulus ult.*

Ans. Ans. Post. ver. 183

\* Medea must not draw her murdering knife,

Nor Atreus show his horrid breast propine,

Cadmus and Phrygae's metamorphoses,

(Nile to a swallow turn'd, he to a snake;)

And whatsoever contradicts my sense,

I hate to see, and never can believe.

Horæumæus

I have now gone through the several dramatic inventions which are made use of by the igno-

adulterer. That young prince, being determined to revenge his father's death upon those who filled his throne, conveys himself by a beautiful stratagem into his mother's apartment, with a resolution to kill her. But because such a spectacle would have been too shocking to the audience, this dreadful resolution is executed behind the scenes: the mother is heard calling out to her son for mercy; and her son answering her, that she showed no mercy to his father; after which she shrieks out that she is wounded, and by what follows we find that she is slain. I do not remember that in any of our plays there are speeches made behind the scenes, though there are other instances of this nature to be met with in those of the ancients: and I believe my reader will agree with me, that there is something infinitely more affecting in this dreadful dialogue between the mother and her son behind the scenes, than could have been in any thing transacted before the audience. Orestes immediately after meets the usurper at the entrance of his palace; and by a very happy thought of the poet avoids killing him before the audience, by telling him that he should live some time in his present bitterness of soul before he would dispatch him, and by ordering him to retire into that part of the palace where he had slain his father, whose murder he would revenge in the very same place where it was committed. By this means the poet observes that decency, which Horace afterwards established by a rule, of forbearing to commit parricides or unnatural murders before the audience.

*'Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet.'*

Ans Poet. ver. 183

*'Let not Medea draw her murdering knife,  
And spill her children's blood upon the stage.'*

Hoscommon

The French have therefore refined too much upon Horace's rule, who never designed to banish all kinds of death from the stage; but only such as had too much horror in them, and which would have a better effect upon the audience when transacted behind the scenes. I would therefore recommend to my countrymen the practice of the ancient poets, who were very sparing of their public executions, and rather chose to perform them behind the scenes, if it could be done with as great an effect upon the audience. At the same time I must observe, that though the devoted persons of the tragedy were seldom slain before the audience, which has generally something ridiculous in it, their bodies were often produced after their death, which has always something melancholy or terrifying; so that the killing on the stage does not seem to have been avoided only as an indecency, but also as an improbability.

*'Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;  
Aut humum pulvis vagant extra nefarius, Atreus;  
Aut in artem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem,  
Quodcumque extemla mihi sit, horrendum mihi.'*

Hos. Ars Poet. ver. 183

*'Medea must not draw her murdering knife,  
Nor Atreus there his horrid feast prepare;  
Cadmus and Progne's metamorphoses,  
(She to a swallow turn'd, he to a snake:)  
And whatsoever contradicts my sense,  
I hate to see, and never can believe.'*

Hoscommon.

I have now gone through the several dramatic inventions which are made use of by the igno-  
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rant poets to supply the place of the comedy, and by the skilful to improve it; some of which I could wish entirely rejected, and the rest to be used with caution. It would be an endless task to consider comedy in the same light, and to mention the innumerable shifts that small wits put in practice to raise a laugh. Bullock in a short coat, and Norris in a long one, seldom fail of this effect. In ordinary conversation, a broad and a narrow brimmed hat are different characters. Sometimes the wit of a scene lies in a shoulder-belt, and sometimes in a pair of whiskers. A lover running about the stage, with his head peeping out of a barrel,\* was thought a very good jest in King Charles the Second's time; and invented by one of the first wits of that age. But because ridicule is not so delicate as compassion, and because the objects that make us laugh, are infinitely more numerous than those that make us weep, there is a much greater latitude for comic than tragic artificers, and by consequence a much greater indulgence to be allowed them. C.

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No. 45. SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1711.

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*Nullo comedia est.*———

Juv. Sat. III. 100.

The nation is a company of players.

There is nothing which I desire more than a safe and honourable peace, though at the same

\* The Comedy of The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub, by Sir George Ethelridge, 1696.

o I am very apprehensive of many ill consequences that may attend it. I do not mean in relation to our politics, but to our manners. What inundation of ribbons and brocades will break upon us? What peals of laughter and impudence shall we be exposed to? For the prevention of these great evils, I could heartily wish there was an act of parliament for prohibiting importation of French fopperies.

The female inhabitants of our island have already received very strong impressions from this odious nation, though by the length of the (as there is no evil which has not some good attending it) they are pretty well worn out and gotten. I remember the time when some of well-bred countrywomen kept their valet de chambre, because forsooth, a man was much more d d about them than one of their own sex. I myself have seen one of these male Abigails pling about the room with a looking glass in his d and combing his lady's hair a whole morn together. Whether or no there was any h in the story of a lady's being got with child one of these her hand-maids, I cannot tell; I think at present the whole race of them is net in our own country.

About the time that several of our sex were taken into this kind of service, the ladies likewise caught up the fashion of receiving visits in their n. It was then looked upon as a piece of ill-oding for a woman to refuse to see a man, because she was not stirring; and a porter would e been thought unfit for his place, that could e made so awkward an excuse. As I love to e every thing that is new, I once prevailed upon friend Will Honeycomb to carry me along e him to one of these travelled ladies, dea

ring him at the same time, to present a reigner who could not speak English, might not be obliged to bear a part in the course. The lady, though willing to dress, had put on her best looks, and prepared herself for our reception. Her hair appeared in a very nice disorder, as the night-gown was thrown upon her shoulders was ruffled with care. For my part, I am so shocked at a thing which looks immodest in the face, that I could not forbear taking off my eye when she moved in bed, and was in the confusion imaginable every time she showed a leg, or an arm. As the coquettes who used this custom grew old, they left it to the young; well knowing, that a woman's modesty may kick and tumble her heart, and make no impression.

Dempronia is at present the most admired mirror of the French nation, but is so much admired, that she admits no further than her admirers. It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature when she is talking politics with her friends, and examining about her shoulders, and examining in the glass, which does such execution to the male standers-by. How prettily does she divide her discourse between her women and her admirers? What sprightly transitions make from an opera or a sermon, to a comb or a pin-cushion? How have I often wished to see her interrupted in an account of her travels, by a message to her footman; or finding her tongue in the midst of a moral, by applying the tip of it to a patch?

There is nothing which exposes a greater danger, than that gaiety and dissipation, which are natural to most of

It should be therefore the concern of every wise and virtuous woman to keep this sprightliness from degenerating into levity. On the contrary, the whole discourse and behaviour of the French is to make the sex more fantastical, or (as they are pleased to term it) more awakened, than is consistent either with virtue or discretion. To speak loud in public assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of things that should only be mentioned in private, or in whisper, are looked upon as parts of a refined education. At the same time a blush is unfashionable, and silence more ill-bred than any thing that can be spoken. In short, discretion and modesty, which in all other ages and countries have been regarded as the greatest ornaments of the fair sex, are regarded as the ingredients of narrow conversation, and family behaviour.

Some years ago I was at the tragedy of *Macbeth*, and unfortunately placed myself under a woman of quality that is since dead; who, as I found by the noise she made, was newly returned from France. A little before the rising of the curtain, she broke out into a loud soliloquy, 'When will the dear witches enter?' and immediately upon their first appearance, asked a lady that sat three boxes from her on her right hand, if those witches were not charming creatures. A little after, as *Betterton* was in one of the finest speeches of the play, she shook her fan at another lady who sat as far on the left hand, and told her with a whisper that might be heard all over the pit, 'We must not expect to see *Balloon* to-night.' Not long after, calling out to a young baronet by his name, who sat three seats before me, she asked him whether *Macbeth's* wife was still alive; and before he could give an answer,

fell a talking of the ghost of Banquo. She had by this time formed a little audience to herself, and fixed the attention of all about her. But as I had a mind to hear the play, I got out of the sphere of her impertinence, and planted myself in one of the remotest corners of the pit.

This pretty childishness of behaviour is one of the most refined parts of coquetry, and is not to be attained in perfection by ladies that do not travel for their improvement. A natural and unconstrained behaviour has something in it so agreeable, that it is no wonder to see people endeavouring after it. But at the same time it is so very hard to hit, when it is not born with us, that people often make themselves ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious French author tells us, that the ladies of the court of France, in his time, thought it ill-breeding, and a kind of female pe-dantry, to pronounce an hard word right; for which reason they took frequent occasion to use hard words, that they might shew a politeness in murdering them. He further adds, that a lady of some quality at court, having accidentally made use of a hard word in a proper place, and pronounced it right, the whole assembly was out of countenance for her.

I must however be so just to own, that there are many ladies who have travelled several thousands of miles without being the worse for it, and have brought home with them all the modesty, discretion, and good sense, that they went abroad with. As, on the contrary, there are great numbers of travelled ladies, who have lived all their days within the smoke of London. I have known a woman that never was out of the parish of St. James's betray as many foreign fopperies in

or carriage, as she could have gleaned up in  
all the countries of Europe. C.

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No. 46. MONDAY, APRIL 23, 1711.

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*Non bene junctarum discordia semina verum*

Occip. Met. l. l. ver. p

The jarring seeds of ill-concerted things

WHEN I want materials for this paper, it is my custom to go abroad in quest of game; and when meet any proper subject, I take the first opportunity of settling down an hint of it upon paper. At the same time I look into the letters of my correspondents, and if I find any thing suggested to them that may afford matter of speculation, I likewise enter a minute of it in my collection of materials. By this means I frequently carry about me a whole sheetful of hints, that would look like a rhapsody of nonsense to any body but myself. There is nothing in them but obscurity and confusion, raving and inconsistency. In short, they are my speculations in the first principles, that (like the world in its chaos) are void of all light, distinction, and order.

About a week since there happened to me a very odd accident, by reason of one of these my papers of minutes which I had accidentally dropped at Lloyd's coffee-house, where the auctions are usually kept. Before I missed it, there were a cluster of people who had found it, and were diverting themselves with it at one end of the coffee-house. It had raised so much laughter

among them before I had observed what it were about, that I had not the courage to own. The boy of the coffee-house, when they had done with it, carried it about in his hand, asking everybody if they had dropped a written paper; if nobody challenging it, he was ordered by the merry gentlemen who had before perused it, to get up into the auction pulpit, and read it to the whole room, that if any one would own it that night. The boy accordingly mounted the pulpit, and with a very audible voice read as follows.

#### MINUTES.

Sir Roger de Coverley's country-seat—Yes, I hate long speeches—Query, if a good Christian may be a conjuror—Childermas-day, saltcell-house-dog, screech-owl, cricket—Mr. Till was Uncle of London, in the good ship called the Achilles. Yarico—*Aggravatque melendo* Ghosts—The Lady's Library—Lion by trade tailor—Dromedary called Bucephalus—Equip the lady's *summum bonum*—Charles Lillie taken notice of—Short face a relief to envy—Rundandancies in the three professions—King Lay was a recruit—Jew devouring a ham of bacon—Westminster abbey—Grand Cairo—Procrastination—April fools—Blue boars, red lions, hogs, armour—Enter a King and two Fiddlers *solus*. Admission into the Ugly club—Beauty how inproveable—Families of true and false humour—The parrot's school-mistress—Face half Pict half British—No man to be an hero of a tragedy under six foot—Club of siphers—Letters from Flower pots, elbow chairs, tapestry-figures, lion, thunder—The bell rings to the puppet-show—Old woman with a beard married to a smock-faced boy—My next coat to be turned up with blue—Fable of tongs and gridiron—Flower dyers—The so

dier's prayer—Thank ye for nothing says the galley-pot—Pactolus in stockings with golden clocks to them—Bamboos, cudgels, drum-sticks—Slip of my land-lady's eldest daughter—The black mare with a star in her forehead—The barber's pole—Will Honeycomb's coat-pocket—Cæsar's behaviour and my own in parallel circumstances—Poem in patch-work—*Nulli graviscat percussus Achilles*—The female conventicler—The ogle-master.

The reading of this paper made the whole coffee-house very merry; some of them concluded it was written by a madman, and others by somebody that had been taking notes out of the Spectator. One who had the appearance of a very substantial citizen told us, with several political winks and nods, that he wished there was no more in the paper than what was expressed in it: that for his part, he looked upon the dromedary, the gridiron, and the barber's pole, to signify something more than what was usually meant by those words: and that he thought the coffee-man could not do better than to carry the paper to one of the secretaries of state. He further added, that he did not like the name of the outlandish man with the golden clock in his stockings. A young Oxford scholar, who chanced to be with his uncle at the coffee-house, discovered to us who this Pactolus was: and by that means turned the whole scheme of this worthy citizen into ridicule. While they were making their several conjectures upon this innocent paper, I reached out my arm to the boy as he was coming out of the pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the eyes of the whole company upon me; but after having cast a cursory glance over it, and shook my head twice or thrice at the reading of



it, I twisted it into a kind of match, and light my pipe with it. My profound silence, together with the steadiness of my countenance, and gravity of my behaviour during this whole transaction, raised a very loud laugh on all sides of me; but as I had escaped all suspicion of being author, I was very well satisfied, and applied myself to my pipe and the Postman, took further notice of any thing that had passed at me.

My reader will find, that I have already made use of above half the contents of the foregoing paper; and will easily suppose, that those subjects which are yet untouched, were such propositions as I had made for his future entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by accident, I shall only give him the letters which related to the two last hints. The first of these I should not have published, were I not informed that there is many an husband who suffers much in his private affairs by the indiscretion of such a partner as is hereafter mentioned; whom I may apply the barbarous inscription quoted by the Bishop of Salisbury in his travel *'Dum nimia pia est, facta est impia:'* 'Thou too much piety she became impious.'

'Sister,

'I am one of those unhappy men that plagued with a gospel-gossip, so common among dissenters (especially friends). Lectures in morning, church-meetings at noon, and preparation sermons at night, take up so much of my time, it is very rare she knows what we have for dinner, unless when the preacher is to be at home. With him come a tribe, all brothers and sisters; it seems; while others, really such, are deen

no relations. If at any time I have her company alone, she is a mere sermon pop-gun, repeating and discharging texts, proofs, and applications so perpetually, that however weary I may go to bed, the noise in my head will not let me sleep till towards morning. The misery of my case, and great numbers of such sufferers, plead your pity and speedy relief; otherwise must expect, in a little time, to be lectured, preached, and prayed into want, unless the happiness of being sooner talked to death prevent it.

I am, &c.

R. G.

The second letter relating to the oggling-master, runs thus :

MR. APPEALATION,

'I am an Irish gentleman that have travell'd many years for my improvement; during which time I have accomplished myself in the whole art of oggling, as it is at present practis'd in the polite nations of Europe. Being thus qualified, I intend, by the advice of my friends, to set up for an oggling-master. I teach the church ogle in the morning, and the play-house ogle by candle-light. I have also brought over with me a new flying ogle fit for the ring; which I teach in the dusk of the evening, or in any hour of the day, by darkening one of my windows. I have a manuscript by me called 'The Complete Ogler, which I shall be ready to shew you on any occasion. In the mean time I beg you will publish the substance of this letter in an advertisement, and you will very much oblige,

Your, &c.'

No. 47. TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1711

*Ride si sapias*—————

MAY

Laugh, if you are wise.

MR. HONNA, in his Discourse of Human Nature, which, in my humble opinion, is much the best of all his works, after some very curious observations upon laughter, concludes thus: 'The passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the inferiority of others, or with our own formerly: for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour.'

According to this author therefore, when we hear a man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very merry, we ought to tell him he is very proud. And indeed, if we look into the bottom of the matter, we shall meet with many observations to confirm us in this opinion. Every one laughs at somebody that is in an inferior state of folly: himself. It was formerly the custom for every great house in England to keep a tame fool dressed in petticoats, that the heir of the family might have an opportunity of joking upon him and verting himself with his absurdities. For the same reason, idiots are still in request in most courts of Germany, where there is not a prince of any great magnificence, who has not a fool or two dressed, distinguished, undisputed too, by his retinue, whom the rest of the court are always breaking their jests upon.

The Dutch, who are more famous for their industry and application, than for wit and humour, hang up in several of their streets what they call the sign of the Gaper, that is, the head of an idiot, dressed in a cap and bells, and gaping in a most immoderate manner. This is a standing jest at Amsterdam.

Thus every one diverts himself with some person or other that is below him in point of understanding, and triumphs in the superiority of his genius, whilst he has such objects of derision before his eyes. Mr. Dennis has very well expressed this in a couple of humorous lines, which are part of a translation of a satire in monsieur Boileau :

'Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,  
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.'

Mr. Hobbs's reflection gives us the reason why the insignificant people abovementioned are stirrers up of laughter among men of a gross taste : but as the more understanding part of mankind do not find their risibility affected by such ordinary objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the several provocatives of laughter, in men of superior sense and knowledge.

In the first place I must observe, that there is a set of merry drolls, whom the common people of all countries admire, and seem to love so well, 'that they could eat them,' according to the old proverb : I mean those circumforaneous wits whom every nation calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best : in Holland they are termed Pickled Herrings ; in France, Jean Potages ; in Italy, Macaronies ; and in Great-Britain, Jack Puddings. These merry wags, from whatsoever food they receive their titles, that they

make their audiences laugh, always appear in a fool's coat, and commit such blunders and mistakes in every step they take, and every word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little triumph of the understanding, under the disguise of laughter, is no where more visible than in that custom which prevails every where among us on the first day of the present month, when every body takes it into his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies discovered, so there is more laughter raised on this day than on any other in the whole year. A neighbour of mine, who is a haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow conceited fellow, makes his boast that for these ten years successively he has not made less than an hundred April fools. My landlady had a falling out with him about a fortnight ago, for sending every one of her children upon some sleeveless errand, as she terms it. Her eldest son went to buy an half pennyworth of inkle at a shoemaker's; the elder daughter was dispatched half a mile to see a mowster; and, in short, the whole family of innocent children made April fools. Nay, my landlady herself did not escape him. This empty fellow laughed upon these conceits ever since.

This art of wit is well enough, when confine one day in a twelvemonth; but there is an innumerable tribe of men sprung up of late years, are for making April fools every day in the year. These gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the name of Biters: a race of men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those misdoings which are of their own production.

Thus we see in proportion as one man is refined than another, he chooses his fool or

lower or higher class of mankind, or to speak in a more philosophical language, that secret elation or pride of heart, which is generally called laughter, arises in him, from his comparing himself with an object below him, whether it so happens that it be a natural or an artificial fool. It is, indeed, very possible, that the persons we laugh at may in the main of their characters be much wiser than ourselves, but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those respects which stir up this passion.

I am afraid I shall appear too abstracted in my speculations, if I shew, that when a man of wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some oddness or infirmity in his own character, or in the representation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a brute, or even at an inanimate thing, it is at some action or incident that bears a remote analogy to any blunder or absurdity in reasonable creatures.

But to come into common life: I shall pass by the consideration of those stage comcombs that are able to shake a whole audience, and take notice of a particular sort of men who are such provokers of mirth in conversation, that it is impossible for a club or merry meeting to subsist without them; I mean those honest gentlemen that are always exposed to the wit and raillery of their well wishers and companions, that are pelted by men, women, and children, friends and foes, and in a word, stand as butts in conversation, for every one to shoot at that pleases. I know several of these butts who are men of wit and sense, though by some odd turn of humour, some unlucky cast in their person or behaviour, they have always the misfortune to make the company merry. The truth of it is, a man is not qual-

fied for a butt, who has not a good deal of wit and vivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his character. A stupid butt is only fit for the conversation of ordinary people: men of wit require one that will give them play, and bestir himself in the absurd part of his behaviour. A butt with these accomplishments frequently gets the laugh of his side, and turns the ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir John Falstaff was an hero of this species, and gives a good description of himself in his capacity of a butt, after the following manner: 'Men of all sorts,' says that merry knight, 'take a pride to gird at me. The brain of man is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.' C.

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No. 48. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1711

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----- *Per multas aditum sibi sæpè figuras*  
*Repperit*-----

OVID. MET. XIV. 652

Through various shapes he often finds access.

My correspondents take it ill if I do not, from time to time, let them know I have received their letters. The most effectual way will be to publish some of them that are upon important subjects, which I shall introduce with a letter of my own that I writ a fortnight ago to a fraternity who thought fit to make me an honorary member.

*' To the President and Fellows of the Ugly Club.*

**' MAY IT PLEASE YOUR DEFORMITIES,**

**' I HAVE** received the notification of the honour you have done me, in admitting me into your society. I acknowledge my want of merit, and for that reason shall endeavour at all times to make up my own failures, by introducing and recommending to the club persons of more undoubted qualifications than I can pretend to. I shall next week come down in the stage coach, in order to take my seat at the board; and shall bring with me a candidate of each sex. The persons I shall present to you, are an old beau and a modern Pict. If they are not so eminently gifted by nature as our assembly expects, give me leave to say their acquired ugliness is greater than any that has ever appeared before you. The beau has varied his dress every day of his life for these thirty years past, and still added to the deformity he was born with. The Pict has still greater merit towards us, and has, ever since she came to years of discretion, deserted the handsome party, and taken all possible pains to acquire the face in which I shall present her to your consideration and favour.

**I AM, GENTLEMEN,**

**Your most obliged humble servant,  
THE SPECTATOR.**

**' P. S.** I desire to know whether you admit people of quality.'

**' MR. SPECTATOR,**

**April 17.**

**' To shew you there are among us of the vain weak sex, some that have honesty and fortitude enough to dare to be ugly, and willing**



## SPECTATOR.

e thought so, I apply myself to you, to beg  
 r interest and recommendation to the ugly  
 o. If my own word will not be taken, (though  
 this case a woman's may) I can bring credible  
 measures of my qualifications for their company,  
 aether they insist upon hair, forehead, eyes,  
 eeks, or chin; to which I must add, that I find  
 easier to lean to my left side than to my right.  
 hope I am in all respects agreeable, and for hu-  
 nour and mirth I will keep up to the president  
 himself. All the favour I will pretend to is, that  
 as I am the first woman who has appeared desir-  
 ous of good company and agreeable conversation,  
 I may take and keep the upper end of the table.  
 And indeed I think they want a carver, which I  
 can be, after as ugly a manner as they could wish.  
 I desire your thoughts of my claim as soon as you  
 can. Add to my features the length of my face,  
 which is full half-yard; though I never knew the  
 reason of it till you gave one for the shortness of  
 yours. If I knew a name ugly enough to belong  
 to the above described face, I would feign one;  
 but, to my unspeakable misfortune, my name is  
 the only disagreeable prettiness about me;  
 prythee make one for me that signifies all the d  
 formity in the world. You understand Latin, I  
 be sure bring it in with my being, in the sincer  
 of my heart,

Your most frightful admirer,  
 and servant,  
 HICATIUS.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I read your discourse upon affect  
 and from the remarks made in it, examine  
 own heart so strictly, that I thought I had  
 out its most secret avenues, with a resolu-

be aware of them for the future. But, alas! to my sorrow I now understand that I have several follies which I do not know the root of. I am an old fellow, and extremely troubled with the gout; but having always a strong vanity towards being pleasing in the eyes of women, I never have a moment's ease, but I am mounted in high-heeled shoes, with a glazed wax-leather instep. Two days after a severe fit, I was invited to a friend's house in the city, where I believed I should see ladies; and with my usual complaisance crippled myself to wait upon them. A very sumptuous table, agreeable company, and kind reception, were but so many importunate additions to the torment I was in. A gentleman of the family observed my condition; and soon after the queen's health, he, in the presence of the whole company, with his own hands, degraded me into an old pair of his own shoes. This operation before fine ladies, to me (who am by nature a coxcomb) was suffered with the same reluctance as they admit the help of men in their greatest extremity. The return of ease made me forgive the rough obligation laid on me, which at that time relieved my body from a distemper, and will my mind for ever from a folly. For the charity received, I return my thanks this way.

Your most humble servant.\*

\* 817,

Epping, April 18.

\* We have your papers here the morning they come out, and we have been very well entertained with your last, upon the false ornaments of persons who represent heroes in a tragedy. What made your speculation come very seasonably among us in, that we have now at this place a company of strollers, who are far from offencelling

in the impertinent splendour of the drama are so far from falling into these false gall that the stage is here in its original situation. Alexander the Great was acted by in a paper cravat. The next day the Ear sex seemed to have no distress but his p and my Lord Foppington the same n wanted any better means to show himself than by wearing stockings of different c In a word, though they have had a full b many days together, our itinerants are so edly poor, that without you can prevail to the furniture you forbid at the play-house, roes appear only like sturdy beggars, and th inea gypsies. We have but one part wh performed and dressed with propriety, s was Justice Clodpate. This was so well do it offended Mr. Justice Overdo, who in th of our whole audience, was (like Quixote puppet-show) so highly provoked, that them, if they would move compassion, it be in their own persons, and not in the ch of distressed princes and potentates. I them, if they were so good at finding the people's hearts, they should do it at the bridges or church porches, in their prop tion of beggars. This the justice says, th expect, since they could not be contente heathen warriors, and such fellows as Ale but must presume to make a mockery of the quorum.

R.

Your serva

No. 49. THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1711.

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*Hominem pagina nostra capit.*

MART.

Men and their manners I describe,

It is very natural for a man who is not turned for mirthful meetings of men, or assemblies of the fair sex, to delight in that sort of conversation which we find in coffee-houses. Here a man of my temper is in his element; for if he cannot talk, he can still be more agreeable to his company, as well as pleased in himself, in being only an hearer. It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. The latter is the more general desire, and I know very able flatterers that never speak a word in praise of the persons from whom they obtain daily favours, but still practise a skilful attention to whatever is uttered by those with whom they converse. We are very curious to observe the behaviour of great men and their clients; but the same passions and interests move men in lower spheres; and I (that have nothing else to do but make observations) see in every parish, street, lane, and alley of this populous city, a little potentate that has his court and his flatterers who lay snares for his affection and favour, by the same arts that are practised upon men in higher stations.

In the place I most usually frequent, men differ rather in the time of day in which they make

a figure, than in any real greatness above one another. I, who am at the coffee-house at six in the morning, know that my friend Beaver the haberdasher has a levee of more undissembled friends and admirers, than most of the courtiers or generals of Great Britain. Every man about him has, perhaps, a newspaper in his hand ; but none can pretend to guess what step will be taken in any one court of Europe, till Mr. Beaver has thrown down his pipe, and declares what measures the allies must enter into upon this new posture of affairs. Our coffee house is near one of the inns of court, and Beaver has the audience and admiration of his neighbours from six till within a quarter of eight, at which time he is interrupted by the students of the house ; some of whom are ready dressed for Westminster at eight in a morning, with faces as busy as if they were retained in every cause there ; and others come in their night-gowns to saunter away their time, as if they never designed to go further. I do not know that I meet in any of my walks, objects which move both my spleen and laughter so effectually, as those young fellows at the Grecian, Squire's, Searle's, and all other coffee-houses adjacent to the law, who rise early for no other purpose but to publish their laziness. One would think these young virtuosi took a gay cap and slippers, with a scarf and party coloured gown, to be ensigns of dignity ; for the vain things approach each other with an air, which shews they regard one another for their vestments. I have observed that the superiority among these proceeds from an opinion of gallantry and fashion. The gentleman in the strawberry sash, who pre-udes so much over the rest, has, it seems, subscribed to every opera this last winter, and is supposed to receive favours from one of the actresses

When the day grows too busy for these gentlemen to enjoy any longer the pleasures of their *deshabille*, with any manner of confidence, they give place to men who have business or good sense in their faces, and come to the coffee-house either to transact affairs, or enjoy conversation. The persons to whose behaviour and discourse I have most regard, are such as are between these two sorts of men; such as have not spirits too active to be happy and well pleased in a private condition, nor complexions too warm to make them neglect the duties and relations of life. Of these sort of men consist the worthier part of mankind; of these are all good fathers, generous brothers, sincere friends, and faithful subjects. Their entertainments are derived rather from reason than imagination; which is the cause that there is no impatience or instability in their speech or action. You see in their countenances they are at home, and in quiet possession of the present instant as it passes, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any passion, or prosecuting any new design. These are the men formed for society, and those little communities which we express by the word neighbourhood.

The coffee-house is the place of rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to relish calm and ordinary life. *Fabulus* presides over the middle hours of the day, when this assembly of men meet together. He enjoys a great fortune handsomely, without launching into expense; and exerts many noble and useful qualities, without appearing in any public employment. His wisdom and knowledge are serviceable to all that think fit to make use of them; and he does the office of a counsel, a judge, an executor, and a friend to all his acquaintance, not only without

the profits which attend such offices, but also without the deference and homage which are usually paid to them. The giving of thanks is displeasing to him. The greatest gratitude you can shew him, is to let him see that you are a better man for his services; and that you are as ready to oblige others, as he is to oblige you.

In the private exigencies of his friends, he lends at legal value considerable sums which he might highly increase by rolling in the public stocks. He does not consider in whose hands his money will improve most, but where it will do most good.

Eubulus has so great an authority in his little diurnal audience, that when he shakes his head at any piece of public news, they all of them appear dejected; and on the contrary, go home to their dinners with a good stomach and cheerful aspect when Eubulus seems to intimate that things go well. Nay, their veneration towards him is so great, that when they are in other company they speak and act after him; are wise in his sentences, and are no sooner sat down at their own tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or despond, as they saw him do at the coffee-house. In a word, every man is Eubulus as soon as his back is turned.

Having here given an account of the several reigns that succeed each other from day-break till dinner time, I shall mention the monarchs of the afternoon on another occasion, and shut up the whole series of them with the history of Tom the Tyrant;\* who, as the first minister of the coffee-house, takes the government upon him between the hours of eleven and twelve at night,

\* The waiter of that coffee-house, frequently nick-named Sir Thomas.

and gives his orders in the most arbitrary manner to the servants below him, as to the disposition of liquors, coal, and cinders. R.

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No. 50. FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1711

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*Namquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dixit.*

JUV. SAT. xix. 321

Good taste and nature always speak the same.

WHEN the four Indian kings were in this country about a twelvemonth ago, I often mixed with the rabble, and followed them a whole day together, being wonderfully struck with the sight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, since their departure, employed a friend to make many inquiries of their landlord the upholsterer, relating to their manners and conversation, as also concerning the remarks which they made in this country: for, next to the forming a right notion of such strangers, I should be desirous of learning what ideas they have conceived of us.

The upholsterer finding my friend very inquisitive about these his lodgers, brought him some time since a little bundle of papers, which he assured him were written by king Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow, and as he supposed left behind by some mistake. These papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd observations, which I find this little fraternity of kings made during their stay in the Isle of Great Britain. I shall present my reader with a short specimen of them in this paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the article of



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pile was far  
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figure) bored  
and industry,  
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ded at this  
curiously scooped  
number of  
chipping the  
as the surface  
hewn out into  
so many tre  
of leaves.**

the following words, which without  
meant of the church of St. Paul:  
most rising part of the town there  
house, big enough to contain the  
of which I am king. Our good bro-  
O Koam, king of the Rivers, is of  
as made by the hands of that great  
m it is consecrated. The kings of  
d of the Six Nations believe that it  
with the earth, and produced on the  
h the sun and moon. But for my own  
best information that I could get of  
I am apt to think that this prodigious  
doned into the shape it now bears by  
and instruments, of which they have  
variety in this country. It was pro-  
a huge mis-shapen rock that grew  
of the hill, which the natives of the  
after having cut into a kind of regular  
bored and hollowed with incredible pains  
and industry, till they had wrought it into those  
beautiful vaults and caverns into which it is divided  
at this day. As soon as this rock was thus  
curiously scooped to their liking, a prodigious  
number of hands must have been employed in  
chipping the outside of it, which is now as smooth  
as the surface of a pebble; and is in several places  
hewn out into pillars that stand like the trunks of  
trees bound about the top with garlands  
of leaves. It is probable that when this great  
work was begun, which must have been many  
hundred years ago, there was some religion among  
this people; for they give it the name of a temple,  
and have a tradition that it was designed for men  
to pay their devotion in. And indeed there are  
several reasons which make us think that the  
natives of this country had formerly among them

sant of worship, for they set apart every fifth day as sacred: but upon my going into of these holy houses on that day, I could not see any circumstance of devotion in their behaviour. There was indeed a man in black, who mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter sthings with a great deal of vehemence; but of those underneath him, instead of paying worship to the deity of the place, they were to them bowing and courtesying to one her, and a considerable number of them last up.

The queen of the country appointed two men attend us, that had enough of our language to themselves understood in some few particulars. But we soon perceived these two were acquainted to one another, and did not always tell the same story. We could make shift to get out of one of them, that this island was much infested with a monstrous kind of animals, in the shape of men, called whigs, and he told us, that he hoped we should meet with some of them in our way, but that if we did, they'd be apt to knock us down for being kings. But other interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of animal called a toty, that was as great monster as the whigg, and would treat us as ill being foreigners. These two creatures, it us, are both with a secret antipathy to one her, and engage when they meet as naturally as the elephant and the rhinoceros \*. But as we none of either of these species, we are apt to h that our guides deceived us with misrepre-

Of these two animals the Indian kings could have no, and therefore seem here to be illustrating *obscure*, *deceitful*, and explaining the monstrous opinion of here be able that were not really in their country.

representations : I  
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country.

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‘ These particulars we made a shift to pick out from the discourse of our interpreters ; which we put together as well as we could, being able to understand but here and there a word of what they said, and afterwards making up the meaning of it among ourselves. The men of the country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft works, but withal so very idle, that we often saw young lusty raw-boned fellows, carried up and down the streets in little covered rooms, by a couple of porters, who are hired for that service. Their dress is likewise very barbarous, for they almost strangle themselves about the neck, and bind their bodies with several ligatures, that we are apt to think are the occasion of several distempers among them, which our country is entirely free from. Instead of those beautiful feathers with which we adorn our heads, they often buy up a monstrous bush of hair, which covers their heads, and falls down in a large fleece below the middle of their backs ; and with which they walk up and down the streets, and are as proud of it as if it was of their own growth.

‘ We were invited to one of their public diversions, where we hoped to have seen the great men of their country running down a stag, or pitching a bar, that we might have discovered who were the persons of the greatest abilities among them ; but instead of that, they conveyed us into an huge room lighted up with abundance of candles, where this lazy people sat still above three hours to see several feats of ingenuity performed by others, who it seems were paid for it.

‘ As for the women of the country, not being

able to talk with them, we could only make our remarks upon them at a distance. They let the hair of their heads grow to a great length; but as the men make a great show with heads of hair that are none of their own, the women, who they say have very fine heads of hair, tie it up in a knot, and cover it from being seen. The women look like angels, and would be more beautiful than the sun, were it not for little black spots that are apt to break out in their faces, and sometimes rise in very odd figures. I have observed that those little blemishes wear off very soon; but when they disappear in one part of the face, they are very apt to break out in another, insomuch that I have seen a spot upon the forehead in the afternoon, which was upon the chin in the morning.<sup>1</sup>

The author then proceeds to shew the absurdity of breeches and petticoats, with many other curious observations which I shall reserve for another occasion. I cannot however conclude this paper without taking notice, that amidst these wild remarks there now and then appears something very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing, that we are all guilty in some measure of the same narrow way of thinking which we meet with in this abstract of the Indian journal, when we fancy the customs, dresses, and manners of other countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not resemble those of our own.

C.

“My fortune, quality, and person  
as render me as conspicuous as any  
man in town. It is in my power to en-  
joy its vanities, but I have, from a very ex-  
ception, contracted a great aversion to the  
air and fashion which is practised in  
places and assemblies. I attribute this  
to the style and manner of our plays.  
night at the Funeral, where a confidant  
the play, speaking of his mistress, ex-  
“Oh that Harriot! to fold those arms  
waist of that beauteous, struggling, &  
yielding fair!” Such an image as this  
no means to be presented to a chaste &  
audience. I expect your opinion of  
tence, and recommend to your consider-  
a Spectator, the conduct of the stage  
with relation to chastity and modesty.

I am, sir,

Your constant reader and well-

The complaint of this young lady

five acts together, they would allow a writer, when he wants wit, and cannot please any other-wise, to help it out with a little smuttness. I will answer for the poets, that no one ever writ bawdry, for any other reason but dearth of invention. When the author cannot strike out of himself any more of that which he has superior to those who make up the bulk of his audience, his natural recourse is to that which he has in common with them; and a description which gratifies a sensual appetite will please, when the author has nothing about him to delight a refined imagination. It is to such a poverty we must impute this and all other sentences in plays, which are of this kind, and which are commonly termed luscious expressions.\*

This expedient to supply the deficiencies of wit, has been used more or less by most of the authors who have succeeded on the stage; though I know but one who has professedly writ a play upon the basis of the desire of multiplying our species, and that is the polite Sir George Etheldridge; if I understand what the lady would be at, in the play called *She Would if She Could*. Other poets have here and there given an intimation that there is this design, under all the disguises and affectations which a lady may put on; but no author, except this, has made sure work of it, and put the imaginations of the audience upon this one purpose from the beginning to the

\* He it said here, to the honour of the author of this paper, that he practised the lessons which he taught, and did not reject good advice from what quarter soever it came. He published this lady's letter, and approved her indignation. He submitted to her censure, condemned himself publicly, and corrected the obnoxious passage of his play, in a new edition which was published in 1712.

end of the comedy. It has always fared accordingly; for whether it be that all who go to this piece would if they could, or that the innocents go to it, to guess only what she would if she could, the play has always been well received.

It lifts an heavy empty sentence, when there is added to it a lascivious gesture of body; and when it is too low to be raised even by that, a flat meaning is enlivened by making it a double one. Writers who want genius, never fail of keeping this secret in reserve, to create a laugh or raise a clap. I, who know nothing of women but from seeing plays, can give great guesses at the whole structure of the fair sex, by being innocently placed in the pit, and insulted by the petticoats of their dancers; the advantages of whose pretty persons are a great help to a dull play. When a poet flags in writing lasciviously, a pretty girl can move lasciviously, and have the same good consequence for the author. Dull poets in this case use their audience, as dull parasites do their patrons; when they cannot longer divert them with their wit or humour, they bait their ears with something which is agreeable to their temper, though below their understanding. Apicius cannot resist being pleased, if you give him an account of a delicious meal; or Clodius, if you describe a wanton beauty; though at the same time, if you do not awake those inclinations in them, no men are better judges of what is just and delicate in conversation. But as I have before observed, it is easier to talk to the man, than to the man of sense.

It is remarkable that the writers of least learning are best skilled in the lascivious way. The poets of the age have done wonders in this kind; and we are obliged to the lady who writ

Ibrahim,\* for introducing a preparatory scene to the very action, when the emperor throws his handkerchief as a signal for his mistress to follow him into the most retired part of the seraglio. It must be confessed his Turkish majesty went off with a good air, but methought we made but a sad figure who waited without. This ingenious gentlewoman, in this piece of bawdry, refined upon an author of the same sex,† who, in the Rover, makes a country 'squire strip to his Holland drawers. For Blunt is disappointed, and the emperor is understood to go on to the utmost. The pleasantry of stripping almost naked has been since practised (where indeed it should have been begun) very successfully at Bartholomew fair.‡

It is not to be here omitted, that in one of the above-mentioned female compositions, the Rover is very frequently sent on the same errand; as I take it, above once every act. This is not wholly unnatural; for, they say, the men authors draw themselves in their chief characters, and the women writers may be allowed the same liberty. Thus, as the male wit gives his hero a great fortune, the female gives her heroine a good gallant at the end of the play. But, indeed, there is hardly a play one can go to, but the hero or fine gentleman of it struts off upon the same account, and leaves us to consider what good office he has put us to, or to employ ourselves as we please. To be plain, a man who frequents plays would have a very respectful notion of himself, where he to recollect how often he has been used as a pimp to ravishing tyrants, or successful rakes.

\* Mrs. Mary Pix.

† Mrs. Behn.

‡ The appearance of Lady Mary, a rope-dancer at Bartholomew fair, gave occasion to this proper animadversion.



day of a play,\* lest it should prove too  
admit their going with any counten  
on the second.

If men of wit, who think fit to w  
stage, instead of this pitiful way of givi  
would turn their thoughts upon raisi  
such good natural impulses as are in the  
but are choked up by vice and luxury,  
not only please, but befriend us at the  
If a man had a mind to be new in  
writing, might not he who is now repu  
a fine gentleman, though he betrays  
and bed of his neighbour and friend  
with half the women in the play, an  
rewarded with her of the best charac  
say, upon giving the comedy another  
not such a one divert the audience qu  
if at the catastrophe he were found  
traitor, and met with contempt ac  
There is seldom a person devoted to

be capable of relishing an agreeable character, it is no way a slave to either of those pursuits, man that is temperate, generous, valiant, chaste, just, and honest, may, at the same time, have a humour, mirth, good breeding, and gallantry. While he exerts those latter qualities, only occasions might be invented to show he is master of the other noble virtues. Such character would smile and reprove the heart of a man of sense, when he is given up to his pleasures. I would see he has been mistaken all this while, I be convinced that a sound constitution and an erect mind, are the true ingredients for becoming, and enjoying life. All men of true taste would call a man of wit, who should turn his aim on this way, a friend and benefactor to his country; but I am at a loss what name they would give him, who makes use of his capacity for comely purposes. II.

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No. 52. MONDAY, APRIL 30, 1711

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*Omnes ut tecum morietis pro talibus amicos  
Religios, ut pulchrum faciat te prole parentum.*

Vener. Am. L. 70

To crown thy worth, she shall be ever thine,  
And make thee father of a beauteous line.

Ingenious correspondent, like a sprightly wife, I always have the last word. I did not think last letter to the deformed fraternity would be excus'd any answer, especially since I promised them so sudden a visit; but as they do they cannot shew too great a veneration for persons, they have already sent me up an answer. As to the proposal of a marriage between

myself and the matchless Hecatiſſa, I have but one objection to it; which is, That all the ſociety will expect to be acquainted with her; and who can be ſure of keeping a woman's heart long, where ſhe may have ſo much choice? I am the more alarmed at this, becauſe the lady ſeems particularly ſmitten with men of their make.

I believe I ſhall ſet my heart upon her; and think never the worſe of my miſtreſs for an epi-gram a ſmart fellow writ, as he thought, againſt her; it does but the more recommend her to me. At the ſame time I cannot but diſcover that his malice is ſtolen from Martial:

*'Tacta places, audita places, ſi non videare  
'Tota places, neutro ſi videare, places.'*

*'Whilst in the dark on thy ſoft hand I hung,  
And heard the tempting Siren in thy tongue,  
What flames, what darts, what anguiſh I endur'd'  
But when the candle enter'd I was cur'd.'*

'Your letter to us we have received, as a ſignal mark of your favour and brotherly affection. We ſhall be heartily glad to ſee your ſhort face in Oxford: and ſince the wiſdom of our legiſlature has been immortalized in your ſpeculations, and our perſonal deformities in ſome ſort by you recorded to all poſterity; we hold ourſelves in gratitude bound to receive, with the higheſt reſpect, all ſuch perſons as for their extraordinary merit you ſhall think fit, from time to time, to recommend unto the board. As for the Pictiſh dauſel, we have an eaſy chair prepared at the upper end of the table: which we doubt not but ſhe will grace with a very hideous aſpect, and much better become the ſeat in the native and unaffected uncomelineſs of her perſon, than with all the ſuperficial airs of the pencil, which (as you have very ingeniouſly obſerved) vaniſh with a breath, and the moſt innocent adorer may de-

face the shrine with a salutation, and in the literal sense of our poets, snatch and imprint his balmy kisses, and devour her melting lips. In short, the only faces of the Pictish kind that will endure the weather, must be of Dr. Carbuncle's die; though his, in truth, has cost him a world the painting; but then he boasts with Zeuxes, *in æternitatem pingo*; and oft jocosely tells the fair ones, would they acquire colours that would stand kissing, they must no longer paint, but drink for a complexion: a maxim that in this our age has been pursued with no ill success; and has been as admirable in its effects, as the famous cosmetic mentioned in the *Post-man*, and invented by the renowned British Hippocrates of the pestle and mortar; making the party, after a due course, rosy, hale, and alry; and the best and most approved receipt now extant, for the fever of the spirits. But to return to our female candidate, who, I understand, is returned to herself, and will no longer hang out false colours; as she is the first of her sex that has done us so great an honour, she will certainly in a very short time, both in prose and verse, be a lady of the most celebrated deformity now living, and meet with many admirers here as frightful as herself. But being a long-headed gentlewoman, I am apt to imagine she has some further design than you have yet penetrated; and perhaps has more mind to the Spectator than any of his fraternity, as the person of all the world she could like for a paramour. And if so, really I cannot but applaud her choice, and should be glad, if it might lie in my power, to effect an amicable accommodation betwixt two faces of such different extremes, as the only possible expedient to mend the breed, and rectify the physiognomy of the family on both

# SPECTATOR.

And again, as she is a lady of a very fluent  
 tion, you need not fear that your child will  
 orn dumb, which otherwise you might have  
 e reason to be apprehensive of. To be plain  
 you, I can see nothing shocking in it; for  
 ough she has not a face like a John-apple, yet  
 a late friend of mine, who at sixty-five ventured  
 a loss of fifteen, very frequently in the remain-  
 g five years of his life gave me to understand,  
 at as old as he then seemed, when they were  
 rst married he and his spouse could make but  
 ur score; so may madam Hecatombe very justly  
 llege hereafter, that as long-visaged as she may  
 hen be thought, upon their wedding-day Mr.  
 Spectator and she had but half an ell of face be-  
 twist them; and this my worthy predecessor, Mr.  
 Serjeant Chin, always maintained to be no more  
 than the true oval proportion between man and  
 wife. But as this may be a new thing to you,  
 who have hitherto had no expectations from wo-  
 men, I shall allow you what time you think fit to  
 consider on it; not without some hope of seeing  
 at last your thoughts hereupon subjoined to mine  
 and which is an honour much desired, by,

SIR,

Your assured friend,  
 and most humble servant,  
 HUGH GOLDSMITH,  
*Prose*

The following letter has not much in it, but  
 it is written in my own praise, I cannot from  
 heart suppress it.

SIR,

You proposed in your Spectator o  
 Tuesday, Mr. Hobbs's hypothesis for solving  
 very odd phenomenon of laughter. You

made the hypothesis valuable by espousing it yourself; for had it continued Mr Hobbs's, nobody would have minded it. Now here this perplexed case arises. A certain company laughed very heartily upon the reading of that very paper of yours; and the truth on it is, he must be a man of more than ordinary constancy that could stand out against so much comedy, and not do as we did. Now there are few men in the world so far lost to all good sense, as to look upon you to be a man in a state of folly "inferior to himself."—Pray then how do you justify your hypothesis of laughter?

Thursday, the 26th of  
the month of fools.

Your most humble,  
Q. H.

'SIR,

'In answer to your letter, I must desire you to recollect yourself; and you will find, that when you did me the honour to be so merry over my paper, you laughed at the idiot, the German courtier, the gaper, the merry-andrew, the haberdasher, the biter, the butt, and not at

Your humble servant,  
THE SPECTATOR.'

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No. 53. TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1711.

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*Alquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*  
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 359.  
Homer himself hath been observ'd to nod.  
ROSCOMMON.

My correspondents grow so numerous, that I cannot avoid frequently inserting their applications to me.

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

\* I AM glad I can inform you, that the deavours to adorn that sex, which is part of the visible creation, are well and like to prove not unsuccessful. That of Daphne over her sister Lætitia has subject of conversation at several feasts I have been present; and I have observed the circle not a little pleased to find you esteem them as reasonable creatures, and endeavour to banish that Mahometan custom, which much prevailed even in this island, to treat women as if they had no souls. I must do the justice to say, that there seems to be wanting to the finishing of these lovely human nature, besides the turning an their ambition properly, and the keeping to a sense of what is their true merit. That plain honest philosopher, as little a gallantry, appears to have understood well as the polite St. Evremont, and I point very luckily. "When young men," says he, "arrive at a certain age, they are called Mistresses, and are made that their only business is to please. They immediately begin to dress, and their hopes in the adorning of their person is therefore," continues he, "worth their endeavour by all means to make them that the honour paid to them is only count of their conducting themselves with modesty, and discretion."

\* Now to pursue the matter yet further, to render your cares for the improvement of fair ones more effectual, I would propose a method like those applications which convey their virtue by sympathy; and

## SPECTATOR.

that in order to embellish the mistress, you should give a new education to the lover, and teach men not to be any longer dazzled by false charms and unreal beauty. I cannot but think that if our sex knew always how to place their esteem justly, the other would not be so often wanting to themselves in deserving it. For as the being enamoured with a woman of sense and virtue is an improvement to a man's understanding and morals, and the passion is ennobled by the object which inspires it; so on the other side, the appearing amiable to a man of a wise and elegant mind, carries in itself no small degree of merit and accomplishment. I conclude, therefore, that one way to make the women yet more agreeable is, to make the men more virtuous.

I am, sir,

Your most humble servant,

R. B.

April 26th.

'SIR,  
'Yours of Saturday last I read, not without some resentment; but I will suppose when you say you expect an inundation of ribbons and brocades, and to see many new vanities which the women will fall into upon a peace with France, that you intend only the unthinking part of our sex; and what methods can reduce them to reason is hard to imagine.

'But, sir, there are others yet, that your instructions might be of great use to, who, after their best endeavours, are sometimes at a loss to assist themselves to a censorious world. I am far from thinking you can altogether disapprove of conversation between ladies and gentlemen, reprobated by the rules of honour and prudence; I have thought it an observation not ill-made,



# SPECTATOR.

where the  
their wit,  
I sure, fr  
stained, th  
it banish f  
d men in  
not. You  
good use

that was wholly denied, the women  
and the men  
from those im  
at a sort of un  
from their d  
the world, and  
Your stating this  
as well as much oblige,

their good manners  
proper liberties you  
distinguishing people  
drawing-rooms the best  
and condemn those that  
point might, I think, be

MR.  
Your admirer and  
most humble servant,  
ANNA BELLA.

No answer to this, till Anna Bella sends a description of those she calls the best bred men in the world.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I am a gentleman who for many years I  
past have been well known to be truly spleen  
and that my spleen arises from having contrar  
so great a delicacy, by reading the best au  
and keeping the most refined company, I  
cannot bear the least impropriety of language  
rusticity of behaviour. Now, sir, I have  
looked upon this as a wise distemper; b  
late observations find, that every heavy w  
who has nothing to say, excuses his dull  
complaining of the spleen. Nay, I saw the  
day, two fellows in a tavern kitchen set up  
call for a pint and pipes, and only by gaze  
quor to each other's health, and waiting  
in each other's face, pretend to throw  
spleen. I appeal to you whether these  
hours are to be done to the distempe  
great and the polite. I beseech you, si  
form these fellows that they have not th

because they cannot talk without the help of a glass at their mouths, or convey their meaning to each other without the interposition of clouds. If you will not do this with all speed, I assure you, for my part, I will wholly quit the disease, and for the future be merry with the vulgar.

I am, sir,

Your humble servant.'

'SIR,

'THIS is to let you understand that I am a reformed Starer, and conceived a detestation for that practice from what you have writ upon the subject. But as you have been very severe upon the behaviour of us men at divine service, I hope you will not be so apparently partial to the women, as to let them go wholly unobserved. If they do every thing that is possible to attract our eyes, are we more culpable than they, for looking at them? I happened last Sunday to be shut into a pew, which was full of young ladies in the bloom of youth and beauty. When the service began, I had not room to kneel at the confession, but as I stood kept my eyes from wandering as well as I was able, till one of the young ladies, who is a Peeper, resolved to bring down my looks and fix my devotion on herself. You are to know, sir, that a Peeper works with her hands, eyes, and fan; one of which is continually in motion, while she thinks she is not actually the admiration of some ogler or starrer in the congregation. As I stood utterly at a loss how to behave myself, surrounded as I was, this Peeper so placed herself as to be kneeling just before me. She displayed the most beautiful bosom imaginable, which heaved and fell with some fervour, while a delicate well-shaped arm held a fan over her face.

It was not in nature to command one's eyes this object. I could not avoid taking notice of her fan, which had on it various figures improper to behold on that occasion. There in the body of the piece a Venus, under a picanopy furled with curious wreaths of drapery half naked, attended with a train of Cupids, were busied in fanning her as she slept. Behind her was drawn a satyr peeping over the fence, and threatening to break through; I frequently offered to turn my sight another way, but was still detained by the fascination of the Peeper's eyes, who had long practised skill in them, to recall the parting glances of beholders. You see my complaint, and hope will take these mischievous people, the Peepers, into your consideration. I doubt not but you think a Peeper as much more pernicious than a Starer, as an ambuscade is more to be feared than an open assault.

I am, sir,  
Your most obedient servant

This peeper using both fan and eyes, to be considered as a Pict, and proceed accordingly.

**'KING LATINUS TO THE SPECTATOR, GRACIOUSLY**

**'THOUGH** some may think we descend from our imperial dignity, in holding correspondence with a private literato; yet as we have great respect to all good intentions for our vice, we do not esteem it beneath us to return our royal thanks for what you published in behalf, while under confinement in the enchanted castle of the Savoy, and for your mention of a subsidy for a prince in misfortune. This timely zeal has inclined the hearts of divi-

be aiding unto us, if we could propose the means. We have taken their good-will into consideration, and have contrived a method which will be easy to those who shall give the aid, and not unacceptable to us who receive it. A concert of music shall be prepared at Haberdasher's-hall, for Wednesday the second of May, and we will honour the said entertainment with our own presence, where each person shall be assessed but at two shillings and sixpence. What we expect from you is, that you publish these our royal intentions, with injunction that they be read at all tea-tables within the cities of London and Westminster; and so we bid you heartily farewell.

LATINUS,

*King of the Volatians.*

'Given at our court in Vinegar-yard, Story the third from the earth, April 20, 1711.' R.

No. 14. WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1711.

— *Sirenus nos carceris inermis.*

Non. 1 Mj. xl. 20.

*Laboribus idleness our powers employs.*

THE following letter being the first that I have received from the learned university of Cambridge, I could not but do myself the honour of publishing it. It gives an account of a new sect of philosophers which has arose in that famous residence of learning; and is, perhaps, the only sect this age is likely to produce.

MR. SPECTATOR,

Cambridge, A

BELIEVING you to be an universal  
rager of liberal arts and sciences, and gl  
information from the learned world, I the  
account of a sect of philosophers, very  
among us, but not taken notice of, as far  
remember, by any writers, either ancien  
dern, would not be unacceptable to yo  
philosophers of this sect are in the lang  
our university called loungers. I am of  
that, as in many other things, so likewise  
the ancients have been defective; viz.  
tioning no philosophers of this sort. S  
deed will affirm that they are a kind of  
tics, because we see them continually  
about. But I would have these gentlen  
sider, that though the ancient Peripatetic  
much, yet they wrote much also; witnes  
sorrow of this sect, Aristotle and others:  
it is notorious that most of our profess  
lay out a farthing either in pen, ink, o  
Others are for deriving them from Dioge  
cause several of the leading men of the s  
a great deal of cynical humour in them,  
light much in sunshine. But then, ag  
genes was content to have his constant h  
in a narrow tub, whilst our philosopher  
far from being of his opinion, that it is  
them to be confined within the limits of  
handsome convenient chamber but for  
hour. Others there are, who from the c  
of their heads deduce the pedigree of I  
from that great man (I think it was eith  
or Socrates) who, after all his study and I  
professed, that all he then knew was,  
knew nothing. You easily see this is bu  
low argument, and may be soon confuted

‘I have with great pains and industry made my observations from time to time, upon these sages; and having now all materials ready, am compiling a treatise, wherein I shall set forth the rise and progress of this famous sect, together with their maxims, austerities, manner of living, &c. Having prevailed with a friend who designs shortly to publish a new edition of Diogenes Laërtius, to add this treatise of mine by way of supplement; I shall now, to let the world see what may be expected from me (first begging Mr. Spectator’s leave that the world may see it) briefly touch upon some of my chief observations, and then subscribe myself your humble servant. In the first place I shall give you two or three of their maxims: the fundamental one, upon which their whole system is built, is this, viz. “That Time being an implacable enemy to, and destroyer of all things, ought to be paid in his own coin, and be destroyed and murdered without mercy, by all the ways that can be invented.” Another favourite saying of theirs is, “That business was only designed for knaves, and study for blockheads.” A third seems to be a ludicrous one, but has a great effect upon their lives; and is this, “That the devil is at home.” Now for their manner of living; and here I shall have a large field to expatiate in; but I shall reserve particulars for my intended discourse, and now only mention one or two of their principal exercises. The elder proficients employ themselves in inspecting *morem hominum multorum*, in getting acquainted with all the signs and windows in the town. Some are arrived to so great knowledge, that they can tell every time any butcher kills a calf, every time an old woman’s cat is in the straw; and a thousand other matters as important. One

ancient philosopher contemplates two hours every day over a sun-dial; and is dial,

“ ——— As the dial to the sun,  
Although it be not shone upon.”

Our younger students are content to c speculations as yet no farther than howlin billiard-tables, and such like places. serve for a sketch of my design; in wh I shall have your encouragement.

I am, SIR,

I must be so just as to observe I hav ly seen of this sect at our other universit not distinguished by the appellation learned historian, my correspondent, re bear at Cambridge. They were ever l on as a people that impaired themselv their strict application to the rules of t than any other students whatever. O dom hurt themselves any further tha weak eyes, and sometimes headaches; philosophers are seized all over with inability, indolence, and weariness, and impatience of the place they are in, wi viness in removing to another.

The loungers are satisfied with beir part of the number of mankind, witho guishing themselves from amongst the may be said rather to suffer their time than to spend it, without regard to the prospect of the future. All they know only the present instant, and do not t that. When one of this order happen man of fortune, the expense of his time ferred to his coach and horses, and his li measured by their motion, not his ov

ments or sufferings. The chief entertainment one of these phillosophers can possibly propose to himself, is to get a relish of dress. 'This methinks, might diversify the person he is weary of (his own dear self) to himself. I have known these two amusements make one of these phillosophers make a very tolerable figure in the world; with variety of dresses in public assemblies in town, and quick motion of his horses out of it, now to Bath, now to Tunbridge, then to Newmarket, and then to London, he has in process of time brought it to pass, that his coach and his horses have been mentioned in all those places. When the loungers leave an academic life, and instead of this more elegant way of appearing in the polite world, retire to the seats of their ancestors, they usually join in a pack of dogs, and employ their days in defending their poultry from foxes: I do not know any other method that any of this order has ever taken to make a noise in the world; but I shall inquire into such about this town as have arrived at the dignity of being loungers by the force of natural parts, without having ever seen an university; and send my correspondent, for the embellishment of his book, the names and history of those who pass their lives without any incidents at all; and how they shift coffee-houses and chocolate-houses from hour to hour, to get over the insupportable labour of doing nothing.

H.



No. 55. THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1711.

———— *Intus et in jecore agro*  
*Nascuntur Domini* ————

, PARS. Sat. v. 188.

Our passions play the yreats in our breasts.

Most of the trades, professions, and ways of  
 ing among mankind, take their original ei  
 from the love of pleasure, or the fear of w  
 The former, when it becomes too violent, de  
 nerates into luxury, and the latter into avar  
 As these two principles of action draw diff  
 ways, Peralus has given us a very humorous  
 count of a young fellow who was roused ou  
 his bed in order to be sent upon a long voyage  
 Avarice, and afterwards over-persuaded and l  
 at home by Luxury. I shall set down the pl  
 ings of these two imaginary persons, as they  
 in the original, with Mr. Dryden's translatio  
 them :

*' Mune, piger, stertis : surge, inquit Avaritia, eja*  
*Surge. Negus, instat, surge, inquit. Non quæ. Si*  
*Et quid agam ? Rogitas ? superbus adveho pento,*  
*Cnatorum, stuppus, habenum, thus, lubrica Coa.*  
*Tolle recens primus piper o sitientis camelo,*  
*Verte aliquid ; jura. Sed Jupiter audiet. Eheu !*  
*Barro, regnatutum digito terebrare salinum*  
*Contentus perages, si vivere cum Jovo tendis.*  
*Jam pueris pollum succinctus, et anaphorum aptas*  
*Oculus ad navem. Nil obstat quin trabe vastâ*  
*Ægeum rupias, nisi solers Læcuria unâ*  
*Seductum moneat ; Quò deinde inauso ruis ? Qd ?*  
*Quid Tibi vis ? Culido sub pectore muscula bitis*  
*Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicuta ?*  
*'Tun' mare transilias ? Tibi torta cannabe fulto*  
*Cana fit in transtro ? Veientanumque rubellum*  
*Exhilet vulpide læsum pice vasillis obba ?*  
*Quid petis ? Ut nummi, quos hic quincunco modesto*

*Mutueras, pervagant antiles aurore deinceps ?  
Indulge genio : carpatum dulcis ; nostrum est  
Quid vivis ; cibus, et munera, et subula flos.  
Vive memor lethi : fugit hora. Hoc quid loquor, inde est.  
Fin quid agis ? Duplet in diversum acutuleris homo.  
Huncine, an hunc sequaris ?—*

HAET. v. 108.\*

\* Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,  
When thou wouldst take a lazy morning's nap ;  
Up, up, says Avarice ; thou snur'st again,  
Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain.  
The rugged tyrant no denial takes ;  
At his command th' unwilling sluggard wakes.  
What must I do ? he cries ; What ? says his lord ;  
Why rise, make ready, and go straight abroad ;  
With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight ;  
Flax, saffron, Coan wines, the precious weight  
Of pepper, and Nabean incense, take  
With thy own hands, from the th' d camel's back,  
And with post-haste thy running markets make,  
He sure to turn the penny ; he and swear,  
'Tis wholesome sin ; but Jove, thou say'st, will hear.  
Swear, fool, or starve, for the dilemma's even ;  
A tradesman thou ! and hope to go to heav'n ?  
Ready'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,  
Each saddled with his burden on his back ;  
Nothing retards thy voyage now, but he,  
That soft voluptuous prince, call'd Luxury ;  
And he may ask this civil question ; Friend,  
What dost thou make a shipboard ? To what end ?  
Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free ?  
Stark, staring mad, that thou wouldst tempt the sea ?  
Cubb'd in a cabin, on a mattress laid,  
On a brown George, with dousy swobbers fed ;  
Dead wine, that stinks of the Borsakio, sup  
From a foul jack, or greasy maple cup ?  
Nay, wouldst thou bear all this, to raise thy store,  
From six i' th' hundred to six hundred more ?  
Indulge, and to thy genius freely give ;  
For, not to live at ease, is not to live.  
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour  
Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.  
Live, while thou liv'st ; for death will make us all  
A naue, a nothing but an old wife's tale.

\* See Holbein, ant. iii. who has imitated this passage very happily.

and corruption; so that avarice and  
often become one complicated prin-  
tion, in those whose hearts are whol-  
ease, magnificence, and pleasure. 'Tl  
gant and correct of all the Latin his-  
serves, that in his time, when the im-  
ble states of the world were subdued  
mans, the republic sunk into those of  
a quite different nature, luxury and  
and accordingly describes Catiline as  
coveted the wealth of other men, at  
time that he squandered away his own  
servation on the commonwealth, when  
its height of power and riches, holds  
governments that are settled in a state  
and prosperity. At such times men en-  
deavour to outshine one another in  
splendour, and having no fears to come  
from abroad, indulge themselves in  
ment of all the pleasures they can get

kind of allegory or fable, with which I shall here present my reader.

There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other, the name of the first was Luxury, and of the second Avarice. The aim of each of them was no less than universal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great service, as Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp, and Fashion. Avarice was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served by Hunger, Industry, Care, and Watchfulness. He had likewise a pious counsellor who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear: the name of this pious counsellor was Poverty. As Avarice conducted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his first counsellor and intimator of state, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were very various. Luxury got possession of one heart, and Avarice of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of Avarice, and the son under those of Luxury. The wife and the husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revert to the other in his old age. Indeed the wise men of the world stood neuter, but alas! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which none of their counsellors were to be present. It is said that Luxury began

the party, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, to his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigation of Poverty, that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this Avarice replied, that he looked upon Plenty (the first minister of his antagonist) to be a much more destructive counsellor than Poverty, & that he was perpetually suggesting pleasure banishing all the necessary cautions against war and consequently undermining those principles on which the government of Avarice was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary; that each of them should immediately dismiss his privy-counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, insomuch that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason, we now find Luxury and Avarice taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the counsellors above mentioned, Avarice supplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty. C.

No. 56. FRIDAY, MAY, 4, 1711.

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*Felices errore suo*——

LUCAN l. 454.

Happy in their mistake.

THE Americans believe that all creatures have souls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay, even the most inanimate things, as stocks and stones. They believe the same of all the works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glasses; and that as any of these things perish, their souls go into another world, which is inhabited by the ghosts of men and women. For this reason they always place by the corpse of their dead friend a bow and arrows, that he may make use of the souls of them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bodies in this. How absurd soever such an opinion as this may appear, our European philosophers have maintained several notions altogether as improbable. Some of Plato's followers in particular, when they talk of the world of ideas, entertain us with substances and beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many Aristotelians have likewise spoken as unintelligibly of their substantial forms. I shall only instance Albertus Magnus, who in his dissertation upon the loadstone, observing that fire will destroy its magnetic virtues, tells us that he took particular notice of one as it lay glowing amidst an heap of burning coals, and that he perceived a certain blue vapour to arise from it, which he believed might be the substantial form, that is, in our West-Indian phrase, the soul of the loadstone.

There is a tradition among the Americans, that

this matter: which as well as he got those many questions which he ask several times, was in substance as fol

The visionary, whose name was Ma having travelled for a long space unde mountain, arrived at length on the this world of spirits, but could not reason of a thick forest made up brambles, and pointed thorns, so per interwoven with one another, that it sible to find a passage through it. was looking about for some track that might be worn in any part of i huge lion couched under the side of i his eye upon him in the same posture watches for his prey. The Indian i started back, whilst the lion rose wi and leaped towards him. Being whol of all other weapons, he stooped dow an huge stone in his hand: but to his

some time, endeavoured to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great surprise, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briars and brambles with the same ease as through the open air; and in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quickset hedge to the ghosts that it enclosed; and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impressions in flesh and blood. With this thought he resolved to travel through this intricate wood; when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further, when he observed the thorns and briars to end, and gave place to a thousand beautiful green trees covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colours, that formed a wilderness of sweets, and were a kind of lining to those ragged scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it enclosed, he saw several horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listened long before he saw the apparition of a milk-white steed, with a young man on the back of it, advancing upon full stretch after the souls of about an hundred beagles, that were hunting down the ghost of an hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young prince Nicharagua, who died



about half a before reason of  
 great virtues, as at the mnted over  
 the v s of Africa.  
 I nan m out of the wood, but  
 on a landscape of flow  
 piau, gr, cws, running streams, su  
 hi is, vi, were not to be repres  
 by, v, bx, e, nor, as he said, by  
 c, p, ns or o This happy region  
 with innum swarms of spirits,  
 themselves to exercises and divers  
 according as their fan led them. Some  
 them were tossing the figure of a colt; oth  
 were pitching the shadow of a bar; others w  
 breaking the apparition of a horse; and m  
 tudes employing themselves upon ingen  
 handicrafts with the souls of departed u  
 sils, for that is the name which in the Indian  
 guage they give their tools when they are b  
 or broken. As he travelled through this deli  
 ful scene, he was very often tempted to pluck  
 flowers that rose every where about him in  
 greatest variety and profusion, having never  
 several of them in his own country: but  
 quickly found, that though they were object  
 his sight, they were not liable to his touch.  
 at length came to the side of a great river,  
 being a good fisherman himself, stood upon  
 banks of it some time to look upon an angler  
 had taken a great many shapes of fishes, w  
 lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my reader, that this Inc  
 had been formerly married to one of the grea  
 beauties of his country, by whom he had sev  
 children. This couple were so famous for th  
 love and constancy to one another, that the Indi  
 to this day, when they give a married man joy

of his wife, wish they may live together like Marraton and Yaratilda. Marraton had not stood long by the fisherman when he saw the shadow of his beloved Yaratilda, who had for some time fixed her eye upon him, before he discovered her. Her arms were stretched out towards him, floods of tears ran down her eyes: her looks, her hands, her voice called him over to her; and at the same time seemed to tell him that the river was unpassable. Who can describe the passion made up of joy, sorrow, love, desire, astonishment, that rose in the Indian upon the sight of his dear Yaratilda? He could express it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this posture long, before he plunged into the stream that lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river, stalked on the bottom of it till he arose on the other side. At his approach Yaratilda flew into his arms, whilst Marraton wished himself disencumbered of that body which kept her from his embraces. After many questions and endearments on both sides, she conducted him to a bower which she had dressed with all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As Marraton stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of her habitation, and ravished with the fragrantcy that came from every part of it, Yaratilda told him that she was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his God, and his faithful dealing towards men, would certainly bring him to that happy place, whenever his life should be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him, who died some years

# SPECTATOR.

fore, and resided with her in the same delightful bower; advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such a manner that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

The tradition tells us further, that he had afterwards a sight of those dismal habitations which are the portion of ill men after death; and mentions several molten seas of gold, in which were plunged the souls of barbarous Europeans who put to the sword so many thousands of poor Indians for the sake of that precious metal. But having already touched upon the chief points of this tradition, and exceeded the measure of paper, I shall not give any further account of

No. 37. SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1711.

*Quem preestare potest mulier galeata pudorem  
Que fugit a secula?*

Juv. Sat. vi

What sense of shame in woman's breast can lie  
Inur'd to arms, and her own sex to fly!

WHEN the wife of Hector, in Homer's Illiads, courses with her husband about the bow, which he was going to engage, the hero bids her to leave the matter to his care, bids her maids, and mind her spinning; by which poet intimates, that men and women are busy themselves in their proper spheres, such matters only as are suitable to their respective sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young

tleman, who has passed a great part of his life in the nursery, and upon occasion can make a caudle or a sack-posset better than any man in England. He is likewise a wonderful critic in cambric and muslins, and he will talk an hour together upon a sweet-meat. He entertains his mother every night with observations that he makes both in town and court: as what lady shews the nicest fancy in her dress; what man of quality wears the fairest wig; who has the finest linen, who the prettiest snuff-box, with many other the like curious remarks, that may be made in good company.

On the other hand I have very frequently the opportunity of seeing a rural Andromacho, who came up to town last winter, and is one of the greatest fox-hunters in the country. She talks of hounds and horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a six-bar gate. If a man tells her a wag-gish story, she gives him a push with her hand in jest, and calls him an impudent dog; and if her servant neglects his business, threatens to kick him out of the house. I have heard her in her wrath call a substantial tradesman a lousy cur; and remember one day, when she could not think of the name of a person, she described him in a large company of men and ladies by the fellow with the broad shoulders.

If those speeches and actions, which in their own nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong sex, the faults and imperfections of one sex transplanted into another, appear black and monstrous. As for the men, I shall not in this paper any further concern myself about them; but as I would fain contribute to make womankind, which is the most beautiful part of the creation, entirely amiable, and ~~more~~

out all those little spots and blemishes that apt to rise among the charms which nature poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this part to their service. The spot which I would endeavour to clear them of, is that party which of late years is very much crept into conversation. This is, in its nature, a male and made up of many angry and cruel passions that are altogether repugnant to the softness, modesty, and those other endearing qualities which are natural to the fair sex. Women are formed to temper mankind, and sooth them with tenderness and compassion; not to set an edge upon their minds, and blow up in them those passions which are too apt to rise of their own accord. When I have seen a pretty mouth uttering calumnies and invectives, what would I have given to have stopt it? How I have been troubled to see some of the finest features in the world grow pale, and tremble with party rage. Camilla is one of the greatest beauties in the British nation, and yet values herself more upon being the virago of one party, than upon being the toast of both. The dear creature, about a week ago, encountered the fierce and beautiful Penthesilea across a tea-table; but in the heat of her anger, as her hand chanced to shake, with the earnestness of the dispute, she scalded her fingers, and spilt a dish of tea upon her petticoat. Had not this accident broke off the debate, nobody knows where it would have ended.

There is one consideration which I would most earnestly recommend to all my female readers, which, I hope, will have some weight with them. In short, it is this, that there is nothing so bad to the face as party zeal. It gives an ill-natured look to the eye, and a disagreeable sourness to

look ; besides that it makes the lines too strong, and flushes them worse than brandy. I have seen a woman's face break out in heats, as she has been talking against a great lord, whom she had never seen in her life ; and indeed I never knew a party woman that kept her beauty for a twelve-month. I would therefore advise all my female readers, as they value their complexions, to let alone all disputes of this nature ; though at the same time, I would give free liberty to all superannuated motherly partisans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no danger either of their spoiling their faces, or of their gaining converts.

For my own part, I think a man makes an odious and despicable figure, that is violent in a party ; but a woman is too sincere to mitigate the fury of her principles with temper and discretion, and to act with that caution and reservedness which are requisite in our sex. When this unnatural zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand heats and extravagancies ; their generous souls set no bounds to their love, or to their hatred, and whether a whig or a tory, a lap-dog or a gallant, an opera or a puppet-show, be the object of it, the passion, while it reigns, engrosses the whole woman.

I remember when Dr. Titus Oates\* was in all his glory, I accompanied my friend Will Honeycomb in a visit to a lady of his acquaintance. We were no sooner sat down, but upon casting my eyes about the room, I found in almost every corner of it a print that represented the doctor in all magnitudes and dimensions. A little after, as the lady was discoursing with my friend, and

\* Though the name of Dr. T. Oates is made use of here Dr. Sacheverell is the person alluded to.

held her snuff-box in her hand, who should I see in the lid of it but the doctor. It was not long after this when she had occasion for her handkerchief, which upon first opening, discovered among the plaits of it the figure of the doctor. Upon this my friend Will, who loves raillery, told her, that if he was in Mr. Truelove's place (for that was the name of her husband) he should be made as uneasy by a handkerchief as ever Othello was. 'I am afraid,' said she, 'Mr. Honeycomb, you are a tory: tell me truly, are you a friend to the doctor or not?' Will, instead of making her a reply, smiled in her face (for indeed she was very pretty) and told her, that one of her patches was dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and looking a little seriously 'Well,' says she, 'I will be hanged if you and your silent friend there are not against the doctor in your hearts, I suspected as much by his saying nothing.' Upon this she took her fan in her hand, and upon the opening of it, again displayed to us the figure of the doctor, who was placed with great gravity among the sticks of it. In word, I found that the doctor had taken possession of her thoughts, her discourse, and most of her furniture; but finding myself pressed too close by her question, I winked upon my friend to take his leave, which he did accordingly. C.

No. 48, MONDAY, MAY 7, 1711.

*Ut pictura poesis erit.*

HON. AGR. POET. VER. 261.

Poems like pictures are.

Nothing is so much admired, and so little understood, as wit. No author that I know of has written professedly upon it; and as for those who make any mention of it, they only treat on the subject as it has accidentally fallen in their way, and that too in little short reflections, or in general exclamatory flourishes, without entering into the bottom of the matter. I hope therefore I shall perform an acceptable work to my countrymen, if I treat at large upon this subject; which I shall endeavour to do in a manner suitable to it, that I may not incur the censure which a famous critic bestows upon one who had written a treatise on 'the sublime,' in a low grovelling style. I intend to lay aside a whole week for this undertaking, that the scheme of my thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promise myself, if my readers will give me a week's attention, that this great city will be very much changed for the better by next Saturday night. I shall endeavour to make what I say intelligible to ordinary capacities; but if my readers meet with any paper that in some parts of it may be a little out of their reach, I would not have them discouraged, for they may assure themselves the next shall be much clearer.

As the great and only end of these my speculations is to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain, I shall endeavour as much as possible to establish among us a taste of



polite writing. It is with this view that I have endeavoured to set my readers right in several points relating to operas and tragedies; and from time to time impart my notions of comedy as I think they may tend to its refinement and perfection. I find by my bookseller, that my papers of criticism, with that upon humour, met with a more kind reception than I could have hoped for from such subjects; for this reason I shall enter upon my present undertaking with greater cheerfulness.

In this, and one or two following papers, I shall trace out the history of false wit, and distinguishing the several kinds of it as they have prevailed in different ages of the world. This I think more necessary at present, because I observe there were attempts on foot last winter to revive some of those antiquated modes of wit that have been long exploded out of the commonwealth of letters. There were several satires and parodies handed about in acrostic, by which in some of the most arrant undisputed blocks about the town began to entertain ambiguous thoughts, and to set up for polite authors. I therefore describe at length those many and various kinds of false wit, in which a writer does not show himself a man of a beautiful genius, but of great industry.

The first species of false wit which I have to treat of is that which is very venerable for its antiquity, and has produced several pieces which have lived near as long as the *Iliad* itself; I mean those poems printed among the minor Greek poets which resemble the figure of an egg, a peacock's tail, a wing, an axe, a shepherd's pipe, and an altar.

As for the first, it is a little oval poem, and not improperly be called a scholar's egg. I will endeavour to hatch it, or in more intelligible

guage, to translate it into English, did not I find the interpretation of it very difficult; for the author seems to have been more intent upon the figure of his poem than upon the sense of it.

The pair of wings consist of twelve verses, or rather feathers, every verse decreasing gradually in its measure according to its situation in the wing. The subject of it (as in the rest of the poems which follow) bears some remote affinity with the figure, for it describes a god of love who is always painted with wings.

The axe methinks would have been a good figure for a lampoon, had the edge of it consisted of the most satirical parts of the work; but as it is in the original, I take it to have been nothing else but the poetry of an axe which was consecrated to Minerva, and was thought to have been the same that Epæus made use of in the building of the Trojan horse; which is a hint I shall leave to the consideration of the critics. I am apt to think that the poetry was written originally upon the axe, like those which our modern cutlers inscribe upon their knives; and that therefore the poetry still remains in its ancient shape, though the axe itself is lost.

The shepherd's pipe may be said to be full of music, for it is composed of nine different kinds of verses, which by their several lengths resemble the nine stops of the old musical instrument, that is likewise the subject of the poem.

The altar is inscribed with the epitaph of Troilus the son of Hecuba; which, by the way, makes me believe, that these false pieces of wit are much more ancient than the authors to whom they are generally ascribed; at least I will never be persuaded, that so fine a writer as Theocritus

could have been the author of any such simple works.

It was impossible for a man to succeed in the performances who was not a kind of painter, at least a designer. He was first of all to draw the outline of the subject which he intended write upon, and afterwards conform the description to the figure of his subject. The poetry used to contract or dilate itself according to the mode in which it was cast. In a word, the verses were to be cramped or extended to the dimensions of the frame that was prepared for them; and to undergo the fate of those persons whom the tyrant Procrustes used to lodge in his iron bed; if they were too short, he stretched them on a rack; and if they were too long, chopped off a part of their legs, till they fitted the couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr. Dryden hints at this obsolete kind of poetry in one of the following verses in his *Mac Flecknoe*, which an English reader cannot understand, who does not know that there are those little poems abovementioned in the shape of wings and altars.

‘ ———— Choose for thy command  
Some peaceful province in ærostatic land;  
There may’st thou wings display, and altars raise,  
And torture one poor world a thousand ways.’

This fashion of false wit was revived by several poets of the last age, and in particular may be seen with among Mr. Herbert’s poems; and, if I am not mistaken, in the translation of *Du Bartas*. I do not remember any other kind of work among the moderns which more resembles the performances I have mentioned, than that famous picture of king Charles the First, which has the whole book of psalms written in the lines of the face, and the hair of the head. When I was li-

at Oxford I perused one of the whiskers, and was reading the other, but could not go so far in it as I would have done, by reason of the impatience of my friends and fellow-travellers, who all of them pressed to see such a piece of curiosity. I have since heard, that there is now an eminent writing-master in town, who has transcribed all the old testament in a full-bottomed periwig; and if the fashion should introduce the thick kind of wigs, which were in vogue some few years ago, he promises to add two or three supernumerary locks that should contain all the Apocrypha. He designed this wig originally for king William, having disposed of the two books of Kings in the two forks of the foretop; but that glorious monarch dying before the wig was finished, there is a space left in it for the face of any one that has a mind to purchase it.

But to return to our ancient poems in picture. I would humbly propose, for the benefit of our modern smatterers in poetry, that they would imitate their brethren among the ancients in those ingenious devices. I have communicated this thought to a young poetical lover of my acquaintance, who intends to present his mistress with a copy of verses made in the shape of her fan; and, if he tells me true, has already finished the three first sticks of it. He has likewise promised me to get the measure of his mistress's marriage finger, with a design to make a poem in the fashion of a ring which shall exactly fit it. It is so very easy to enlarge upon a good hint, that I do not question but my ingenious readers will apply what I have said to many other particulars: and that we shall see the town filled in a very little time with poetical tippets, handkerchiefs, snuff-boxes, and the like female ornaments. I shall

therefore conclude with a word of advice to the admirable English authors who call themselves Pindaric writers, that they would apply themselves to this kind of wit without loss of time, as being provided better than any other poets with vers of all sizes and dimensions. C.

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No. 39. TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1711.

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*Operose nihil agunt.*

SENeca.

Busy about nothing.

There is nothing more certain than that every man would be a wit if he could; and notwithstanding pedants of a pretended depth and solidity are apt to decry the writings of a polite author, of flash and froth, they all of them shew, upon occasion, that they would spare no pains to arrive at the character of those whom they seem to despise. For this reason we often find them endeavouring at works of fancy, which cost them infinite pains in the production. The truth of it is, a man had better be a galley-slave than a writer, were one to gain that title by those elaborate trifles which have been the inventions of such authors as were often masters of great learning, but no genius.

In my last paper I mentioned some of the false wits among the ancients, and in this shall give the reader two or three other species of them, that flourished in the same early ages of the world. The first I shall produce are the lip-grammarians or letter-droppers of antiquity, the

would take an exception, without any reason, against some particular letter in the alphabet, as not to admit it once into a whole poem. One Tryphiodorus was a great master in this kind of writing. He composed an *Odyssey* or epic poem on the adventures of Ulysses, consisting of four and twenty books, having entirely banished the letter *alpha* from his first book, which was called *Alphus (as lucus à non lucendo)* because there was not an *Alpha* in it. His second book was inscribed *Beta* for the same reason. In short, the poet excluded the whole four and twenty letters in their turns, and shewed them, one after another, that he could do his business without them.

It must have been very pleasant to have seen this poet avoiding the reprobate letter, as much as another would a false quantity, and making his escape from it through the several Greek dialects, when he was pressed with it in any particular syllable. For the most apt and elegant word in the whole language was rejected, like a diamond with a flaw in it, if it appeared blemished with a wrong letter. I shall only observe upon this head, that if the work I have here mentioned had been now extant, the *Odyssey* of Tryphiodorus, in all probability, would have been oftener quoted by our learned pedants, than the *Odyssey* of Homer. What a perpetual fund would it have been of obsolete words and phrases, unusual barbarisms and rustilities, absurd spellings, and complicated dialects? I make no question but it would have been looked upon as one of the most valuable treasures of the Greek tongue.

I find likewise among the ancients that ingenious kind of conceit, which the moderns distinguish by the name of a rebus, that does not sink a letter, but a whole word, by substituting a vic-

ture in its place. When Cæsar was one of the masters of the Roman mint, he placed the figure of an elephant upon the reverse of the piece of money; the word Cæsar signifying an elephant in the Punic language. This was artificially contrived by Cæsar, because it was not lawful for a private man to stamp his own figure upon the coin of the commonwealth. Cicero, who was called from the founder of his family, that was marked on the nose with a little wen like a *verruca* (which is *Cicer* in Latin) instead of Marcus Tullius Cicero, ordered the words Marcus Tullius with a figure of a vetch at the end of them, to be inscribed on a public monument. This was probably to shew that he was neither ashamed of his name or family, notwithstanding the envy of his competitors had often reproached him with both. In the same manner we read of a famous building that was marked in several parts with the figures of a frog and a lizard; the words in Greek having been the names of the architects, who by the laws of their country were never permitted to inscribe their own names on their works. For the same reason it is thought that the forelock of the horse in the antique equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, represents at a distance the shape of an owl, to intimate that the country of the statuary, who, in all probability was an Athenian. This kind of wit was very new in vogue among our own countrymen about a hundred or two ago, who did not practise it for any other reason, as the ancients above-mentioned, but purely for the sake of being witty. An innumerable instances that may be given of this nature, I shall produce the device of one Mr. Newberry, as I find it mentioned by our learned Camden in his *Remains*. Mr. Newberry, a

present his name by a picture, hung up at his door the sign of a yew-tree, that had several berries upon it, and in the midst of them a great golden N hung upon a bough of the tree, which by the help of a little false spelling made up the word N-ew-berry.

I shall conclude this topic with a rebus, which has been lately hewn out in freestone, and erected over two of the portals of Blenheim House, being the figure of a monstrous lion tearing to pieces a little cock. For the better understanding of which device, I must acquaint my English reader, that a cock has the misfortune to be called in Latin by the same word that signifies a Frenchman, as a lion is the emblem of the English nation. Such a device in so noble a pile of building, looks like a pun in an heroic poem; and I am very sorry the truly ingenious architect would suffer the statuary to blemish his excellent plan with so poor a conceit. But I hope what I have said will gain quarter for the cock, and deliver him out of the lion's paw.

I find likewise in ancient times the conceit of making an echo talk sensibly, and give rational answers. If this could be excusable in any writer, it would be in Ovid, where he introduces the Echo as a nymph, before she was worn away into nothing but a voice. The learned Erasmus, though a man of wit and genius, has composed a dialogue upon this silly kind of device, and made use of an echo who seems to have been a very extraordinary linguist, for she answers the person she talks with in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, according as she found the syllables which she was to repeat in any of those learned languages. Hudibras, in ridicule of this false kind of wit, has described Bruin bewailing the loss of his bear



to a solitary Echo, who is of use to the  
 in several distichs, as it only re-  
 after him, but helps in his verse, and furni-  
 him with rhymes :

'He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as  
 Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas ;  
 Forcing the valleys to repeat  
 The accents of his sad regret ;  
 He beat his breast, and tore his hair,  
 For loss of his dear erring bear,  
 That Echo from the hollow ground  
 His doleful wailings did resound  
 More wistfully by many times,  
 Than in small poets, splay-foot rhymes,  
 That make her, in their rueful stories,  
 To answer to interrogatories,  
 And most unconscionably depose  
 Things of which she nothing knows ;  
 And when she has said all she can say,  
 'Tis wreatd in the lover's fancy.  
 Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,  
 Art thou fled to my——Echo, ruin ?  
 I thought th' hadst scorn'd to hudge a step  
 For Fear. (Quoth Echo) *Marry guep.*  
 Am I not here to take thy part ?  
 Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart ?  
 Have these bones rattled, and this head  
 So often in thy quarrel bled ?  
 Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,  
 For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) *Mum bulget*  
 Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish,  
 Thou turn'dst thy back ? (Quoth Echo) *fish.*  
 To run from those th' hadst overcome  
 Thus cowardly ? (Quoth Echo) *mum.*  
 But what a vengeance makes thee fly  
 From me too as thine enemy ?  
 Or if thou hast no thought of me,  
 Nor what I have endur'd for thee,  
 Yet shame and honour might prevail  
 To keep thee thus from turning tail :  
 For who would grudge to spend his blood in  
 His honour's cause ? (Quoth she) *a pudding.*

No. 60. WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1711.

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*Hæc est qued pallas ? Cur quis non prædeat, Hæc est ?*  
*Pars. Sat. iii. 25.*

Is it for this you gain those meagre looks,  
 And sacrifice your dinner to your books ?

SEVERAL kinds of false wit that vanished in the refined ages of the world, discovered themselves again in the times of monkish ignorance.

As the monks were the masters of all that little learning which was then extant, and had their whole lives entirely disengaged from business, it is no wonder that several of them, who wanted genius for higher performances, employed many hours in the composition of such tricks in writing, as required much time and little capacity. I have seen half the *Æneid* turned into Latin rhymes by one of the beaux esprits of that dark age ; who says in his preface to it, that the *Æneid* wanted nothing but the sweets of rhyme to make it the most perfect work in its kind. I have likewise seen an hymn in hexameters to the Virgin Mary, which filled a whole book, though it consisted but of the eight following words.

*‘ Tot, tibi, sunt, Virgo, datæ, quot, sidera, cæli.’*

*‘ Thou hast as many virtues, O Virgin, as there are stars in heaven.’*

The poet rung the changes upon these eight several words, and by that means made his verses almost as numerous as the virtues and the stars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that men who had so much time upon their hands did not only restore all the antiquated pieces of false wit, but enriched the world with inventions of their

## SPECTATOR.

1. It was to this age that we owe the production of anagrams, which is nothing else but a transmutation of one word into another, or the turning of the same set of letters into different order, which may change night into day, or black into white, if Chance, who is the goddess that presides over these sorts of composition, shall so direct. I remember a witty author, in allusion to this kind of writing, calls his rival, who (it seems) was detested, and had his limbs set in places that did not properly belong to them, 'the anagram of a man.'

When the engrammatist takes a name to work upon, he considers it at first as a mine not broken up, which will not shew the treasure it contains, till he shall have spent many hours in the search of it; for it is his business to find out one word that conceals itself in another, and to examine the letters in all the variety of stations in which they can possibly be ranged. I have heard of a gentleman who, when this kind of wit was in fashion, and avowed to you his mistress's heart by a Sonnet, was one of the finest women of her age, and known by the name of the Lady Mary Boon. The lover not being able to make any thing of Mary, by certain liberties indulged to this kind of wit, having converted it into Moll, and after having played it up for half a year, with indefatigable industry, produced an anagram. Upon the presentation of his mistress, who was a little year'd, he had to see herself degraded into Moll B. She told him, to his infinite surprise, that he was not her surname, for that it was not I but Adam.

Boon or  
*Unguis luteus*

The lover was thunder-struck with her

tune, insomuch that in a little time after he lost his senses, which indeed had been very much impaired by that continual application he had given to his anagram.

The acrostic was probably invented about the same time with the anagram, though it is impossible to decide whether the inventor of the one or the other were the greater blockhead. The simple acrostic in nothing but the name or title of a person, or thing, made out of the initial letters of several verses, and by that means written, after the manner of the Chinese, in a perpendicular line. But besides these there are compound acrostics, when the principal letters stand two or three deep. I have seen some of them where the verses have not only been edged by a name at each extremity, but have had the same name running down like a seam through the middle of the poem.

There is another near relation of the anagrams and acrostics, which is commonly called a chronogram. This kind of wit appears very often on many modern medals, especially those of Germany, when they represent in the inscription the year in which they were coined. Thus we see on a medal of Gustavus Adolphus the following words, CHALSTVS DUX MAGO TALVMENVS. If you take the pains to pick the figures out of the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVII, or 1627, the year in which the medal was stamped: for as some of the letters distinguished themselves from the rest, and overtop their fellows, they are to be considered in a double capacity, both as letters and as figures. Your laborious German wits will turn over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. A man

would think they were searching after an apt classical term, but instead of that they are looking at a word that has an L, an M, or a D in it. When therefore we meet with any of these inscriptions, we are not so much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of the Lord.

The *beaux-rimes* were the favourites of the French nation for a whole age together, and that at a time when it abounded in wit and learning. They were a list of words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another hand, and given to a poet, who was to make a poem to the rhymes in the same order that they were placed upon the list: the more uncommon the rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the genius of the poet that could accommodate his verses to them. I do not know any greater instance of the decay of wit and learning among the French (which generally follows the declension of empire) than the endeavouring to restore this foolish kind of wit. I the reader will be at the trouble to see examples of it, let him look into the new *Mercur* Gallan where the author every month gives a list rhymes to be filled up by the ingenious, in order to be communicated to the public in the *Mercur* for the succeeding month. That for the month of November last, which now lies before me, is as follows:

One would be amazed to see so learned a man as Menage talking seriously on this kind of trifle in the following passage :

‘ Monsieur de la Chambre has told me, that he never knew what he was going to write when he took his pen into his hand ; but that one sentence always produced another. For my own part, I never knew what I should write next when I was making verses. In the first place I got all my rhymes together, and was afterwards perhaps three or four months in filling them up. I one day shewed Monsieur Gombaudo a composition of this nature, in which, among others, I had made use of the four following rhymes, Amaryllis, Phyllis, Marne, Arne ; desiring him to give me his opinion of it. He told me immediately, that my verses were good for nothing. And upon my asking his reason, he said, because the rhymes are too common ; and for that reason easy to be put into verse. “ Marry,” says I, “ if it be so, I am very well rewarded for all the pains I have been at.” But by Monsieur Gombaudo’s leave, ‘ notwithstanding the severity of the criticism, the verses were good.’ Vid. Menagiana.\* Thus far the learned Menage, whom I have translated word for word.

The first occasion of these bouts-rhimes made them in some manner excusable, as they were tasks which the French ladies used to impose on their lovers. But when a grave author, like him above mentioned, tasked himself, could there be any thing more ridiculous ? Or would not one be apt to believe that the author played booty, and did not make his list of rhymes till he had finished his poem ?

\* Tom. i. p. 174, 8c. ed. Amst. 1716.

# SPECTATOR.

shall only add, that this piece of false wit has  
 finely ridiculed by Monsieur Sarasin, in a  
 poem entitled, La Defaite des Bouts-Rimez,  
 the Rout of the Bouts-Rimez.  
 must subjoin to this last kind of wit the dou-  
 ble rhymes, which are used in doggerel poetry,  
 and generally applauded by ignorant readers. If  
 we thought of the couplet in such compositions is  
 good, the rhyme adds little to it; and if bad, it  
 will not be in the power of the rhyme to recom-  
 mend it. I am afraid that great numbers of those  
 who admire the incomparable Hudibras, do it  
 more on account of these doggerel rhymes  
 than of the parts that really deserve admiration.  
 I am sure I have heard the

\* Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,  
 Was beat with fat, instead of a stick \*

and

\* There was an ancient sage philosopher  
 Who had read Alexander Ross over,

more frequently quoted, than the finest pieces  
 of wit in the whole poem.

No. 61. THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1711.

*Non equidem studeo bullicis ut mihi nugis  
 Puerum iungam, dum panditur istum Jura.*  
 PENE. Sat. v. 1

'Tis not indeed my talent to engage  
 In lusty tribes, or to swell my page  
 With wind and noise.

DRYDEN

THESE is no kind of false wit which has been  
 recommended by the practice of all ages,  
 which consists in a jingle of words, and is  
 comprehended under the general name of

It is indeed impossible to kill a weed, which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men; and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raise the mind to poetry, painting, music, or other more noble arts, it often breaks out in puns and quibbles.

Aristotle, in the eleventh chapter of his book of rhetoric, describes two or three kinds of puns, which he calls paragrams, among the beauties of good writing, and produces instances of them out of some of the greatest authors in the Greek tongue. Cicero has sprinkled several of his works with puns, and in his book where he lays down the rules of oratory, quotes abundance of sayings as pieces of wit, which also upon examination prove arrant puns. But the age in which the pun chiefly flourished, was in the reign of King James the First. That learned monarch was himself a tolerable punster, and made very few bishops or privy-counsellors that had not sometime or other signalized themselves by a clinch, or a conundrum. It was therefore in this age that the pun appeared with pomp and dignity. It had been before admitted into merry speeches and ludicrous compositions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the council-table. The greatest authors, in their most serious works, made frequent use of puns. The sermons of Bishop Andrews, and the tragedies of Shakspeare, are full of them. The sinner was punned into repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more usual than to see a hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.



I must add to these great authorities, seem to have given a kind of sanction to a piece of false wit, that all the writers of it have treated of punning with very great regard, and divided the several kinds of it into hard and soft, that are reckoned among the figures of speech, and recommended as ornaments in discourse. I remember a country schoolmaster of my acquaintance told me once, that he had been in conversation with a gentleman whom he looked upon as the greatest paragrammatist among the men of the age. Upon inquiry, I found my learned friend had conversed that day with Mr. Swan, the famous punner, and desiring him to give me some account of Mr. Swan's conversation, he told me that he generally talked in the *Paranomasia*, that he seldom gave into the *Ploc*, but that in his humble opinion he shined most in the *Antonomasia*.

I must not here omit, that a famous unit of this land was formerly very much interested in punning, but whether or no this might proceed from the fens and marshes in which it was bred, and which are now drained, I must leave to the determination of more skillful naturalists.

After this short history of punning, one might wonder how it should be so entirely banished from the learned world as it is at present, especially since it had found a place in the writings of the most ancient polite authors. To account for this we must consider, that the first race of men who were the great heroes in writing, were destitute of all rules and arts of criticism, and that reason, though they excel later writers in greatness of genius, they fall short of them in accuracy and correctness. The moderns may reach their beauties, but can avoid their blemishes. When the world was furnished

these authors of the first eminence, there grew up another set of writers, who gained themselves a reputation by the remarks which they made on the works of those who preceded them. It was one of the employments of these secondary authors, to distinguish the several kinds of wit by terms of art, and to consider them as more or less perfect, according as they were founded in truth. It is no wonder therefore, that even such authors as Isocrates, Plato, and Cicero, should have such little blemishes as are not to be met with in authors of a much inferior character, who have written since those several blemishes were discovered. I do not find that there was a proper separation made between puns and true wit by any of the ancient authors, except Quintilian and Longinus. But when this distinction was once settled, it was very natural for all men of sense to agree in it.

As for the revival of this false wit, it happened about the time of the revival of letters; but as soon as it was once detected, it immediately vanished and disappeared. At the same time there is no question, but as it has sunk in one age and rose in another, it will again recover itself in some distant period of time, as pedantry and ignorance shall prevail upon wit and sense. And, to speak the truth, I do very much apprehend, by some of the last winter's productions, which had their sets of admirers, that our posterity will in a few years degenerate into a race of punsters: at least, a man may be very excusable for any apprehensions of this kind, that has seen acrostics handed about the town with great secrecy and applause; to which I must also add a little epigram called the *Witches Prayer*, that fell into verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it cursed one way, and

blessed the other. When one sees there are actually such pains-takers among our British wit who can tell what it may end in! If we must lash one another, let it be with the manly strokes of wit and satire; for I am of the old philosopher's opinion, that if I must suffer from one or the other I would rather it should be from the paw of lion, than from the hoof of an ass. I do not speak this out of any spirit of party. There is a most crying dullness on both sides. I have seen too acrostics and whig anagrams, and do not quarrel with either of them, because they are whigs and Tories, but because they are anagrams and acrostics.

But to return to punning. Having pursued the history of a pun, from its original to its downfall, I shall here define it to be a conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the sound but differ in the sense. The only way therefore to try a piece of wit, is to translate it into different language. If it bears the test, you may pronounce it true: but if it vanishes in the experiment, you may conclude it to have been a pun. In short, one may say of a pun, as the countryman described his nightingale, that it is *propter præterea nihil*, 'a sound, and nothing but sound.' On the contrary, one may represent true wit by the description which Aristenetus makes of a fine woman; when she is dressed she is beautiful; when she is undressed she is beautiful; as Mercerus has translated it more emphatically, *Induitur formosa est: exuitur, ipsa forma est.*

C.

\* Dressed she is beautiful, undressed she is beauty's self.













